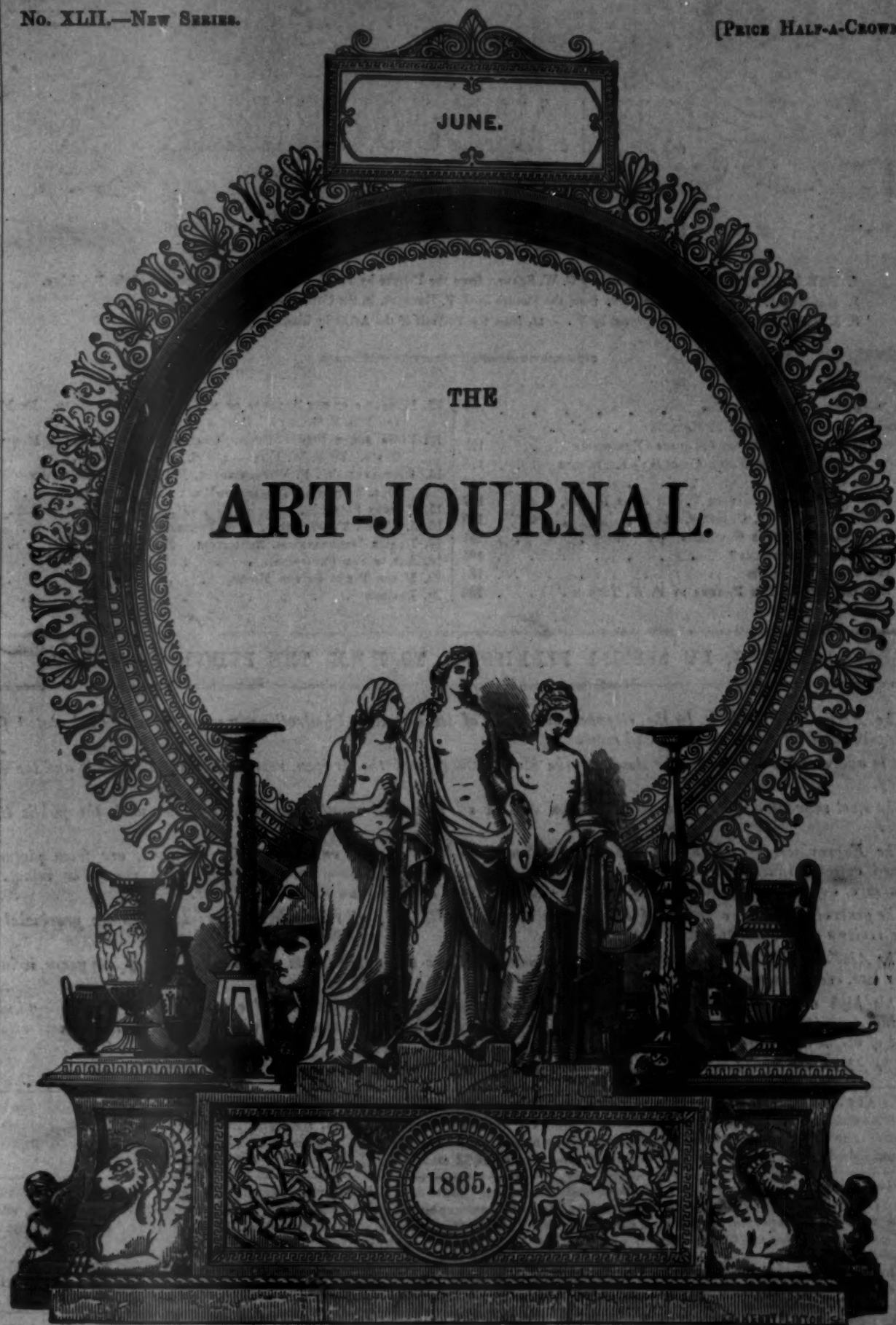


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3. J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. Engraved by W. HOLL, from the Portrait of the Artist by himself.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1865.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

INTRODUCTION.



OR the first time during many years the English school is seen not only in its variety, but in its vigour and vastness. In past seasons the paucity of large and commanding works was deplored as a symptom of the incipient stages of decline and degeneracy. It was said that the world of Art had fallen into days of small things, that genius was touched with the decay of the sere leaf, that the prime of youth was withered, and that painters of the present generation lacked passion, fire, and imagination. But now at last comes the season when the tide in the affairs of Art takes upward turn towards the flood. Low water mark is covered, and what is more, the swell still rises. We do not mean to say that precisely an Atlantic wave beats in upon our shores. In speaking of the ebbs and flows on the surface or in the depths of English Art, we are scarcely justified in going to boundless ocean for a metaphor. Rather must we be content to observe phenomena within the inlets and harbours of a sheltered coast, where great tidal waves are broken into ripples, and where the elements are mitigated in their strife. British Art is like the island that gives it birth, circumscribed in area, yet compact within its frontiers; its spirit is as the attempered climate of the latitude, assuaged in the extremes of heat and cold, the fever fire of the south quenched, and the frozen grasp of the north relented. Its range, too, is varied as our inland valleys, our woodland streams, and our sea-girt coasts, peopled by a peaceful peasantry and guarded by the gallant mariner. Such, in figurative phrase, is the temper and complexion of the present exhibition—a little kingdom, compact within itself, compounded of diverse independent states, and composed of varied conditions of men. Happy the land that finds in nature a benignant providence; and blessed the people that makes its truth-seeking Art the expression of the joys of domestic life and the reflection of a nation's greatness.

We have said that the English school, as displayed in the present exhibition, is as remarkable for its variety as for its vigour. The one quality it owes to freedom, the other it gets from nature. In countries where the State and the Church have been tyrants over life, property, and thought, the arts have been marked by uniformity, even monotony, and boasting of perfec-

tion in perpetuity, they found that finality meant, in fact, retrogression. But in lands such as England, where each person has the privilege of thinking as he likes, the artist will naturally paint as he pleases. Hence the endless variety seen upon the walls of our Academy. The contrariety of creeds in religion, the opposition of opinions in politics, even the conflict of theories in the metaphysics of mind or in the philosophy of outward nature, all tend to that truly Catholic and universal Art which is tolerant as it is extended. In the middle ages it was impossible that the arts could obtain this manifold manifestation. In present times, too, as we have said, under dynasties where people are fettered in thought, word, and deed, it is not easy for the painter to give to his genius free expansion. Then it is that liberty denied is forcibly taken, and breaks loose into license; and so even the Arts, in their escape from servitude, rush into excess, and, committed to opposite extremes, they move not in the quiet mean of moderation. The lot of our English school is more fortunate. The liberty our national arts enjoy has grown up year by year by the side of that freedom which is fittingly called constitutional, because part of the very life and blood of the body politic. And thus it is that the arts of England beat with the pulse of the people, and the cries of the multitude are echoed within the walls of our exhibitions. Thus it is, as it has ever been in the development of Art epochs, that the life of the nation is the soul of its Art; that the onward movement of the people propels the painter upwards; that the pressure of mighty deeds moulds the artist's conceptions into forms of greatness. Certain it is that England is in full swing; that the arms of commerce are stretching wide; that manufactures are creating wealth wholesale; that science is laying up vast stores of knowledge. And when we look around this Academy we see Art, as we have said, distending its dimensions, multiplying its resources, and augmenting its powers in the same ratio and the like directions. The pictures we find in Italy were painted under the patronage of the one Church; the pictures we now see in our Academy are executed under all creeds, or under no creed at all: they are not painted for priests, but for commerce-created patrons; they are not the products of a pre-scientific age, when miracles were showered down upon the earth as rain in April, but they stand forth as facts in nature, supported by truths which the eye may discover and the hand can grasp. Such is the aggregate designation of works which, in the sequel, we shall pass one by one under individual review.

We must not conclude this general introduction without pointing the lesson to which it naturally leads. We cannot refrain from observing that while in the growth of our national arts civilisation has shown itself potent, the Royal Academy of London has remained all but impotent. The Academy, in fact, has been little more than a private society for the exhibition and sale of pictures. Its public functions have never been performed on a scale or with an efficiency commensurate to the position of reposed trust occupied. But our present business is with the pictures put on view. We appeal, then, to these pictures as proof that the schools of the Academy are inefficient. It is worthy of remark that a considerable number of the present Academicians and Associates never received from the Academy a single lesson; and others, whose early instruction came from the Academy classes,

will admit that the knowledge which in their profession proves of most value they have taught themselves out of doors. But our concern is, as we have said, with the pictures before us, and these, we are bound to say, are conspicuous for defects which it is the special office of an Academy to overcome. Our English Art, as already observed, is free, true, and noble. These qualities it owes to the age and country in the midst of which it grows. But other essential attributes there are wherein our English school is avowedly inferior to the schools of continental nations. For those lacking academic qualities we ought to be indebted to the Royal Academy, and yet are not. Drawing in its firmness and precision, perspective and foreshortening in their intricate problems, subtleties of treatment, elevation of style, distinctions between individual and generic form, and the relation of literal to ideal truth—these essential elements in a well-organised system of Art-education are matters in which every student ought to recognise the high service of an Academy. Yet look around the exhibition, and then say who is the man that should first go and render thanks to his masters. Walk across the street to the small French Gallery, and there will be indicated, though in miniature, how great are the benefits an Imperial Academy, under the sanction and patronage of the state, can confer on the arts of a nation. What our English painters, and, above all, our English sculptors, want, is notorious to the world. Not patronage, not genius, but simply severe schooling in the days of their youth. This the Academy has not given them; and what is more, educational appliances, which are necessarily costly, the Academy could not, while still unaided by the state, be expected to afford.

We need scarcely add that these shortcomings in the Academy schools, admitted on all sides, and proclaimed afresh by the present exhibition, demand speedy and radical remedy. Also the inadequate size of the exhibition rooms for the display of the pictures seeking admission, constitutes an ever recurring grievance, which likewise requires prompt administrative cure. The hangers of the year, Messrs. Ward, Cooke, and Millais, have performed duties necessarily unpopular, and involving absolute impossibilities, with fairness and discretion. Still, a certain amount of individual injustice, always more or less inevitable, has been done; and a few cases have come to our knowledge which present obvious hardships, naturally felt by the sufferers themselves to be of especial cruelty. We are sorry to say that the crying evil does not admit of any immediate remedy. And we regret that the words uttered by the President at the Academy dinner could not assume a form more definite. "With regard to the present exhibition," said Sir Charles Eastlake, "as the increased employment of Art necessarily increases the number of exhibitors, so it involves the painful impossibility of accommodating, in our present apartments, all the meritorious candidates for space. It is unnecessary to dwell on this too familiar difficulty, a remedy for which will, we trust, in time be provided."

HIGH ART.

HISTORY—SACRED AND SECULAR.

We use the term "High Art" in no very superlative sense. The time has gone by when either pictures justify, or the public would tolerate, transcendental language. Still, however, there does exist a broad general distinction between styles high and



low which cannot wholly be ignored. We therefore shall continue to apply the phrase "high Art" to all works that fulfil the two conditions of dignity in subject, and elevation in treatment. As to subject-matter, history by common consent has an extent of horizon and a magnitude of intent, which communicate both to the historian and to the historical painter largeness and nobility of aim. Again, the treatment of themes touching on the greatness of nations naturally rises to a strain somewhat elevated. It is true that all classifications such as those we here attempt break down at some point. They include within their frontiers at once too much and too little. For example, the painted or written history of a nation may degenerate into mere penny-a-lining, and on the other hand, a comparatively trivial incident in a private family is capable of rising to noble drama. Nevertheless, though fallacies must lurk beneath all artificial divisions, we yet may be permitted to use accepted landmarks for the sake of convenience. The advantage of the classification we propose to adopt is, that it will serve to give to what would otherwise prove scattered criticism, comparative sequence and clearness.

J. R. HERBERT, R.A., again proves himself a fervent disciple of religious Art. 'The Sower of Good Seed' (46), following after the great mural picture in the Houses of Parliament, 'Moses coming down from the Mount,' may seem a minor work. But the artist never bestowed on any composition greater thought or higher elaboration. The Sower, conscious of a sacred mission, walks with steady step and eye intent, the features betokening watchful care, among the furrows of the field, casting, as he goes, from balanced hand the seed which, falling upon good ground, is to bear fruit a hundred fold. The briars and the thorns that choke the word lie on either side of the way. In the distance palm-trees grow and mountains rise; and towards the farther extremity of the field may be seen husbandmen who break the clodded earth with a roller, made, be it observed, out of a classic column, to signify the subjection of Pagan arts to Christian uses. The sun, from a cloudless sky, casts upon the parched ground burning heat, and fills the picture with brilliant light. Reverting to the sower, the spectator should remark how the figure, itself in light, relieves in bold isolation, against the brightness of the landscape in which it is set. This is a problem the painter has managed with skill, so as to elude out of difficulty triumph. The solitude, too, in which the figure stands, and the unbroken silence reigning over the whole scene, are in themselves impressive. It may be remarked, also, that colour is used abstemiously, as if the painter were in wholesome dread of a decorative style, and had determined in no way to break into the solemnity of his subject. Furthermore, in the detail there is no superfluity, and in the execution no flourish; so that the narrative flows onwards in a lucid stream, undiverted in its direct course either to the right or to the left. It will be perceived, then, that Mr. Herbert fulfils the conditions required of high religious Art, yet at the same time after a fashion peculiarly his own. As in the 'Moses,' so here in the 'Sower,' he departs from the practice prescribed by the old Italian painters, to which his brother in Art, the late Mr. Dyce, was pledged, and instead of the traditional manner to which foreign schools still adhere, he prefers to follow obediently in the steps of nature. The difficulty in such a course is to escape

common life, a danger from which it is well known that Horace Vernet, when treating religious themes, was not delivered. To elevate actual forms, to infuse into material shapes the spirit of inspiration, this is the task which the artist who rears religious Art on a naturalistic basis necessarily finds hard. Mr. Herbert has committed himself to this arduous task. It had been easier for him to have trodden in the footsteps of the great masters of Florence, Rome, and Bologna, but then he might have ended as a copyist and nothing more. The line he takes certainly conforms to the times in which he lives, and whatever he may lose in dignity he gains in truth and power.

We at once turn to a large life-size picture, by a well-known French artist, in illustration of the distinction we have drawn. 'Christ descendu de la Croix' (194), by E. SIGNOL, the painter of the oft-engraved picture, 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' is a strict example of the Academic style as practised by the Carracci and Van Dyck. The subject is one of the most impressive in the entire range of Christian Art. The dead body has been just taken from the cross, and is extended on a white sheet upon the ground. One of the holy women, bending forwards, gently draws the crown of thorns from the Saviour's brow. The Madonna, in agony, clings to the foot of the cross, while the darkness which covered the land from the sixth to the ninth hour, is still shrouding the heavens. The work, as we have said, is in the manner of high Art as prescribed by the great historic schools. The anatomy of the dead body has been studiously marked, the heads are modelled on accepted generic types, the drapery is cast in symmetric folds, and the colours, though tainted somewhat with the defects inherent to the French school, partake of the definite blues, reds, and greens employed by Raphael and the Carracci. This picture, good of its kind, strikes as an anomaly among the works in the midst of which it hangs. It certainly is wholly out of keeping with the products of the English school, and we may safely affirm, and that without prejudice to our native painters, that there is not living in England the artist who could produce such a work. The style, whatever may be its worth, is with us absolutely extinct. We question, however, whether for the decoration of churches and public buildings a reversion in some degree to ancient practice may not be wise.

The interval which divides this picture of the French painter Signol from a work by an English artist, entitled 'The Young Saviour observing the Hypocrites' (451), is vast indeed. We scarcely know how to speak of this production, executed by Mr. BARWELL, who in prior years has merited praise. In some passages of the composition we are reminded of Mr. Hart; in others we cannot help recalling Mr. Holman Hunt. The hypocrites, for example, are in the style of the former painter; while the Madonna and the Christ have obviously been suggested, of course unconsciously to Mr. Barwell himself, by similar figures in 'The Finding in the Temple.' The boy Christ, however, is varied by an incident which imparts to the figure some novelty, though little dignity: He bears in His hand, be it noted, a carpenter's basket of tools, brought, we presume, from His father's shop! The action assumed by the hypocrites is violent, yet not sustained by the vigour which comes of a thorough mastery of the figure. One hypocrite with upraised hands and eyes prays at the corner of the street; the other, belonging to a different species, sounds a

trumpet ere he distributes alms. The idea is not bad, but it is a pity the artist has not made out of his conception a better picture. The colour is recommended by garish show. —Above Mr. Barwell's florid canvas hangs a composition by P. R. MORRIS of a colour altogether faded and wan. 'Jesu Salvator' (448) is a spasmodic and weak performance, based on a terror-moving shipwreck. We are told that the Spanish ship *Florida*, forming part of the Invincible Armada, was lost on the coast of Scotland, at a spot where stood a religious house dedicated to the Virgin. In the picture is seen, among the raging waters, the ship in last extremity; on a promontory stand a company of nuns, some swooning, others praying, all in every possible phase of Niobe and Cleopatra agony. An old monk is let down from the rocks as a kind of life preserver to the drowning crew. The tumult of the elements, mingling with the paroxysm of human passion, here wrought into a climax of stage rant, is meant to be very imposing. Real power, however, there is none: the moving spell is wanting. It is a bad sign when an artist not of approved strength has to rely on the grandeur of his subject rather than on the greatness of his treatment. The execution, which is the reverse of vigorous, stands in no connection with the fury of the storm.—Mr. GALE takes for his text, 'A Woman having an Alabastrer Box of very precious Ointment' (429). Here the woman is a large figure painted in a small manner. The drawing would be improved by the insertion of some resolute lines, which might impart decision. Yet there cannot be a doubt that the artist has gained a quiet and tender expression well in keeping with the act of affection whereon the woman is intent. The colour is marvellous for its lustre: but certain passages, as, for example, the green in the sky, have been pushed to limits that pass the bounds of possibility. Altogether, however, this is the best work Mr. Gale has painted for several years.—An exceedingly careful figure, 'The Good Shepherd' (436), is exhibited by W. C. T. DOBSON, A. This theme, a shepherd carrying in his arms a lamb, suggested by the almost literal words of the New Testament, forms one of the earliest types found in Christian Art. The painter in adopting the prescribed form for the Saviour's head, has secured for his work dignity softened by benignity. Mr. Dobson is one of the very few artists in our English school who take inspiration from the purest models of the best times, and he has his reward accordingly. We sometimes wish, however, that he could see in nature greater individuality; that he could vary the generic type by here and there the admission of accidental character; that he could break the monotone of colour by sunlight and the play of reflected hues; and that if he do still, as we trust he always may, look reverently on the old masters, that he would sometimes turn from Raphael to the worship of Titian, Michael Angelo, and Correggio. We say this, because we think Mr. Dobson, in the figure of 'The Good Shepherd,' and many praiseworthy works of prior years, has attained to a point of excellence which on his present system of study it will not be easy for him to surpass. If he is to go on in the course of constant progression, which to the artist constitutes the essence and the reward of life, he must take the wider range we have ventured to indicate. We confess to much sympathy with the spirit that animates this painter's creations; we see in his forms, purity; we recognise in his purpose, aspiration. These are rare qualities in the midst of the secular

and mundane styles now dominant, and we only wish to see the spiritual Art endowed with the vitality which will give enduring life. Mr. Dobson's three other pictures, 'In Walde' (129), 'A Girl with Faggots' (193), and 'A Portrait' (322), are nicely painted. This artist preserves the simple beauty found in his models and sitters.

We next turn to subjects taken from the Old Testament, which, not falling within the range of so-called Christian Art, seem permitted to go back into a rude nature the new dispensation is supposed to annul. Mr. WATTS, in his grand figure of 'Esau' (11), takes the advantage of the unredeemed savageness of the old world. Here stands a wild man of the desert, shaggy in hair and raiment, an outcast and a wanderer, who trusts to the spear whereon he rests for defence, and to the arrows at his side for food. The bearing of the figure has command: the picture attains to grandeur. The colour is kept down in subdued tones, from which white and positive pigments are alike excluded. Altogether the canvas is the nearest approach to the panels painted by old masters that the Academy presents.—Hanging at no considerable distance from the impersonation of 'Esau,' is the figure of 'David' (5), as conceived by F. LEIGHTON, a work that, on several accounts, cannot be passed in silence. In the first place this figure is conspicuous for a breadth and a power not always found in the artist's doubly distilled ideas. Then, again, in the colours, especially of the background, where solemn purple hills preside over the plain, the spectator cannot but admire the poetry and grandeur of the conception. On the other hand, the figure of David himself seated in brooding thought on a terrace which overlooks the hills of Judea, provokes to criticism. We would venture to ask why the divine psalmist has so small a brain? Within this skull there is not compass for a poet's thoughts to range. We state as a physiological fact, that a head so small, with a brow so receding, could not have belonged to any man who has made himself conspicuous in the world's history. Again, descending to mere matter of costume, there cannot be a doubt that the purple mantle slung on the psalmist's shoulders is wholly wanting in study of detail, and constitutes a blot upon the canvas. Barring these oversights, the picture, as we have said, possesses merit. For convenience we will make the other productions of Mr. Leighton follow in unbroken sequence. 'Helen of Troy' (309) is the artist's largest work—a composition concerning which we have heard most conflicting criticisms, a few whereof seemed in the artist's favour, but many were levelled in an opposite direction. Some objectors have asked, is it the moon, or can it be the sun, that the shining mid sky casts a silvery, not to say a chalky, light, with one black spot of shadow, upon figures and ground? Others, again, have desired to know whether the commanding image of Helen is made of marble, wax, or flesh. From all we hear we believe that these points can only be decided by the artist himself. But whatever cavillers may say to the contrary, this work we believe will be found to possess the poetry, the refinement, and the scholarly qualities, seldom failing to Mr. Leighton. Helen is here seen with two attendants, walking upon the ramparts. A cloud of sorrow is upon her brow, and her beauty is shadowed by gloom. The Earl of Derby, who at the recent Academy banquet, it will be remembered, pronounced a eulogy upon

the world's great epic poet, has furnished the text appended to the picture:—

"Thus as she spoke, in Helen's breast arose
Fond recollections of her former Lord,
Her home, and parents; o'er her head she threw
A snowy veil; and shedding tears
She issued forth."

The other works of Mr. Leighton, though of minor, are of varied interest. 'Mother and Child' (120) is a picture which shows the artist's usual beauty of form, subtlety of drawing, silvery delicacy of colour, together with a simplicity of sentiment to which the painter is not yet habituated. We cannot help thinking, however, that the composition would be vastly improved by some decisive line or shadow, which should obviate the confusion arising from the indefinite mingling of the figure of the child into the drapery which clothes its mother. Mr. Leighton melts his forms so voluptuously together, that he seems to dread the intrusion of just those strong points which an ordinary artist would use to gain manly force. The two remaining pictures, 'The Widow's Prayer' (305), and 'In St. Mark's' (316), are intoned in a different key. The last, indeed, is in some respects the artist's most satisfactory picture. There are in it a simple nature and a vigorous truth, and especially in the architectural background of shadow-casting arches in the caverned cathedral, a solemnity to which we trust Mr. Leighton may, as years add to the sobriety of his judgment, again and again recur with gathered strength.—It is impossible not to observe a marvellous, we had almost said an outrageous, though clever picture, 'Elijah's Sacrifice' (615), painted by A. MOORE.—"Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces; and they said, the Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God." The merit of this picture is surpassed by its eccentricity. On the favourable side of the account must be placed the conscientious study thrown into the figures and accessories. The heads and the hands are drawn with accuracy; the drapery is detailed; the background of mountains, and the foreground of earth and herbage, and especially the lambent flame that "licked up the water," are severally painted with knowledge and intent. Nevertheless, there is no use disguising the fact that the picture is bizarre and all but ridiculous. This unfortunate termination to a great labour results from the contempt shown for beauty, from the deliberate choice of grotesque forms and attitudes, and from the preponderance of a bricky and obnoxious colour. We shall look forward with interest to see whether the independent power wherewith Mr. Moore is gifted will enable him to throw off a mannerism which, if persisted in, cannot but prove fatal.

E. ARMITAGE has followed up his success of last year by a picture still more successful. 'Ahab and Jezebel' has been surpassed in fulness of composition and variety of colour by 'Queen Esther's Banquet' (422), a picture which has obtained prominent position on the line. Mr. Armitage, still adhering to a Scripture text, has been again fortunate in the choice of a subject. The history of King Ahasuerus, of Queen Esther, of Haman, the governor, and of Mordecai, the Jew, is here concentrated within the confines of a carefully studied composition. The final catastrophe, as depicted by Mr. Armitage, is recounted in the eighth and ninth verses of the seventh chapter of the Book of Esther, as follows:—"Then

the king returned out of the palace garden into the palace of the banquet of wine; and Haman was fallen upon the bed whereon Esther was. Then said the king, Will he force the queen also before me in the house? As the word went out of the king's mouth, they covered Haman's face. And Harbonah, one of the chamberlains, said before the king, Behold also the gallows, fifty cubits high, which Haman had made for Mordecai, who had spoken good for the king, standeth in the house of Haman. Then the king said, Hang him thereon." Mr. Armitage has followed strictly the terms of the narrative. The king stands beside the banquet table with raised hand and frowning brow, indignant. The queen, of voluptuous beauty, who might well enchain a lover in her charms, reclines on her couch in sumptuous apparel. The wicked Haman has thrown himself at her feet, and with clasped hands makes entreaty for his life; but the chamberlain standing by the king calls for the tyrant's execution. Thereupon the attendants rush forward, cover the face of Haman, and make ready to bear him away to the gallows prepared for Mordecai. The accessories and appurtenances to this banquet given by Esther, are in style accordant with the florid description of the sacred chronicler, and consonant with the remains of Assyrian magnificence which recent researches have brought to light. The bas-reliefs which cover the walls of the palace of Ahasuerus at Shushan, were probably, as here represented, similar to the mural carvings found generally on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. Mr. Armitage has thus wisely fallen in with the prevailing realistic treatment of history. Every painter now, in fact, as pointed out by Earl Stanhope at the Academy dinner, is bound to be an archaeologist. Credit is due to Mr. Armitage for this bold attempt to clothe again in life the dead past of a great empire. The artist has managed his light, shade, colour, and lines of composition according to the strict principles known as academic. Obvious is it how the lines are made to converge upon the body of the culprit Haman. Again, a concentrated mass of central light has been carefully gathered together by the juxtaposition of the white table-cloth, and the silver-toned dress of the queen. This light is then by contrast forced up through juxtaposition with the intense scarlet coverlet on the couch. The constructional bases whereon historical pictures rest is usually simple, but then they need likewise to be sure.

E. M. WARD, R.A., by his picture, 'The Night of Rizzio's Murder' (258), adds one more striking illustration to the page of history. An old subject here gains novelty by treatment from a new point of view. Other artists—Opie, for example—have painted the actual 'Death of David Rizzio.' Mr. Ward chooses the opening scene to the tragedy. The story is told clearly and without unnecessary circumlocution. The Queen of Scots has been supping with Rizzio, the Piedmontese adventurer, who, having insinuated himself into her confidence, had aroused the jealousy of the weak Darnley. The plot which the King Consort had formed with the banished lords for ridding him of a hateful rival is ready for explosion. Darnley has entered Queen Mary's boudoir by a private passage, and is crouched on a stool in the corner, awaiting in trepidation the evolution of the conspiracy. The murderers have entered, and Lord Ruthven, clad in armour, his eyes starting from their sockets, one hand upon his sword, the other laid on the shoulder of Rizzio, stands as the gaunt

spectre of death. Mary, here seen as the queen of beauty, in the full bloom of youth, her features delicately moulded, her complexion fair as a flower, her hair glowing as gold, richly robed in ermine and silk set with pearls, rises from her seat indignant. Rizzio, whom the murderers have come to seize, stands in hesitation, not to say dismay, between Ruthven and the Queen, one hand resting on the supper table, the other raised towards his royal mistress. The equerry and others having left the banquet, retire into the background. The Duchess of Argyll alone keeps her seat, and there, with back in broad shadow turned upon the spectator, serves as a foil to the other figures, whereon a flood of light streams. This shadow, eclipsing the candles that burn upon the table as the central source of light, serves as a keystone to bind in strength the circuit of the composition and the structure of the chiaroscuro. A counter light of redder hue glows from the embers in a slumbering fire. The conflicting rays from these two separate sources cast ominous shadows on the arras, where darkness is made visible. The general distribution and management of the scene will now be evident. The composition is essentially circular, which, of the several geometric forms used for pictorial combination, is proverbially that which attains greatest perspicuity and concentration of effect. The white tablecloth whereon the supper has been spread serves as the centre to the outlying circumference, and strikes the emphatic keynote to the surrounding composition. Upon this, which constitutes the highest light, are placed a few adjuncts to the royal yet frugal meal, a glass of choice Venetian workmanship, and a goblet, the red wine wherefrom has been overthrown upon the coverlet. To these details, and to the accessories of arms, armour, and dress, elaborate execution has imparted realistic verity. The interior of the chamber in Holyrood Castle still known as "Queen Mary's boudoir," has been accurately transcribed from studies made on the spot. We have now said sufficient to indicate the character of the work. The composition possesses the power; that is gained by concentration, and the perspicuity which inheres to simplicity. The situation is eminently dramatic, and the actors are moved to play their several parts in the manner their known characters bespeak. A picture such as this takes the spectator back to the very times. According to the old recipe, "high historic Art" used to be some ideal product after a kind which the imagination conceived to be probable and proper. What we now require from historical painting is best seen in this picture, 'The Night of Rizzio's Murder,' wherein the facts are narrated just as they took place. This work is Mr. Ward's masterpiece.

Chaste Queen Elizabeth, the cruel persecutor of her rival, the lovely but profligate Queen of Scots, is, by two pictures, put on view in no very flattering guise. J. HAYLLAR paints the virgin Queen with the toothache, and D. W. WYNFIELD chronicles her "last days," when "the Queen groweth sad, mopish, and melancholy." These two pages from our English history, not specially attractive in subject, have received no redeeming charm through the painters' treatment. Of the two, 'The Last Days of Elizabeth' (189), by D. W. Wynfield, has the advantage of a simple and intelligible composition. The queen, whose fiercely angular profile—here a little overdone—no one can mistake, is propped up by cushions at a window, where "she

will sit for hours, and none may speak unto her." Two gentlemen of the court, standing at respectful distance, look on anxiously. The picture has very considerable merit. Perhaps had the painter known that it would have obtained a place close to the eye, he might have fortified certain passages by more diligent study and elaboration. J. Hayllar tells us that 'Queen Elizabeth' (527) "was attacked with such grievous toothache, that she obtained no rest either night or day. Her physicians, although aware that the drawing of the tooth was the only remedy, forbore to recommend it, knowing her terror of the operation. The Lords of the Council then took the matter in hand, and after mature deliberation decided upon the extraction of the hostile tooth." The narrative then proceeds to detail how the Bishop of London, to give his royal mistress courage, directed that one of his own teeth should be extracted. These are good materials, yet the artist fails to make a good picture. Several individual figures are capably painted, but the skill herein shown is of no avail in a composition which wholly fails in concentration. Labour is in fact absolutely thrown away upon groups so scattered that they become pointless. The execution throughout seems of a polished evenness, destructive of emphasis. As to the arrangement of colour, there is a scarlet robe almost out of the picture, which kills all it comes near; while the blue in the dress of the queen, occupying a certain position, not being in the least forced up, is valueless. The picture only wants management to put these defects right. Mr. Hayllar is by far too clever a man to give his labour for naught.—The faults we have pointed out in 'Queen Elizabeth's Toothache' are to be lamented over just as much in an otherwise clever picture, 'Charles IX. and the French Court on the Morning of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew' (365), by A. B. CLAY. This work, like the last, has forfeited a right to the line, because in composition, colour, light and shade, it is without governing intent.

E. CROWE painted last year an episode from Luther's reformation in Germany: this season he exhibits a scene from Whitfield's preaching of dissent in England (559). Mr. Crowe has been regarded by some as the coming man—the future Academician. His abilities are undoubted, but it is matter of regret that he cannot, with all the resources at his command, manage to paint an agreeable picture. His figure of Luther last year was a failure: his chief character, that of Whitfield, in the present composition, cannot but be regarded as a blunder. The head has been designated wooden; the action of the preacher's arms has reminded some people of a see-saw, or the motion of a windmill. And speaking for ourselves, we could have wished that the robe of the great fanatic had not been painted quite so black as the doom of the sinners he denounced. This pigment, not usually supposed to pertain to the children of light, the painter has distributed plentifully among the motley crowd. We have counted no less than ten patches of extremest black placed systematically among the preacher's hearers, yet the brilliant effect which Cuyp or Vander Helst would have educed from the strongest of foils is missed by Mr. Crowe. The best part of the picture is a gaily-dressed Merry Andrew group, thrust into the corner, and all but out of sight. Yet, though Mr. Crowe's arduous undertaking has not been crowned with success, it must be admitted that redeeming points may be found in scattered profusion. The

heads are marked by character, the details by study, the execution by patience.

COMPOSITIONS—LITERAL, IMAGINATIVE, AND POETIC.

A fancy composition bears the same relation to a historic work as Shakspeare's fairy creation, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, holds to the historic drama of *Henry the Eighth*. Each of such productions, whether the art be that of poetry or of painting, is characteristic of a distinct class, has its several functions and aims, appeals to diverse faculties in the mind, and regards nature from different points of view. A historic picture is a record of events as they actually happened; the characters are portraits of people who have really lived; the scene is cast in the very locality where the transaction took place. An imaginary composition is obviously the reverse of all this: the event has been pictured in the fancy; the characters are conceptions of the mind; the situation has been created expressly for the occasion. These are lines of demarcation sufficiently distinctive to justify the classification we have adopted. It is true it often happens that the one species runs into the other; that in historic paintings, as in the historic dramas of Shakspeare, passages of fancy are interwoven among the strata of hard facts; and then, on the other hand, it is no less obvious that creations of the boldest imagination may, and often do with signal advantage, seek in a positive historic basis, a detailed truth which carries conviction to the mind. Yet, notwithstanding this transmutation of species according to what Darwin might call the law of natural selection, the kingdom of Art does preserve substantially intact the two distinctive genera we have just pointed out. It remains, then, that we should in few words designate the qualities we usually expect to find in pictorial "compositions," whether "literal, imaginative, or poetic." In the first place, we have a right to demand that such creations shall be good in the specific element of composition. An artist in the treatment of a positive historic event is often fettered and crippled; but it is the very essence of a fancy conception that the painter is free to do what he likes within the sphere of his own imagination. He is, indeed, left without excuse, if he do not manage well the matters over which he reigns undisputed master. Furthermore, the express nature of a "composition" is that it should be made to please. A history may instruct, but a poem should delight. Not but that a picture of poetry may carry with it instruction also; not but that it may, and, indeed, must contain realistic truth, which will be laid in store by the intellect. Yet all such facts must be used as means subservant to an end, and must constitute the evolution and the adorning of a theme which may fill the imagination, more or less, with rapture. From what has been said, it will be seen that "compositions" so defined are, above all other pictorial products, works of Art. They are creations specially designed to satisfy the mind's desires, to fill the thirsting imagination with a beauty which actual life does not supply. Every object, then, every figure, and every form, should be the best of its kind—not absolutely perfect, but the best fitted for the place wherein it is found, and the functions it is required to fulfil. Above all, each element essential to "composition" should receive studied care. Not only must the lines and masses combine together musically, but sweetest concord should rule the melody of colour, and unison be made to govern the concentration of light and

shade. These absolute demands, of course, are subject to modifications suited to the altered circumstances of each individual case.

J. PHILLIP, R.A., last year, in 'La Gloria,' surpassed himself; in this year's exhibition, by his picture, 'The Early Career of Murillo' (156), he has out-topped his highest triumph. Mr. Phillip enhances the interest of a composition of local costume and national character by the happy introduction of a telling historic incident. Murillo, born in Seville, practised while yet a youth of seventeen the Art of painting in his native city. He is known to have been poor; and it is related by Mr. Sterling, in "The Annals of Spanish Artists," that he was reduced to earn his daily bread by the painting of coarse and hasty pictures, which he sold week by week in the public market held in the open piazza. The market, its merchants, and merchandise, have changed little since the days when the unknown youth stood by his easel in the midst of gipsies, muleteers, and mendicant friars. This is the eminently picturesque scene into which Mr. Phillip has thrown the full force of his palette. Modern French painters have made effective themes out of the studios and sketching ground of illustrious artists, such as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Nicholas Poussin. Mr. Phillip, in a city he has made his own, has seized upon a subject which, for national character, local colour, and historic truth, is not to be surpassed. This picture, indeed, following the just quoted example of the French school, might be termed "the studio of Murillo." At the early age of seventeen the artist was as yet painting sun-burnt peasants of Andalusia, flower-girls, and beggar boys. Such are the models here around him, in a city which we know from personal observation is still essentially the Seville of Murillo; a town, in the streets whereof may be seen unto this day figures just stepped, as it were, out from the painter's graphic canvas. Well might Mr. Phillip feel that he had here a situation which called for the choicest studies from his portfolio. The figure of the youthful Murillo has been adapted from an early portrait painted by the artist himself: the head, with its prolific crop of black hair, is of the Andalusian type, wherein Moorish blood has mingled. The peasants of the country had been the painter's playmates; and the artist's own pictures of his contemporaries best tell us what he himself was. Here, after the lapse of two centuries, he stands before us to the life. The first thought for his picture of 'St. John and the Lamb,' now hanging in our own National Gallery, he has sketched slightly upon canvas. Another production has been handed to a couple of Dominican friars, who, scanning its merits with the aid of big spectacles, seem likely to effect a purchase on the spot. A monk of St. Francis, an order also given to Art-patronage, standing near, seems quietly waiting his opportunity. A gipsy woman, one of the finest of her tribe, a child in her arms, another at her feet, make together an effective group. Then comes the well-known character in these parts, the hard-working, yet indolent, muleteer, taking his ease on his mule, eating the while a mid-day meal, after his march from early morn across country to market. Other important personages may likewise be picked out from the motley crowd. That Quixotic-looking fellow is a hidalgo, as poor and as proud as a Spanish lord can be. In the distance may be seen a flower-girl, a character which, in remembrance of the 'Flower-

Girl' in the Dulwich Gallery, it would have been a sin to omit from the surroundings of Murillo. Also may be distinguished an adept on the dance-stirring guitar, an instrument much in request in this city of serenade. The piazza itself is made out of the architectural materials common in the Peninsula—colonnades which give shelter from the sun, the sign of a barber's shop, and the picturesque belfry of the old church of All Saints, which bears not unusual marks of Moorish origin. In the foreground are richest offerings to the goddess Pomona, melons, grapes, and other palatable produce of this sunny garden. It is almost superfluous to add any critical remarks upon the manner in which Mr. Phillip has put his subject upon canvas. Suffice it to say, that his well-known manner is here seen in effective force. It has been objected that the work wants finish. At all events, broadly pronounced character, rich, deep colour, and bold execution, are qualities which triumph in this picture. It were an interesting inquiry how far the art of painting has retrograded or progressed during the two centuries which have elapsed since Murillo stood the vendor of his own goods in the market-place of Seville. It is not necessary we should assert that we have in England a painter greater than the *caposcuola* of the south. Yet we think it may at least be said that the picture now exhibited in the Royal Academy is not surpassed by the two grand compositions, 'Moses striking the Rock,' and 'The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes,' in the hospital of La Caridad, at Seville.

F. GOODALL, R.A., has for several past seasons lighted the rooms of the Academy with the sun and the colour of the East. Four years ago he exhibited a large and brilliant work, 'Early Morning in the Wilderness of Shur.' This was followed in successive seasons by 'The Return of a Pilgrim from Mecca,' 'The Palm Offering,' and 'The Messenger from Sinai at the Wells of Moses.' The picture in the present exhibition, 'The Rising of the Nile' (8), is a further instalment from Mr. Goodall's portfolios of studies, an additional chapter in his large and deliberate volume painted in illustration of countries and tribes bordering on the Nile and the Red Sea. Travellers in the East complain, not without reason, of monotony; yet it is worthy of remark that each painter who returns from Egypt and Syria shows these regions varied, if not absolutely exhaustless, in resource. First Roberts went an exploring tour, and brought back temples. Then Lewis lived upon the Nile, and painted latticed harems with their caged doves, and crowded bazaars with their cross-legged merchants. Afterwards Goodall goes to see what he can find, and actually comes home with the panorama of the country, and full-length figures of its inhabitants, packed in his portmanteau. The three painters we have named are first-class of their kind; each has his distinctive department, in which he alone is supreme. Mr. Goodall's 'Rising of the Nile' is just the subject to call forth the artist's special powers. The incident is striking, the forms of the figures are noble, the costumes picturesque, and the colour throughout dazzling with light and lustre. The Nile river, the dispenser of every good gift to the dwellers on its banks, comes at some seasons as a direful scourge. Swelling above its prescribed barriers it breaks into the villages, and with its devouring and devastating flood swallows up the mud-built towns, and drives into the desert their inhabitants. Such is the appalling yet pic-

turesque scene before us. In the distance are observed the village of earth hovels and the dome of a sheik's tomb, which have fallen a prey to the flood of waters. On the left rise the pyramids, partly veiled by the feathery palm tree the painter has persuaded to grow on his canvas in all the free grace of nature. Crossing the valley, which is now a lake, are the fellahs bearing away goods and chattels, and driving flocks of sheep; and near to the shore may be observed a group which carries a sick old man to a place of safety. In the foreground, men, women, and children, aggrandised in scale and force, bring the composition to a climax. The principal figure, a young, handsome woman, who, judging from her features, may be a direct descendant of nobly-formed Antinous, bears on the shoulder her child, after the manner of the East, and has just touched the land. She is clothed in a deep blue mantle, a purple robe lying beneath, and an emerald veil bringing lustre to the head. A girl, budding into womanhood, and carrying in her arms a little lamb, wears a mantle and head-dress whereon falls the principal light in delicate modulation. Lifted up on camel back against the sky is an old man, who guards a child, and with upraised arm bears aloft a palm branch. A Nubian slave, of pulpy copper-colour flesh, stands at the camel's head. Such are the component parts of a composition distributed throughout with an eye to pictorial effect. The execution is rather more sketchy than in some of the anterior works of the artist, yet the detail throughout proves sufficient to pronounce character and to express intent. Pictorial effect has been gained by contrast between the emphasis and colour on the foreground figures and the delicacy of the silver tones thrown upon the surface of the waters—a subtle and yet obvious treatment which Gérôme turned to good account in 'The Nile Boat.' The Venetian system of colour that Mr. Goodall first deliberately adopted in his picture, 'Felice Ballerin,' into which method Mr. Poole had thrown the additional lustre of emerald green, is in the present picture seen in full force. The appetite for these seductive harmonies grows with what it feeds on. The delight ministered to sense is subtle and refined, therefore we shall not stop to inquire whether the style is more in keeping with the pomp of Venice than with poverty-clad Egypt.

P. F. POOLE, R.A., is another artist who exhibits in unusual force. This year he is conspicuous in the two distinct departments by which he has been from time to time distinguished, romantic beauty and terror-striking grandeur. Since the production of that comparatively early picture, 'The Plague of London,' a work which was said to have taken inspiration from Nicholas Poussin's 'Plague of Athens,' we have not seen Mr. Poole in so tragic a mood as in the present year. The subject he now chooses is thus described in the catalogue:—'A suburb of the Roman City of Pompeii during the eruption when the city was buried under showers of ashes from Vesuvius' (162). The scene is laid in the open court of a Pompeian house. The sky is darkened with thick showers of ashes and by clouds of sulphurous smoke, which have stricken down birds upon the wing and suffocated the inhabitants of the city. On the foreground lie prostrate in death a girl and a boy; also to be observed are a woman and a man who, choked by fumes vomited by the volcano, carry handkerchiefs to their mouths as a present protection against instant death. A blind old man, knowing

no escape, is seated on a column, a piteous object of despair; beside him stands the noble Roman mother, robed richly, and round her feet gather the children of the household. The demon of death in this hour of terror is banded with the robber. Thieves break in to steal; the bodies of the dead are stripped, rings are taken from the fingers. The incident of the man who lets himself down in full stretch of body and arms from a rafter, seems to have been suggested by a famed figure designed by Raphael in the fresco 'Incendio del Borgo.' As a whole, Mr. Poole's picture may be said to be at once grand in conception and imperfect in execution. The drawing is here and there inaccurate, and the drapery requires further study. Beyond doubt, however, the merits of the work are great, and its defects minor. To this tragedy the artist adds an afterpiece of poetic romance. Mr. Poole's second composition, 'The Parting Moment' (263), like 'The Troubadours,' 'The Goths in the Gardens of Italy,' and other creations of former years, is recommended by rare and rapturous beauty. A boat is on the shore, and two lovers are clasped in parting. The youth must join his ship, which, with sails already unfurled, awaits his arrival. The moon has made for herself a mirror of silver upon every dancing wavelet, and the whole scene is suffused in the soft halo of poetry. This picture, as its subject required, is finished with greater delicacy and detail than its tragic companion.

A. ELMORE, R.A., has succeeded, if we may judge from the opinions heard among the crowd, in producing the strong impression he desired. 'On the Brink' (138) is a misadventure wrought by the gambling table of Homburg. The title, which is intentionally vague, suggests a sequence. A lady who, in high play, has sustained fatal loss, rushes with empty purse from the scene of her disaster, and is here found "on the brink" of certain ruin and possible suicide. In the den within, a gay company of gamblers is still engaged in reckless rivalry. Such is the contrast between hope and despair. The moral inculcated is excellent, but it may be questioned whether, judged as a work of Art, this picture can be held as a success. It has often been our pleasant duty to acknowledge the earnest purpose and the studied elaboration of Mr. Elmore's compositions. These qualities we still, in some measure, recognise in his present picture. Yet we cannot but think that the intention has been pushed beyond the limits of moderation, and surely the contrasts are somewhat sensational. The hectic glow which blazes within the den is in too violent conflict with the pallor of the moonlight cast upon the lady in her despair. We think also that the dress of this victim of folly, coming close upon the eye, requires more careful study than it has received. Mr. Elmore is usually so deliberately exact that any departure from strict standards is all the more felt.

'The Lay of King Canute' (327), by H. O'NEIL, A., is a dream of poetry that recalls the 'Reverie,' by Gleyre, in the Gallery of the Luxembourg.

"Merrily sang the monks of Ely
As King rowed by:
How, knights, near the land,
And hear we these monks' song."

The barge which bears the king is within sight of the tower of Ely: the boatmen pause upon their oars while the king listens to the music stealing over the tranquil waters of twilight. The heads bend pensively under the spell: the colour is tenderly subdued in consonance with the spirit of

the scene. Yet we cannot but think that in this picture the technical qualities are inferior to the idea. The colours are turbid and without varied modulation; and the handling wants dexterity. A pretty little picture, 'The Lesson' (30), by the same artist is better executed.—H. WALLIS sends two works. 'Shakspeare and Spenser' (7), are depicted with more colour in their robes than genius in their heads. The room is too small for the figures to move in. The second picture of Mr. Wallis has a good subject, 'Paul Veronese painting the Portrait of Sir Philip Sidney' (385). Sir Philip is seated in due solemnity, and Veronese has just rubbed in the head upon canvas. The apartment is hung with rich curtains, and carpeted in bright colours. The grandees of Venice are in waiting on the artist and his sifter, and through an open window may be seen the well-known facade of the church of San Giorgio. The situation is altogether sumptuous, the colour resplendent; the picture, in fact, must be regarded expressly as a concatenation of colours. Assuredly there is widest interval between the 'Dead Stone Breaker' of former years and this luxurious show: the one is a work of decorative pomp, the other of vigorous naturalism.—'Morgan le Fay stealing the Scabbard of Excalibur from King Arthur' (620), by J. B. BEDFORD, is a work of character, colour, and detail—perhaps a little heavy and wanting in relief, and the principal figure has the disadvantage of lying parallel with the picture frame.—'Graham of Claverhouse and the Duke of Gordon' (515), by J. DRUMMOND, is a picture that has found a place on the line: it is a little spasmodic and black, and certainly has not the merit of being very agreeable.—'A Priestess of Vesta' (506), by W. F. O'CONNOR, is a study of much merit, though the figure labours under the prejudice of having been taken from a graceless model.—'Faithful unto Death' (542) is the best picture we have yet seen by E. J. POYNTER. This work shows that the artist has no need to imitate the styles of other men; he evidently can think and act for himself. The incident dates back to the last days of Pompeii. When the city was overtaken by the fire-flood, a sentinel, whose skeleton has been since found in full armour, not having received orders to quit his post, remained steadfast unto death. Mr. Poynter paints the guard as he then stood. Terror reigns along the corridor, the dead are strewn upon the ground, yet the faithful soldier flinches not from duty. Mr. Poynter's drawing is certain, the articulation of the limbs is sure; the eye and the mouth, firm in form, speak calm resolve. The picture is considerably injured by the unmitigated ardour of the red.—'Arming the Young Knight' (367) is clever, as all pictures by Mr. YEAMES are. The young fellow, his mother's "own brave boy," is in process of being clad in glistening steel, and thereby evidently rises vastly in his own estimation. The distribution of the surrounding figures is good; each is intent upon the work in hand. It is evident that the composition has been well thought out, but yet there remains more to be desired in the direction of trim execution and artifice in colour.—W. J. GRANT has not improved during the year. A certain clumsiness, we had almost said coarseness, which we pointed out in his former works militates from the dignity and the beauty of his present picture, 'The Last Appeal to Loyalty' (443). Marie Antoinette wishing to gain over a principal leader of the opposition, "as a last appeal, took him into the adjoining room, where her only son, the

Dauphin, was asleep,—the man regarded the boy sternly and turned away." Burke said of Marie Antoinette, "never lighted on this earth a more enchanting vision:" the same words could scarcely be pronounced over the picture of Mr. Grant. It is, however, showy and effective.—A. LEGROS came into notice a year ago by a clever though eccentric picture, entitled 'Ex Voto:' this season he maintains the same unmitigated power and breadth in a composition which he calls 'Le Lutrin' (435). The picture would be improved by the infusion of delicacy and detail.—'Rosalind and Celia' (430), by Mrs. M. ROBBINSON, is a picture which scarcely possesses the rare excellence its position on the line would imply. The drawing and the handling have not the precision which knowledge gives. The colour is gaudy but not good.

F. SANDYS, from the first moment he entered the Academy two years ago, riveted attention. And his personation of 'Gentle Spring' (359) in the present exhibition will certainly not fail to attract to itself loving eyes. The lines of Mr. Algernon Swinburne, which furnish Mr. Sandys with a text, are of rare loveliness, clothed in that lustrous apparel of metaphor which sparkles in the poems of Keats and Shelley. The painting itself is set as with jewels; and it intones impassioned rhapsody. "Gentle spring," "virgin mother of gentle days and nights," scatters in her path "fervent flowers," which, born of her breath, lie fragrant at her feet. The figure is somewhat statuesque, yet voluptuous in swelling bust. As an allegory of Spring the lady is more sensuous than intellectual or soul-like. Turning to more direct Art qualities, the colour may be said to have at least decorative dazzle; but the whites are chalky and the greens sometimes too blue, and occasionally too yellow for concerted harmony. The execution is rather small and miniature-like, considering the size of the canvas. Mr. Sandys has another picture, 'Cassandra' (503), a head of chiseled features, passionate in tortured agony.—The faults which may be pointed out in Mr. Sandys certainly do not belong to Mr. Prinsep. No two painters can be more widely diverse. Next to 'Gentle Spring' is PRINSEP'S 'Lady of Tooti Nainch' (360). "Attitude," says the proverb, "is everything," and so thought Mr. Prinsep evidently when he threw this figure into pose. The painting of the flesh certainly has not too much delicacy. The best, perhaps, that can be said of the picture is that it recalls the style of Mr. Millais. 'The Flight of Jane Shore' (405), by the same artist, is a picture of more decided intent, but in Art-qualities scarcely of higher merit. It is to be regretted, even in the interest of the painter, that this and the preceding picture have been hung upon the line, where they necessarily challenge a criticism they cannot bear. The forms throughout, and especially the hands, are deficient in drawing, and the drapery wants study. The colour is recommended by a dusky brown not over pure, which serves for the solemn intonation of Venice.—J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., was never seen in greater force, whether we take the area or the quality of his works. He contributes no fewer than five pictures, besides two etchings; of the former 'The Romans leaving Britain' (294) is perhaps the largest and possibly the best work he has yet painted. The composition is original, even startling. A British maid—a very Amazon for size and force, her brow ominously shadowed, her black eye fixed and fierce, her brown hair as a cataract poured copiously upon her shoulders, her foot firmly planted on the ground, her

stalwart frame clothed in fur and robe of scarlet—is seated on a headland of England's white cliffs, which stretch far away on the distant sea. The Roman galleys are already on the wing, and the last boat is struggling with the surf upon the shore. One brave warrior for a moment lingers behind; he has laid aside his helmet, and clasps his British mistress in a close and rapturous embrace. It may be questioned whether the further arm could by possibility reach round the waist far enough for the hands to meet. Similar difficulties have been raised against other works by this artist, 'The Huguenots' among the number. As for the astounding effect gained in this picture, it depends on the size and the bold character of the figures, likewise on the concentration upon these commanding masses of utmost colour and deepest dark relieved against a background which is kept in half tone. Each of the four other contributions of Mr. Millais sinks in relation to this grand work into comparative insignificance. 'Joan of Arc' (208) on her knees, her liquid eyes upturned, her hand clasping a sword, is chiefly remarkable for the faithful realisation of steel armour. Another picture has for its subject a well-dressed but somewhat dreamy and dolorous lady in a drawing-room, who meets half way a swallow perched at the lattice, the bird bearing as the burden of its message the song of Tennyson—

"O swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her and pipe, and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her—tell her—that I follow thee."

This picture has in it nothing very express. The results are got by mastery, not minuteness. The effect chiefly depends on a concord of colour, wherein blue plays a principal part, and then purple and black come in to complete the harmony. 'Esther' (522) is another figure wherein this versatile artist trusts to his unrivalled fertility of expedient. This is in truth only what a painter would call a first rubbing-in, so slight is the framework of colour and form whereon the composition is made to hang. The fifth and last of Mr. Millais's products is more important. 'The Parable of the Tares' (528) the artist has already rehearsed in the form of a woodcut in one of the popular periodicals of the day. To the artist's widely extended design is now added the further element of colour, and that in ominous and mystic guise. The theme, though novel in the Art annals of England, has been handled by Overbeck and other Continental painters. The treatment of Mr. Millais does not suffer by comparison with that adopted by his contemporaries. Our English artist turns literally into pictorial form the Scripture words, "But while men slept an enemy came, and sowed tares among the wheat." The "enemy" is a grotesque Mephistopheles, with leering eye, and mouth of craft, and nose of sinister intent. At his feet lies a snake, in the background prowls a wolf, in the sky are forked rays of hectic light said to stand for demon wings of fire. With stealthy step this hateful embodiment of evil scatters as he goes from his well-filled pouch the tares which fall among the wheat. The artist has verily succeeded in making a picture that moves to deep and dark dismay. This was his intent, and herein he has succeeded.

PORTRAITS.

"Shakspeare in poetry and Kneller in painting" were watchwords at one time with critics and connoisseurs. But as to portrait-painting, people no longer, like the friend of Sir Joshua, condemn the style that is not in Kneller's fashion. The art has no doubt advanced since the days of Hudson,

the master of Reynolds, and the time when Ellis, the author of the above apothegm, was illustrious as a limner. Yet we think no one acquainted with the history of portrait-painting as practised in former centuries in Italy and in Flanders will be wholly satisfied with the styles now habitual to England. Leslie, in his "Life of Reynolds," recalls to our memory an interesting anecdote which may be rehearsed with advantage in the face of many a canvas hung this year in the Academy:—"Northcote asked Reynolds if he thought there would ever be a superior painter to Titian in portrait. He answered that he believed there never would: that to procure a real fine picture by Titian he would be content to sell everything he possessed in the world to raise money for its purchase, adding with emphasis, 'I would be content to ruin myself.'" Many a portrait-painter since the days of Reynolds has made himself rich and thus escaped ruin, all the time nevertheless in utter ignorance of that manner of Titian which the illustrious president of the Academy extolled. We should be sorry to prescribe to portrait-painting, or to any other art, barriers of finality,—we do not desire to set up Titian or any other master as the idol of a blind idolatry. Still we are bound to say that portraiture has not in our days materially progressed; that the art of which Reynolds confessed himself a learner has not since his time advanced; and that thus the interval which he admitted to exist between himself and the great artists of Venice has now become between ancient and modern professors even still more wide. Yet, at the same time, we are not among those who look upon the prospects of the English school with despondency. At the present moment each style practised in previous centuries, either in Italy or in Flanders, has its adherents. Titian, in his golden colour, in his breadth and vigour, and even in his senatorial dignity, claims, if not worthy, at all events humble disciples. For example, in several exhibitions of our national academy we have noticed portraits by Mr. Watts and Mr. Wells, obviously treated, though with a difference, after Venetian precedent. Again, our English school has not shaken off all relationship with Kneller and Lely, and painters are not wanting who follow obediently, though at a distance, in the steps of Vandyck. In this direction, in fact, is to be found not only the elegances, but also the frailties of British portraiture. That attitude makes the gentleman may be a good enough axiom to start with, but attitude, grace in deportment, and a certain style of bearing against a pleasing background, or beside a stately column, will not alone suffice to make a portrait which Titian might have painted, or which, as we have seen, Reynolds would have ruined himself to possess. The great masters were not only broad in the masses, but firm in the details, their colour was not to the prejudice of their drawing, their generalisation was not reduced to a mannerism destructive of individual character. Raphael could maintain for a cardinal a natal squint, and yet manage to evolve therefrom a work of Art. Vandyck could throw into Charles I. irresolution and dilettante effeminacy, and yet make the figure every inch a king. And thus the skilled portrait-painter in all times knows how to reconcile conflicts which in hands of less power prove incompatibilities. The lineage of our British school is evident at a glance. Its descent, as we have indicated, is from Vandyck downwards through Kneller and Lely, till it rises again in Reynolds, and finds a final issue in the men of

our own generation. The late Sir Watson Gordon was of this pedigree, though the boldness of his hand occasionally confessed to a sterner stock. Mr. Grant, Mr. Boxall, and others, though each diverse in style from his neighbour, are all heirs to the same inheritance. They belong to a school now old. They paint in silver tones, delicate, but chalky and opaque. They delineate the English gentleman polished in manners, but emasculate in muscle as in mind. They celebrate the graces of the lady of the drawing-room, the pink of perfection, yet the mere toy of fashion. And thus they learn to please, because they hold up a flattering mirror to the vanities and the frailties of society. Against this eminently popular mode of portraiture a protest has recently been raised: Mr. Watts and Mr. Wells, as we have said, have ventured to kindle expiring ashes of silvery grey with golden fire, and upon canvases ready to fade, and upon heads about to vanish into thin air, these artists and others of their company have essayed, though not always with success, to infuse the lustrous colour of Venice. While this change was wrought in one direction, a revolution scarcely less radical came from another: Mr. Holman Hunt, in the portrait of Dr. Lushington, allied himself to the literal school of Van Eyck and Holbein; and Mr. Sandys, in his daguerreotypes of one or more old ladies, rivalled the literal transcripts of Denner. Thus it will be seen to what a pass the art of portrait-painting has come. That it is prolific every visitor to this Academy knows to his cost; whether it has reached to the "senatorial dignity" of Titian, let Reynolds be the judge.

W. P. FRITH, R.A., sends three pictures, all of which may be said to fall under the present heading. Of his brilliant chronicle of the 'Royal Marriage' (52), a picture which might claim foremost place either in the ranks of portraiture or history, we gave a critical description last month. The favourable opinion then expressed has since been echoed on all sides. The crowds which day by day encircle the canvas, and which have rendered the erection of a protecting barrier imperative, attest the interest and the admiration of the public.

Some portraits exalt a sitter's humanity; other portraits exult in display of dress; and others again seem to extol the accident of social position. Taken altogether we incline to think that the heads of Mr. Richmond will, among surrounding competitors, stand the severest test. Perhaps the best portrait in the large room is that of 'The Bishop of Oxford' (61) painted by this artist; though it must be admitted that Mr. Grant's careful study of the head of the Lord Chancellor (147), has strong claims to that distinction. The decisive features of the 'Bishop of Oxford' are firmly emphasised, and the individuality of the sitter's character is put decisively on the canvas. The painting of the lawn sleeves, a no easy matter, is clear, soft, yet sharp; and the robes, varied in red, blue, white, and black, are so managed as out of contrast to gain concord. Another capital portrait by Mr. Richmond is that of the 'Duke of Buccleuch' (271). The painting of the head is solid yet transparent, and the relation in which the figure stands, both in light, colour, and the distribution of space to the background, evinces that eye for balance in proportion, and for quiet unity in effect, whereon the excellence of a portrait as a work of Art materially depends. Mr. Richmond also has made a study from life for a larger picture of 'Her late Highness Maharanee Chund Kowr' (207). It is worthy

of remark how the gaud of oriental jewellery and apparel has been so regulated as to escape the pictorial excess which, in such a subject, constituted no slight danger.—We have already referred to Mr. GRANT's elaborated likeness of 'Lord Westbury' (147). This is one of the artist's most deliberate, therefore one of his most successful, works. Firmness takes the place of flimsiness. The face and the hands have been circumspectly modelled; and the wig and the gold embroidered gown are absolutely realistic. But it strikes us that in the colour there is even more poverty than the subject imposed. A central position in the large room has rightly been accorded to an equestrian portrait by the same artist. 'Edward Holroyd, Esq.' (155) is made to stand by his well-bred steed—a noble animal, to which Mr. Grant can do greater justice than any other portrait-painter of the day. This horse strikes us indeed as almost worthy of an express animal draughtsman. Another portrait by Mr. Grant, that of the 'Lady Augusta Sturt and her Son' (83), deserves to be mentioned as a fair example of a further style in which the artist has won repute. What this picture may want in power it gains in delicacy and refinement. Mr. Grant paints ladies in their most lady-like aspect.

We have remarked that some artists are triumphant in draperies. Mr. BUCKNER, without special reproach be it said, is of their number. In the chief room are two female figures, painted by Mr. Buckner, which, for contrast in dress, are as night is to day. The person of 'Mrs. Vander Bye' (149) is set off by white silvery satin. On the other hand, 'Mrs. Wallaston Blake' (67) rejoices in raven hair and ebon robes. The flesh is pearly. Certainly Mr. Buckner has a most dainty way of putting his figures on canvas; his sitters he paints seductively.—Mr. DERANGES has executed the lace and the dress in the portrait of the 'Princess of Wales' (10) dexterously; it is unfortunate that in the background reigns a monotony of yellow.—The post of honour has been awarded to a cabinet portrait of the 'Prince of Wales' (106) from the easel of H. WEIGALL. This artist is evidently in the possession of popular talents; it is a great pity he has not matured his style by that study which will entitle his works to live in the esteem of posterity.—Before we descend from royalty it may be worth while to mention drawings of 'Prince Alfred' (691), and of their royal highnesses the 'Princes Arthur and Leopold' (682), painted, under command, by K. MACLEAY. It will be seen at a glance that these works owe their position wholly to the loyalty which the Academy is ever ready to show towards the royal family.—In the north room, almost out of sight, is a portrait of 'Miss Lauri' (562), upon which A. ERCOLE has apparently bestowed great pains. The elaboration of the features and hands seems to be delicate. In the choice of a singularly light background the artist has followed the practice of the early Italian portrait-painters; thereby, however, he doubtless throws difficulties in his own way. Mr. Ercole, however, does not seem to be wedded to any one system. His most important work, 'The Marchioness of Northampton' (174), is effective in the opposition of black, white, and red: the picture gaining needful additional colour from the background.—'Colonel Ferrier Hamilton' (295) makes a picture of much power: the head and the accessories have been painted by D. MACNEE with deliberation and decision.—The figure of 'Miss Burdett Coutts' (161), as rendered by J. R. SWINTON, is not par-

ticularly like the original, and the frame certainly holds more colour than is quite agreeable to look on.—The portraits of S. LAWRENCE are generally reputed to be true; and certainly the artist has thrown much individual character into the head and figure of 'George Finch, Esq.' (614). But in colour the painter seems wholly to have lost his way: the tints are not only too hot, but are also relatively out of place.—H. T. WELLS is another artist who, as we have said, aims at colour; and that the fervid hue of Venice. In previous years it was supposed that Mr. Wells suffered from injustice: in the present exhibition the hangers, in doing him more than justice, have, in fact, inflicted injury. The artist, in the most ambitious picture he has yet painted, is not at his best; and the style he adopts, when brought, as in the present instance, close to the eye, proves to be just of the sort that would gain by distance. Certainly 'Portraits of Florence, Mary, and Ada, daughters of J. Lowthian Bell, Esq.' (173), in the act of "preparing for a *tableau vivant*," make anything but an agreeable picture. The motive, indeed, is novel; and the mode in which the idea has been carried out, as a matter of composition, effective. The colours, however, are heavy and violent, and the execution is not clean or delicate.—It has sometimes been said that the best portraits the world has known, have been painted by men who take a wide range over general subjects. This remark does not hold good in the case of Mr. A. HUGHES. At all events, his portraits of 'Mrs. James Leathart and Children' (311) are not equal to his fancy pieces. This and the preceding composition, the one contingent on the feeding of pigeons, the other on the arrangement of a *tableau vivant*, are the two most direct examples in the exhibition of the art of "picture-making" portraits—a practice to which Reynolds especially was addicted. The attempt of Mr. Hughes, it must be conceded, has not been unattended by success. His colour, assuredly, is lovely, and the tenderness of sentiment into which he falls is certainly not unaccompanied by refinement. The execution evinces some feebleness, and the composition is out of balance.—Mrs. C. NEWTON paints the head of 'Mrs. Liddell' in tones of harmony, such as Palma Vecchio was wont to infuse over the portraits of his own daughters.—But it is the picture by G. F. WATTS which most directly recalls the good old style of the Italian artists. A single eye of 'W. Bowman, Esq., F.R.S.' (251), as painted by the Titian of the English school, is sufficient to identify the entire head. Yet the manner is large more than minute; the style has a breadth which seems to comprehend more than is positively put on the surface. Such a picture proves how noble the art of portraiture may become.

We will end this division with the names of one Associate and two Academicians who collectively present the strongest of possible diversities. Sant is plausible; Knight, dogmatic; and Boxall, dreamy. The works of Mr. SANT have been censured as showy and unsubstantial. This in some degree is the truth, yet not the whole truth, for if there be show, there is knowledge likewise; and if substance be lacking, a spark from the soul is kindled. 'Harvey, son of Richard H. Combe, Esq.' (264), dressed in a white nightgown, is a charming little fellow. Mr. Sant has an ingenuity that saves him from the hacknied manner of which inveterate portrait limners are usually the victims.—J. P. KNIGHT, R.A., as we have said, belongs to a different school. His portrait of 'William Foster White,

Esq.' (105) commands, in a post of eminence, by its knock-down power; breadth it has, and a blackness too; yet in its downright style it is a master work.—W. BOXALL, R.A., has also a manner of his own—a manner, it may be feared, which has now degenerated into absolute mannerism. His portrait of 'Mrs. Cardwell' (62), a good example of the artist's mode, is grey, vaporous, suggestive, and cloudy, as if the head were "out of focus."—This year we miss the manly works of the late Sir Watson Gordon, and mourn over the loss thereby sustained. Mr. KNIGHT's portrait of 'Mr. T. Anthony Denny' (50) strikes us as the nearest approach now attained to the pictures of the late president of the Scotch Academy.

SCENES DOMESTIC AND SUBJECTS MISCELLANEOUS.

"Those rules of old, discovered, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodised;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd."

Such is the aphorism from Pope's "Essay on Criticism" which the Academicians have chosen as the motto for this year's catalogue. Pope, with his usual epigrammatic terseness, defines the boundaries of Nature and of Art, shows the confines where the one mingles with the other, and lays down in pomp of rhetoric the laws which govern each.

"First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same;
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end and test of Art."

Principles so general, applying to all sorts and conditions of Art, may without violence be brought to bear on "Scenes Domestic and Subjects Miscellaneous." Such scenes and subjects, how widely soever they differ among themselves, take Nature as the one original from which they are derived, and to which again they must revert. Art is the child of Nature. The parent gives life; the offspring receives, prolongs, and propagates that life, and in mature growth gains for itself recognised independence. The critic stands the while watchfully by, and endeavours calmly and fairly to adjust any points of dispute which may arise among the elder and the younger generations in the one household. By turns he fans the spark in its faintness, and quenches the flame in its fierceness.

"The generous critics fan the poet's fire,
And teach the world with reason to admire."

J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. elect, contributes one picture after his usual order of merit. 'Under the Mistletoe' (146), is an incident of boyish jealousy. A little girl kisses her doll under the mistletoe; a sprig of a boy, who has been conjugating the verb "amo" on a slate, thereupon is tortured with pangs of rivalry. There is point in the story, and a refinement in the deportment of the actors, only we fail to find the highly-wrought execution to which the artist generally treats us.—R. REDGRAVE, R.A., in a composition, 'Starting for the Christening' (29), has bestowed on the figures much pains, and on the green bower of summer trees which overshadow the cottage door special elaboration.—'Savage discovering his Parentage' (18) we incline to think is the best picture which C. LANDSEER, R.A., has painted for some time.—A child in the arms of its mother, 'Asleep' (209), a pleasant work by R. THORBURN, A., is soft and subdued in form, tone, and colour.—'Blighted Aspirations' (282) shows S. A. HART, R.A., more successful in domestic scenes than in high historic subjects.—The same may be said for W. J. GRANT. 'A Nursery Story' (467) is far away his better

picture, and evinces indeed a diligence and deliberation which, if persisted in, will remove the obstacles which have impeded the artist's progress.—A. JOHNSTON'S 'Rencontre in the Alameda, Lima' (501) is a frivolous subject, which the artist has failed to redeem.—T. HEAPHY'S 'Lord Burleigh' (523) seems careful in execution, and is cheerful in colour.—'Bad News on the Threshold' (590), by T. BROOKS, is a composition which trades with sentiment in a feeble way.—F. WYBURN'S pictures are usually refined, but wanting in force. At 'The Church Door' (494) is an old woman receiving alms from a lady, whose attire is a study of haberdashery.—TOURRIER'S 'Prisoner' (493) is supreme in monotony of colour and shade.—'The Defence of Latham House' (616), by G. D. LESLIE, is a picture of ill-success. The composition is fragmentary; the colour crude and discordant.—MARCUS STONE, in 'Old Letters' (619), has marred his reputation. The lady's figure is strangely disproportioned both in itself and to the canvas it occupies. The picture has little meaning, and is not recommended by technical merit. It would do some of the artists whom we have just rapidly enumerated a world of good to study that rudest of pictures 'Les Retameurs' (547), by E. RIBOT. This Caravaggio canvas might administer a timely tonic to Art constitutions which have sunk into low condition of debility.

Lady artists, with one or two exceptions, are certainly this season not in the ascendant. Miss SOLOMON'S two pictures are slovenly, and Miss OSBORN'S composition is careless. Mrs. BRIDELL, on the other hand, was never seen to better advantage. 'Little Ellie' (608), taken from Mrs. Browning's 'Romance of the Swan's Nest,' has a beauty in form and a delicacy in execution to which this artist has hitherto been a stranger. The face and the draperies are nicely painted, and the cool green on the well-drawn leaves is delicious. But the crowning success for the artist-sisterhood has been achieved by Miss M. E. EDWARDS, in the prettiest of compositions, 'The Last Kiss' (574). A lady, young and gentle, drooping under sorrow, has dug for her pet bird a grave beneath a bower of roses and honeysuckles. Ere she commits her treasure to the earth, she gives it a parting kiss. The sentiment is exquisite in tenderness, the lines of composition bend in graceful symmetry, and the execution happily combines generalisation with detail.

It is no slight compliment to say that this lady, embowered among roses and woodbines, is worthy of the company of another lady, 'In the Boy's Garden' (234). This last picture is perhaps the greatest triumph yet achieved by J. F. LEWIS, R.A. elect. A favourite of the harem comes to gather flowers, which bloom in gay profusion in the garden of her lord. The girl, a pretty plaything, is herself a flower, but deficient, no doubt, in intellect, her face vague and vacant, defects for which the artist is perhaps more to blame than the lady herself. As for the flowers, nothing more lovely ever grew or was ever painted; each petaled cup is brimful of light and sunshine, and each leaf enjoys the air it breathes. The abounding detail, which otherwise might have been scattered, is brought together by a cool green background. The second picture of Mr. Lewis is one of those Eastern interiors, in the painting of which he has long been unrivalled. 'A Turkish School in the vicinity of Cairo' (121) is perfect after its kind. Here once more the artist casts a flood of sunlight through lattice window, down in

sparkling rays and chequered forms upon the parti-coloured floor. It strikes us that in these two works Mr. Lewis has overcome the loaded opacity which used to prejudice his technical practice. His colours are now liquid and transparent, and he thus adds to his feats in drawing and composition the full advantages of the oil medium.

"The life, force, and beauty" of "unerring nature," "the source, and end, and test of Art," many of our painters, adopting Pope's precepts, have imparted to their works. R. HANNAH, in his picture, 'The Amateur Juggler' (379), is certainly a diligent student of nature. Here is an errand boy trying his 'prentice and unpractised hand at juggling. He has tossed in the air and essays to catch in his hands a couple of stones, after the manner of strolling acrobats. But he fails, and one of the missiles is on the point of dashing into a basket of eggs, much to the dismay of the owner. The incident, which is novel and curious rather than attractive, Mr. Hannah has elaborated with circumstantial character.—In the same neighbourhood hangs another naturalistic picture, under the title, 'Please have you seen Mother?' (375). A little girl stands at a street corner in some perplexity, and asks anxiously for her mother, who seems to have been the owner of an apple-stall. Mr. DEVER is a bold man to put so small a subject on so large a scale. His picture, however, has merit.—J. BURR, who has not maintained the position he won two years ago, affords in his subject, 'The Tender Nurse' (487), another example of a picture which ought to have been reduced to the unpretending dimensions of the thought expressed. Wilkie, Webster, and others, the acknowledged masters of the school, have seldom allowed a humble theme to transgress modest dimensions. In 'The Tender Nurse,' the man's breeches have certainly received a fair share of the artist's attention.—T. MACKINLAY'S picture, 'The First Lesson' (502), is also open to the same objection, that its scale is out of all proportion to the value of the theme and the worth of the materials employed. The painting has power, but it fails to please.—E. NICOL, unlike many of his compeers, is made really out of stout stuff, and so every inch of canvas he asks for he fills. His picture of last Academy, 'Among the Old Masters,' was a satire; his present composition, 'A Deputation' (514), is equally a sarcasm in disguise. A parcel of country bumpkins, in mud-dirty boots intruding on rich carpets, are in waiting on the squire of the parish. Jan Steen is here surpassed in his own line.—In the picture, 'The Passing Bell' (267), we recognise a fresh hand and a new name. J. LOBLEY is evidently an artist who thinks and acts for himself. The colour of the work is dingy, and the sexton is a coarse fellow; but, nevertheless, we see within this frame undoubted traits of independence.—W. WEEKES, under the title, 'The Halfpenny Short' (403), enacts in brief the broad farce for which, at one time, Mr. H. S. Marks had the sole patent. The pictures by the latter artist are year by year growing more serious, yet the vein of comedy which formerly sparkled in his works still ever and anon rises to the surface.

"Hark, hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town."

(331), is the nursery rhyme upon which Mr. MARKS doth now dilate. In dolorous train is marshalled a troop of mendicants according to their several species. The lame beggar, the blind beggar, the sanctimonious beggar with long whining yarn, and the beggar who is the venerable patriarch of the tribe—

here they all are, and "the dogs do bark" a greeting. For a further subject Mr. Marks is once more indebted to Shakspeare, the dramatist who endowed his clowns, fools, and knaves with an immortality which Mr. Marks serves to perpetuate. 'Francis Feeble, the Woman's Tailor' (591), was one of Sir John Falstaff's "sufficient men." "Courageous Feeble," "Forcible Feeble," Mr. Marks shows us shrunk in the shanks, and nine parts of a man, plying his trade, and with tape in hand measuring the waist of a buxom bouncing woman. This minor character, this small by-way lying obscurely out of the main road of Shakspeare's plays, furnishes Mr. Marks with an amusing topic, which he turns to telling account. The picture is trenchant, and its materials are clenched with decisive execution.

T. FAED, R.A., is again in force. He has not exhibited so good a picture as 'The Last of the Clan' (150) since his greatest work 'The Cottage Death-bed.' There is pathos in all that Mr. Faed paints. A touching story is here told of the last small remnant of a once great and powerful clan. An emigrant vessel has just carried away to the Far West the strong men yet able to make a fortune, and on the jetty are assembled "a feeble old man and his granddaughter," with many "out-lying kith and kin," "the last of the clan," who possess "not a single blade of grass in the glen that was once all their own." The subject is well chosen for the display of the painter's specialities; it gives him the opportunity of grouping effectively men stricken in years, aged women bowed in sorrow, maidens melting in tears—characters which dispose into a homely and heartfelt picture of Scottish nationality. The work has the usual merits and defects of the Edinburgh school. The colour is broken into tertiary tones; the execution is vigorous; and the sentiment would suit to a ballad of Burns.—The picture of JOHN FAED, the brother of Thomas Faed, which has for its subject 'Kinmont Willie a prisoner' (536) is not equal to that of last year. The vice of the school to which the artist belongs is in unusual excess. A background of black opacity is employed to give prominence to lights; the colours also are forced into violence. The elaboration which has been bestowed upon the figures is needless; that is, it is thrown away, inasmuch as it enhances the pictorial effect in no commensurate degree.—J. PETTIE'S 'Drum-head Court Martial' (192) is admitted on all hands to be a clever picture. The three stern fellows seated as judges, with the accessories of the drum and the sail-cloth, make as fine a piece of painting as can be found in the exhibition. The group to the right, however, is altogether unworthy of the rest. The handling here is ragged, and the composition confesses to haste and immaturity.—J. A. WHISTLER has a picture the Italians would call *un capriccio*. Of his several works, all of which are experiments and freaks, 'The Little White Girl' (530) has obtained the largest number of admirers. The painting is a mere "abbozzo" or first "rubbing-in." No artist can play such pranks for long with impunity.—'Hamlet and Ophelia' (603) are characters which have not received at all a happy reading by W. Q. ORCHARDSON. Yet his picture has undoubted mastery. Every point which the artist seizes shows definite purpose; there is no superfluity of means to an end; a few figures decisively painted suffice to command the situation and to fill the space allotted. Colour is supplied by a rich tapestry, against which the

figures in little more than light and shade tell out boldly. Mr. Pettie and Mr. Orchardson will both make for themselves a position if they can but follow up their recent successes.—'After Work' (442), by A. RAWLEY, is another clever picture. This artist, if he take care what he is about, may win an Associateship. Power he undoubtedly possesses; delicacy does not seem always so readily within his reach.—The Spanish bull fight has supplied J. B. BURGESS with a subject out of which he has made a capital picture (304). "Bravo, Toro!" exclaim the spectators, some in surprise, some in terror, and others in cool indifference. Each varying phase of expression is portrayed with graphic power. The composition is the result of calculating thought, and must be accepted as a great success.—Not so is a somewhat companion picture, 'Habet' (431), a gladiatorial scene from the Roman Coliseum, painted by S. SOLOMON. Unfortunately, the countenances are all of the same type and wear the same expression; the colour, too, is monotonous.—We must not forget to mention, though possibly out of place, that lively scene of 'Snowballing' (610), by J. MORGAN. The little mischief-making urchins produce startling effect not only by vivacity of action, but through a force of colour which gains redoubled value by its immediate juxtaposition to the white field of snow.

J. ARCHER, whom we at one time feared would never get disentangled from the legend of King Arthur, has assuredly now set himself free to some purpose. 'Old Maid' (452), the well-known game of cards, played between two girls, one looking only more prim and old-maidish than the other, Mr. Archer has enacted with telling point. One of the little ladies finding the much dreaded fate impending over her, exclaims "Maggie, you're cheating!" In technical qualities the picture is not behind the felicity of its conception.—G. B. O'NEILL'S 'Anxious Mother' (199) deserves a passing word of commendation.—J. E. HODGSON'S picture, 'Taking Home the Bride' (398), may be mentioned as the painstaking effort of a young man.—The works of H. LE JEUNE, A., show his smooth and refined manner.—'Pilgrims in Sight of Rome' (272), by R. LEHMANN, is poetry after the Franco-Germanic fashion.—If we may dwell for a moment on poetry in an Academy which is habitually matter of fact and intolerant of imagination, we would gladly accord a word of affectionate approval on that poetic and indeed pathetic composition to which A. HUGHES has given the name of 'The Mower' (554). There is in this figure-landscape a delicious rapture of colour, and a sympathetic sentiment touched gently with melancholy, which are altogether lovely. Yet notwithstanding the possession of these rare qualities, it is still doubtful whether an artist who, labouring under obvious infirmities of drawing, can reach the foremost rank in his profession.—'Sundown in the Desert' (495), by W. V. HERBERT, jun., reveals a poet's eye for colour and composition.

The number of minor works which might claim more than a passing word, were infinite space at our command, exceed almost the limits of belief. A few among the multitude, not altogether small in size or import, must obtain at least cursory remark. 'Village Gossips' (77), a gathering of old ladies round a tea-pot, a company wherein "at every word a reputation dies," is a work after the well-proved merit of T. WEBSTER, R.A. Among English artists, and their name is legion, who follow the varying yet always literal and naturalistic practice of the Dutch cabinet painters,

may be enumerated, with more or less commendation, Coppard, J. Clark, S. B. Clarke, Crawford, Boughton, F. D. Hardy, A. J. Lewis, L. Smyth, Barnes, Brownlow, Garland, Farmer, Lidderdale, Bonavia, Morgan, Pasmore, Provis, G. Smith, Brennan, and R. Carrick. The last of these twenty artists is certainly not at his best. Mr. Carrick has given to a child a pair of legs which the hangers have placed very kindly above the point of sight. Of the thirty or forty pictures which would respond to the muster-call of the above twenty names, two strike us as specially worthy of individual mention. The one is 'The Leaky Roof' (265), by F. D. HARDY, a picture pre-eminent for knowledge, character, and objective truth. The other is 'Our Wee White Rose of all the World' (180), by E. CRAWFORD, a small but brilliant interior, highly wrought and dazzling with light at every point and turn. The fecundity of our English school is attested not only by the number of the pictures we have enumerated, but also by the many works of which it is impossible to speak at all. Some of these we pass over in silence, because it is manifestly not pleasant to give unnecessary pain.

We cannot, however, wholly forget pictures by Mr. Hicks, Mr. Storey, and Madame Jerichau. The first of these artists, Mr. Hicks, the painter of 'Dividend Day' and 'The Post-Office,' in former years, shows himself in his present composition, 'Polling at an Infant Orphan Election' (553), sparkling, dexterous, and epigrammatic as ever. The subject, however, has been dissipated into frivolity.—G. A. STOREY'S 'Royal Challenge' (350) is a theme recommended by its inherent vulgarity, a merit which the artist has not marred by his treatment.—Madame JERICHAU'S 'Wounded Danish Soldier' (418) is one of the lady's best performances. We always have to regret the extent of the artist's canvases, but in the present picture, we may at all events rejoice over the unobtrusive tone of the colours.—W. M. EGLEY'S 'Glaucus and Ione' (479) is intended to be superlatively poetic. The picture is smoothly polished after Vanderwerff's emaculate manner.—J. NOEL PATON compounds 'Fact and Fancy' (315) out of fungi, fairies, and a little child. The details are scattered and the colour is crude.

LANDSCAPES, SEA-PIECES, AND ANIMAL PAINTINGS.

In no department is the change which, within the last few years, has come over the face of modern Art, more marked than in the sphere of landscape. The names our forefathers revered have ceased to be watchwords; the styles which our English landscape painters used to emulate are no longer in esteem. The critic who should hold up Gaspar Poussin as a model, would have little chance of a hearing; the artist who should imitate Salvator Rosa would have to wait long for a purchaser. Even the tranquil harmony and the poetic fervour of Claude have fallen to a discount. The men who formerly recognised Wilson as their master know him no more. The scenic style of Louthembourg is out of vogue, the "blottesque" manner of Constable is deemed slovenly, and even Turner, though still an idol, is scarcely in the full zenith of his power. Who then are your gods, ye landscape painters of England? We have, say they in reply, no divinity save nature. The whole burden of their song, in short, is of nature: she is the mistress they serve both night and day. Thus it happens that our native school of landscape has become directly and dogmatically naturalistic.

T. CRESWICK, R.A., is a painter who

reconciles in great degree the contrariety of schools old and new, retaining the largeness of the one, and obtaining the detail of the other. His style is proverbially and pre-eminently English—peculiarly English in the choice of his subjects, and no less English and "homeish" in their treatment. 'Changeable Weather' (222), the windmill on the headland moor overlooking the sea, idly waiting change in the wind, is in the artist's accustomed style. 'Percy Beck, in the North Country' (529), is a woody glen which shadows a pebbly stream—a scene green and grey in colour, and tranquil in sylvan solitude. Mr. Creswick has chosen for his largest picture 'A Village Smithy' (117), which casts the warm glow of its fire into a cool landscape. The composition, a rural homestead, is made out of usual materials, such as rustic buildings, overshadowing trees, a bridge, a river, and a village church. In the quiet, unobtrusive treatment of unpretending scenes, Mr. Creswick has a method and a merit all his own; we doubt, however, whether this year he is quite at his best.—RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A., is one of the older Academicians who have adopted with success the new manner now in vogue. He paints his pictures in the open air, and thus seeks sunlight; he studies every object on the spot, and hence gets truth into his details. 'The Valleys also stand thick with Corn' (310) is a pretty landscape, taken among the gently undulating hills and dales of Surrey.—F. R. LEE, R.A., still holds to his vested rights as Royal Academician, and thereby inflicts injury on younger men. 'One of the remaining Nooks and Corners of Old England' (243), by this artist, is a weak and washy picture, which could scarcely have been hung at all, had it relied solely on its merits. 'The Yacht Kingfisher in a Gale off the Coast of Malaga' (366), also by the same painter, is the worst picture we ever recollect to have seen upon the line, and that surely is saying much. Can no remedy be found for this injustice? Mr. Lee's canvas thrusts out of a good place a vastly better landscape by W. H. PATON.—Four LINNELLs, the father and three sons, send just four landscapes between them, all marked by a strong family likeness. 'Reapers' (337) is a picture of figures and fields in the traditional and much esteemed style of Mr. Linnell, sen. The golden colour of the wheat-laden sheaves could scarcely be more intense, and may, indeed, at least by eyes unhabituated to the artist's manner, be deemed somewhat excessive. Among the old frequenters of the Academy, however, we hear the exclamation, "that is a very grand Linnell." But we have not chanced to learn whether the picture is also considered like nature: that is a point of minor import! The landscapes by the younger Linnells do not strike us as quite up to the mark of former years.—For blaze of colour, E. WALTON totally eclipses the utmost splendour yet achieved under the name of Linnell. 'Tombs of the Sultans, near Cairo—Sunset' (346); by this artist, is fortunately hung in a place of safety over the door, so that should absolute flames burst from the picture, nothing more than the ceiling will be consumed. It was an act of mercy to banish this passionate painting into a peculiar solitude of its own. It was impossible to answer for consequences, had the work been thrown into the society of its fellows. Such a canvas would assuredly have committed bloody murder on every picture it could have laid hands on. The author of the work has much to be thankful for.—Sunsets, on the whole, are, we think, a little mitigated this

season. A. MACCALLUM, in the hectic evening sky of 'Rome' (383), has brought the intensity of his colours into balance. In this picture, also specially to be noted, is the characteristic leaf-touch given to the trees in the ilex groves of the Villa Mellini.—T. DANBY, G. E. HERING, and J. S. RAVEN, all in their several styles, seek the poetic glow of nature.—The pictures of G. MASON have received, perhaps, even more than their due, and that was not easy. 'The Gander' (31), the artist's best work, has colour, character, action, and a vague and suggestive grandeur; it, however, lacks completeness. It is more the indication of a purpose than the consummation of a picture.—F. TALFOURD exhibits several sketchy landscapes, pleasing in general effect.—We are sorry to say that J. W. OAKES has gone far beyond our power to follow him. His picture, 'The Pine Forest' (420), is discord and confusion. It is a great pity he cannot gather his forces together.—G. SANT continues to clothe nature in a monotony of brown even more inveterate than a Quaker drab.—E. EDWARDS paints 'Pardenick' (433) with unrelenting labour, and the picture in the end proves unpleasing.—We have marked for general commendation works by MOORE, BODDINGTON, BURKE, KNIGHT, LUPTON, and Mrs. LUKER.

We reserve for more special notice landscapes by Leader, Cole, Carrick, Field, Mawley, Brett, and Hemy. The last-named artist exhibits a study of great merit, 'The Lone Sea-shore' (345). The sea is painted in tones of tenderness, and the rocks are carefully drawn in purple grey.—It is said that the best of J. BRETT's pictures were crowded out; but, at all events, the one which has obtained admission, though small, and in subject to the last degree simple, is of rare excellence. Mr. Brett has evidently put himself under close discipline; every touch is guided by intention.—G. MAWLEY is another diligent student of nature. 'The Way across the Marsh' (118), a thoroughly English scene, is a good example of the mode in which our present school of landscape painters sets to work.—W. FIELD exhibits his best picture, and a right good picture it is. We see in this charming figure landscape the luminous qualities so much admired in Lambinet. The sky is delicately draped in rain clouds, through which the sun glances fitfully.—J. M. CARRICK contributes an inland and a coast scene, each of which evinces a watchful eye on the ways of nature both in her steadfast law and her varying change. 'Weather Clearing' (21) on the Glamorgan coast is, of the two, the more fortunate in subject. The rocky ramparts which guard the shore are planted and painted firmly, and the waves that still swell wildly after the tumult of the storm is past are carefully studied, even to the play of the smaller ripples sparkling in silver on the surface.—It has been a close run for some time past between Vicat Cole and B. W. Leader. A picture by each of these artists now hangs within sight of the one of the other, as if to bring the competition to a final issue. 'Spring' (460), by Mr. COLE, might almost be a counterpart of that marvellous study which Mr. Warren, jun., has exhibited in the Gallery of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters. It is infinite in detail, and in light it sparkles with sunshine. Yet the picture, as a picture, is painfully scattered.—In this, the final bringing together of a landscape composed of multitudinous materials, 'Autumn's last Gleam' (468), by B. W. LEADER, has certainly the advantage. Indeed, taken for all in all, we ques-

tion whether there is in the whole Academy a landscape so free from fault, and at the same time so abounding in unobtrusive merit, as this the masterpiece of Mr. Leader. Every object, whether mountain, tree, or rock, asserts its place without prejudice to its neighbour. The handling is dexterous, yet without ostentation; the penciling of the tree stems, and the delicate touching of the leaflets against the sky are points for special praise. The Academy is in want of a steady and skilled landscape-painter, who shall represent the new school in a truth delivered from eccentricity. There is no man more likely to obtain early election into the ranks of the associates than Mr. Leader.—Passing for a moment from landscapes, we pay a willing tribute to the lovely flower groups painted by the Misses MUTRIE. Never have we seen the sisters to better advantage.

Sea-pieces and coast scenes bring into the rooms of the exhibition the three elements of air, earth, and water, with their ever ceaseless change. Stanfield, Cooke, Hook, Wilson, Naish, and Johnson, take their several stations either in mid ocean, or upon the sea-washed shore. It is always a pleasure to greet once more the venerable CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., upon the walls he has honoured for so many years. 'The Bass Rock' (96) recalls the painter's former triumphs. Storm-lashed waves, wind-driven clouds, a wild sea that has washed the wreck ashore, a swarm of gulls, which rise as misty spray above the breakers, such are the materials Mr. Stanfield still holds at command.—E. W. COOKE, R.A., paints 'A Dutch Beurtman' (595) with firmer hand, yet in his colours we miss the tempered harmony of grey, green, and blue, which the elder Academician transfuses into sea and sky.—C. E. JOHNSON's 'Hastings Trawler' (314) is hard in the sails. But nowhere can be found a sea more felicitously truthful in its heaving bosom and unbroken swell, liquid in its depth and luminous in its radiant surface.—J. J. WILSON, in his picture, 'Blowing Fresh' (233), has cast a delicate grey green upon a breezy sea.—'Wrecked in December—Repaired in July' (288), by J. G. NAISH, is a commendable study. The old boat under repair has been painted in a sturdy way. The picture is much injured by a dim monotony of purple. Mr. Naish, if he can but free himself from a few besetting sins, may make sure of success.—J. C. HOOK, R.A., has been among the pilchard fishers, at Concarneau, and brought back rich pictorial spoils. His five pictures from the Atlantic shores of France are certainly among his happiest productions, and that is saying a great deal. A carelessness in the drawing of his figures, and a haste and a slovenliness in general execution, which we at one time feared Mr. Hook might permit himself to fall into, he has in these his latest and his best works remedied. 'The Seaweed Gatherer' (567) the artist has never surpassed, whether for the simple, native beauty of the girl, graceful in action and intent upon her work, or for full toned harmony of colour, caught in veiled lustre upon the figure, and contrasted with tones of quiet grey reposing upon sea and sky.—S. G. POLLARD, judged by his picture, 'Our future Fishermen' (594), seems one of the many successful imitators whom Mr. Hook has found.—"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord." Venice lost Turner, and now she laments over Roberts. That the Academy could ill afford to lose the member to whom it owed so much, is proved by the fact that picturesque architectural painting is left almost without a representative. Mr. Stanfield

the younger aspires to a position between his father and his father's friend, the late Mr. David Roberts. Two pictures painted on the canals of Venice are in Mr. GEORGE STANFIELD's best style.

The school of animal painters in England differs materially from that of France. Landseer and Cooper are the types of the one, Troyon and Rosa Bonheur the representatives of the other. Of late years French styles have exercised a marked influence in almost every department of English Art. Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., however, maintains very wisely his own manner absolutely intact. His four pictures in the present Academy fairly express the well-known characteristics of the master. Of these, 'Dejeuner à la fourchette' (91) is certainly not the most felicitous. The green background to this composition is dense and opaque. 'The Connoisseurs' (152) may serve as a signal example of what has been termed, though not with verbal accuracy, the painter's "anthropomorphism," or, in other words, the transfer of human character to the brute creation—a practice which is pushed to its furthest extreme in Kaulbach's illustrations to "Reincke Fuchs." 'The Connoisseurs' are, in fact, two dogs, who, with eye of thoughtful yet self-complacent critics, are looking over the sketch upon which the painter, Sir Edwin Landseer himself, is at work. This idea is a palpable hit. It must be confessed that the execution is a little heavy, and the picture is conspicuous for the absence of colour. On the two remaining works, 'Prosperity' (102) and 'Adversity' (112), hangs a tale. 'Prosperity' is personated by a high-bred horse, smoothly groomed, awaiting on a lawn a lady about to take her morning ride. 'Adversity' finds this noble creature reduced in old age to a hack, and doomed to servile drudgery. Landseer has certainly a clever way of telling a story. Some of the passages in these two pictures are executed in the artist's best manner.—T. S. COOPER, A., like Landseer, contributes companion pictures with antithetic titles, 'North' (163) and 'South' (478). The former is a work specially to be commended, not only for the painting of the sheep, in which this artist is unsurpassed, but likewise for the distribution of the mountain landscape, which crowns the composition with a noble background. The canvas is cold in colour.—RICHARD ANSDALL, A., contributes three compositions, whereof 'Treading out the Corn' (470) is the most ambitious. The process of threshing practised in Spain is said to be here truly represented, yet the picture is far from agreeable. The work stretches to wide dimensions, and the horses and men are endowed with physical power, yet it were difficult to find throughout the extended area a form recommended by nobility or beauty. It must, however, be admitted that this attempt attains to astounding effect.—We have marked pictures by BOTTOMLEY, HOPKINS, and HERRING, as distinctive in merit.—In the department of animal painting, however, supreme honour is reserved for that remarkable picture 'The Strayed Herd' (560), by H. W. B. DAVIS. This painter has for some years been favourably known as a diligent student of nature, addicted to so-called Pre-Raphaelite practices. But the public was not at all prepared for the surprise which this great picture brings unawares. The scene is skilfully yet artlessly disposed. The herd comes bowling tumultuously along over a wild mountain waste, the summits whereof are gilded by sunlight. Aloft in the air the cattle hold the head, their nostrils scenting the breeze,

their tails tossed in restlessness to and fro. The artist throughout knows what he is about: he is master of his subject. The heads of the cattle are drawn firmly, the eyes, nostrils, and horns have been planted resolutely in position. On all hands this picture is acknowledged one of the chief successes of the year. Since the completion of Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair*, no finer work of its kind has been exhibited.

SCULPTURE.

The present collection in the Academy cellar is neither better nor worse than the many miscellaneous musters held in the same favoured spot. Sculpture is the only art which is unprogressive. Both painting and architecture have in this country made within the last few years marked advances. But the sister art of sculpture has the while remained at best but stationary. Our English school manifests just those defects which might be expected to arise from its imperfect and most desultory training. It wants elevation and severity of style; it lacks knowledge, and that precision and definite purpose which persistent study can alone secure. Still our native sculptors possess merits peculiarly their own: in sentiment they are pure, in execution painstaking, and in general effect pleasing. The present collection, which we are bound to state by no means does justice to the school, may be divided into three classes: 1st, subjects of fancy; 2nd, monumental works; 3rd, portrait busts.

The first division, which comprises subjects of mythology, poetry, and general imagination, is not strong. H. S. LEITCH exhibits a figure under the generic title, *Il Pensiero* (912), in which, as in previous works, he has obviously been indebted to Michael Angelo. The remaining composition by this follower after historic precedent, *Minerva* representing the *Wrath of Achilles* (917), is founded on the antique, but the subject has not been mastered, and the management of the drapery shows hesitating weakness. Placed in rival opposition to the last work is a *Bronze Group* (971), by J. POLLETT, which, in contrast to our English modelling, manifests the firmness, the sharpness, and the decisive character, seldom wanting in the French school. C. F. FULLER, in his figure of *Dalilah* (895), has taken literal inspiration from *Story*. — *Elaine* (914), by D. DAVIS, is a conception in which feeling has been pushed to affectation. — E. W. WYON's *Fisherman's Daughter* (911) making nets, is in treatment merely pictorial and picturesque, unprejudiced by even the first principles of the sculpture art. — R. JACKSON's *Mischief* (913), in the person of a small Cupid, is playful and pretty in action. The picturesque portrait-statuettes, by the same artist, of *Master Hulso* (946), is clumsy in execution. — *Britannia unveiling Australia* (1060), by G. HALSE, will remind the visitor of groups displayed in the shops of stonemasons at Carrara. — *Departing Spirits* (986), by C. A. W. WILKE, are much too heavy in body ever to reach heaven. The artist's attempt at polychromy is the least successful we have yet seen. — E. G. PAPWORTH, jun., by *Paradise Regained* (951), takes the world by surprise. The artist has relieved his figure from the dross of earth by a certain vague generality. — A few bas-reliefs may be noted which show the usual vacillation between styles classic and pictorial. — *Ariel* (962), by W. M. THOMAS, indicates little knowledge of the composition of the master of the principles of the bas-relief treatment. — The same criticism may, without injustice, be

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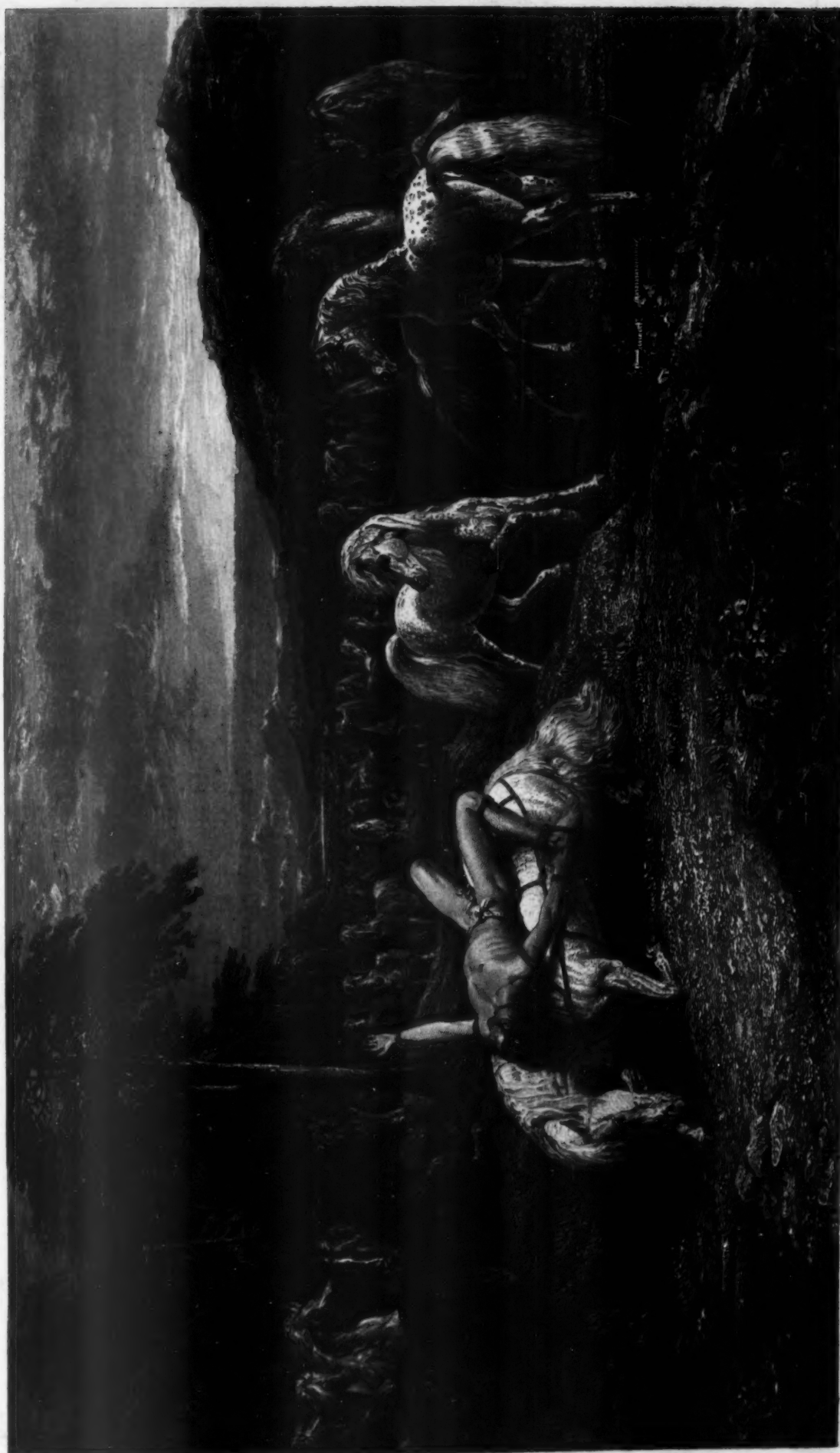
MAZEPPA.

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There is something more in this picture than a series of portraits such as might be selected from the stud of a monarch or a nobleman. Here is a vast herd of wild horses, that seem to have swept down into the valley from the adjacent mountains; such a herd as travellers tell us is sometimes seen on the prairies of America, where the animal is known as the *Mustang*, and congregates in numbers so immense as scarcely to fear the attack of any enemy but man. These herds are always under the leadership of one of the herd, who is able, by some extraordinary means, to convey his orders simultaneously to the whole body. There is not one of the horses in Mr. Herring's picture but calls to mind the magnificent description of the war-horse found in the Book of Job, than which nothing of its kind more poetical in idea, grander in language, and more truthful in delineation of character, was ever written. "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted: neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

The prevailing idea in the thoughts of this herd is surprise, or curiosity, rather than fear, at the strange sight presented to them; fear would have caused them to rush away; but they look on with manes and heads erect, yet with an air of uncertainty as to whether it would be wiser to flee or stay. The horses in the foreground are drawn with much spirit and animation, while the attitude of the animal whereon *Mazeppa* is bound is most natural. Weary with his flight, his eyes bereft of their fire, his nostrils sending forth a stream of hot breath, he has stumbled, and in another instant will roll over and crush his rider to death.

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J. P. HERRING PINXT

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IN THE COLLECTION OF M^r ALDERMAN COPELAND, M. P.

JOHN COUSEN, SCULPT.

their tails tossed in restlessness to and fro. The artist throughout knows what he is about: he is master of his subject. The heads of the cattle are drawn firmly, the eyes, nostrils, and horns have been planted resolutely in position. On all hands this picture is acknowledged one of the chief successes of the year. Since the completion of Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' no finer work of its kind has been exhibited.

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THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN
WATER COLOURS.

THE SIXTY-FIRST EXHIBITION.

THIS Old Society has reached an established excellency which does not admit of much vacillation either for worse or for better. Its members have been submitted to the refiner's fire; its works have, as it were, been doubly distilled, so that the dross and all baser materials are eliminated, and only the rarer elements remain for public view. A society which has the pick of the profession, almost of necessity as a normal condition, finds its exhibition the pink of perfection. Accordingly, in the present year we find this gallery—at least, in the quality of its drawings—no exception to an undeviating average. The old favourites upon these walls may be seen once more in their accustomed places, wearing their wonted dresses and decked in their usual colours. We are no sooner within these rooms than, among the painters of figures, we at once recognise the well-known lineaments of Gilbert, Alfred Fripp, Jenkins, Topham, Frederick Tayler, Burton, and Smallfield. And a glance along the walls quickly brings within range of vision, landscapes of the prescribed dimensions and in the accepted styles, owing to the names of Richardson, Collingwood Smith, Holland, Branwhite, Davidson, Birket Foster, Cox, Fripp, Jackson, Newton, and Palmer. In this enumeration of members and associates we give, indeed, by implication, a synopsis of the contents of the entire exhibition. In general quality, as we have said, it shows no material deviation from established standards, but in works distinguished by dimensions, or signal through striking subjects, the gallery of the year is admitted by general consent to be deficient. This lack of leading drawings is obviously an accident and nothing more. One or two important works which would have taken command at centres failed by mere mischance to be finished in time. By sheer accident, then, wholly disinterested from any essential cause, we find the old Water-Colour Society and the Royal Academy presenting precisely opposite aspects. The Society is prejudiced by the lack of leading works; the Academy is prominent for its prizes in pictures of magnitude.

Before we proceed to detailed criticism, a word may be said with advantage on the general phase of the art of water-colour painting here presented. The English school, though it has attained to a summit of excellence, changes, from time to time, its position and aspect; though its central line of progression be constant, yet its lateral movements are found to vary. In the first place, if we look at the means employed rather than at the end sought, we observe in the comparative use of transparent and opaque colours a practice which varies from year to year. At one time the fear was not unfrequently expressed, that what is considered the pure water-colour medium and method would be speedily lost and corrupted by the inordinate admixture of opaque materials. This danger we think is now diminished. Especially in landscape are we glad to observe that artists are seeking for quality, transparency, tone, and repose, by the means of persistent washes of broad liquid colours. Some seasons ago Mr. George Fripp stood almost alone in his long-proved preference for the transparent system. He now, on the contrary, finds for the method of his choice numerous adherents. The drawings of Davidson, Jackson, and Whittaker, are tending more to the methods to which the earlier masters of their Art were addicted; and we cannot but think that passages which might be pointed out in other landscapes—the foreground, for example, to Mr. Newton's elaborate work—are, by their opacity and crude incoherence, an additional argument for the use of transparent pigments. Nevertheless, we need not say that the perfecting of the art and the development of its full and varied resources, must be sought through no one exclusive method, but rather in the equitable adjustment of the contending claims of opposing parties. In the due mingling of opaque, semi-opaque, and trans-

parent colour, can drawings of utmost attainable vigour and truth be alone produced. And we are glad to find that through the surrender in some directions of extreme practices, which were likely to prove pernicious, threatened mannerism will be avoided, and a well and wisely-balanced propriety maintained.

The picture of CARL HAAG, which reigns in the post of honour at the top of the room, 'Fording of Poll Tairbh in Glen Tilt' (73), by the Royal Household, will naturally, by its subject, as well as by its size, attract every eye. The scene, painted by command of her Majesty, is an incident in the return to Balmoral, after a visit paid in October of 1861, by the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Princess Alice, and the Prince Louis of Hesse, to Blair Athol. The royal party encounters a mountain stream, flooded up to the girth of the horses' saddles, which must be forded. The Queen's horse is foremost, led through the waters by attendants, and preceded by highland bagpipers on foot. Above rise impending mountain masses, which thrust out from the composition even one peep of the sky. The weight of this background somewhat overpowers the rest of the picture, and the exclusion of the blue heavens denies variety to the insuperable monotony of colour. The figures are most carefully painted, and the equanimity which the whole group maintains under circumstances not a little agitating, is subject of admiration. Could even the smallest accident have been permitted, it would have helped the artist amazingly through the tedium of his task. The post-brown hue of the mountain stream unfortunately takes from the painter his last chance of getting into his colours cool grey and compensating blue. The picture is chiefly of personal interest, and as such will be prized. Mr. Haag finds in 'The Ruins of Baalbec' (129) a subject more favourable to his pencil. This is a small work, but for quality, colour, and the disposition of picturesque materials, it is in the artist's best manner.

Mr. GILBERT, as usual, puts forth power. 'Cromwell in Battle' (162) is a work of heavy mettle, both in deed and rider. Its merits, which, in their special way are matchless, manifest themselves at a glance: its defects may possibly be cloaked under the *bravura* of a bold manner. On close examination it will be detected that this motley crowd of figures is not put under the discipline of pictorial composition, that the character seized has not been carried out with care, and that the hatched lines of execution do not correspond with the modulations of the surface covered. In a small subject taken from 'Gil Blas,' 'Laura introducing the Hero to the Service of Arsenia' (267), Mr. Gilbert is more painstaking. This composition is not only marked by the graphic character inseparable from the artist, but it is likewise distinguished for a refinement of colour seldom wanting to this artist in his tranquil moods. Mr. ALFRED FRIPP, if we mistake not, has been seen to greater advantage. 'Arabs of the Common' (82) is a drawing which certainly possesses merits that few artists can touch, yet at the same time it betrays flaws which mar complete success. For force of vivid colour, and for texture of the surface which reflects that colour, it leaves nothing to be desired. But to our eye, at least, the materials of the picture are a little scattered, and require bringing together. In 'The Mischievous Pet,' and other works of former years, Mr. Fripp has taught us to expect that every object, and especially each touch of colour, shall be wrought into pervading harmony. The concord which this artist usually maintains between the figures and the landscape background is a high artistic result, which, in its utmost consummation, no other artist, it would appear, cares to approach.—Mr. RIVIERE has removed his sketching ground from England and Ireland to Italy, in which last latitude he is scarcely as yet acclimatised. The colours of the south, it is true, are vivid, but yet, for the most part, accordant, and seldom, indeed, abrupt and staring. Mr. Riviere, whose pictures we have commended in recent years, was certainly more at home in his own country. Mr. WALTER GOODALL contributes several comparatively small drawings, among which 'The Bindweed Wreath' (190) may be commended for its refined qualities.

—The powers of Miss MARGARET GILLIES have this year revived. In the composition entitled 'Youth and Age' (197), the head of the old man has been carefully studied, and the accessories reach realistic truth.—Mr. JENKINS is among the most carefully measured and studiously refined of our figure painters. He does not cover a large surface; he never attacks a grand subject; his works are prized more for quality than for dimensions; more for amenities of manner, than for substance in thought. No artist knows better how to express a pretty idea neatly and cleanly, as seen, for example, in the pleasant little picture bearing the title 'Il dort comme un Sabot' (119), a composition consisting of nothing more than a girl looking intently and lovingly at a pet dog that "sleeps as sound as a top."—Mr. FREDERICK TAYLER is another artist who elevates his chosen themes: into his dogs he throws breeding; his horses move in noble paces; his ladies, with their attendant knights, have the bearing of people of quality. Thus in his minor composition, 'Coupling the Hounds' (114), for woodland hunting, the dogs are marked by character and animated for action. Again, in another fancy subject, 'Return from the Ride,' the horses are noble, the lap-dogs are elegant, the lady is stylish, and the cavalier a man of gallantry. Mr. Tayler's intention is always right; his handling, however, wants firmness, and his execution completeness in the carrying out.—Perhaps the only artist who, this year, can be said to have decidedly surpassed himself is Mr. TOPHAM. His large and crowded composition, upon which it is understood the artist has been engaged some years, bearing for its title, 'The Pattern, Connemara' (126), is of the nature of an Irish wake, or fair. Tents are pitched, such as those which gipsies take shelter in, rude coverings which the wild Bedouin of the desert uses as a home, and in which these Celtic wanderers in the West do congregate promiscuously. The spot whereon this motley company is gathered seems sacred ground. A holy well, surmounted by a shattered crucifix, is in the midst of the assembled multitude, some of whom are on their knees. Around this sacred relic gather the young and the fair, ready to bask in the sunshine, to fall into coy and casual courtship, and indulge in love's dalliance. Here, too, may be seen a mother, who has brought her sick child to the healing waters. Hither, also, are coming the aged, the halt, and the blind, stumbling with lame limbs, and struggling with the aid of crutches, out of, or perhaps into, the dark valley of death. It will be seen that nothing which varied character in its appalling contrasts—nothing which poverty, famine, and rage, can add to picturesque effect, has been wanting in this delineation of Irish nationality. The treatment is that which belongs to the old school, rather than to the new. The precision of drawing, the multiplication of detail, and the accurate study, not only of the figure, but of its covering draperies, which are now fortunately the vogue, the artist does not desire to attain. Without troubling about any such niceties which lie wholly beyond his purpose, the painter succeeds sufficiently well in telling his story and making his picture. The work must be taken as a whole: criticism of detail it does not court.

Having passed in review the time-honoured occupants of the gallery, we will now turn to the new comers. Messrs. Watson, Shields, Walker, Lundgren, Smallfield, Burton, and Jones, elected either as Members or Associates within periods comparatively recent, we may take for the representative of "Young England" within these walls. The political coterie formerly designated by the sobriquet "Young England," was said to have been distinguished by white waistcoats, Puseyite predilections, and the games of cricket or bowls on the green after morning church service. This party in the state, small in more senses than one, was loved and laughed at by turns. We can scarcely say how far Mr. BURNES JONES is identified with all the eccentricities of "Young Englandism" in politics, or of its allied brotherhood "Pre-Raphaelism" in painting, but there can, at all events, be little doubt that upon him has fallen to an eminent degree the common lot of being

loved by the initiate few, and laughed at by the profligate many. The fate which has come upon this artist, we are bound to say, he heartily deserves. At the outset we confess ourselves one of the uninitiate multitude who are wholly unworthy of the rare revelation of which Mr. Jones is the favoured recipient. We certainly admit most readily that this artist possesses some gifts which move to sympathy. Even his confirmed medievalism is not without winning charm. Its quaintness, bordering upon the grotesque, and even touching the impossible, is far removed at least from modern modes of commonplace, lies close upon the marvellous, and constitutes, as it were, a species of pictorial miracle. For a manifestation so unusual, either in daily life or within the circuit of our exhibitions, as exemplified, for instance, in pictures such as 'Astrologia' (18), 'The Enchantments of Nimue; how by subtlety she caused Merlin to pass under a heaving stone into a grave' (230), and 'Cupid and Delight,' from Chaucer's *Assembly of Fouls* (97), we cannot but render to Mr. Jones our best thanks. It must be conceded that if he had not painted these pictures no other artist in England, or within the whole extent of Europe, would, or probably could, have ventured on the bold, we may even say the rash, attempt. The world then might have suffered loss; for it cannot be denied that some of the works by this painter have in colour a subdued and shadowed lustre; that they possess in their subjects, seen, for example, in the pretty conceit called 'Blind Love' (89), originality of thought; and that in sentiment, as manifest by the composition 'Green Summer' (105), they are not devoid of poetry. Thus we are willing to give Mr. Jones his due; and having done thus much in his favour, we claim the privilege of asking him a few plain questions, and of offering for his best consideration a little well-meant advice. In the first place, we would inquire why it is that he overlooks usual anatomical proportions and the acknowledged bases on which the human body is constructed? Again, we would wish to know how it is that he does not put draperies upon his figures with some express relation to the forms they clothe, and why he does not cast these draperies into folds and masses which by the well-ascertained laws of gravity they are bound to assume? Once more, we would query of Mr. Jones, as a colourist, how it is that in the Boccaccio composition, 'Green Summer' (105), he has made his figures "in verdure clad?" why it is that he has woven the robes of the picnic party out of the green grass whereon they sit, thus bidding defiance to known laws of chromatic art, which are now established with the certainty of scientific axioms? These are a few of the questions to which we hope Mr. Jones will give practical replies in the pictures he may in future years exhibit. As to the little bit of advice we promised, it is simply this, that Mr. Jones should correct his mannerism by the study of nature. This sounds as a simple truism, yet herein lies for the artist the whole issue of his future career. Either he will degenerate from bad to worse—a result which even the admirers of Mr. Jones, on the evidence of his present works, have been led to dread—or, on the other hand, delivering himself from medieval bondage, and entering on the free service of nature, he shall go from strength to strength, and gain the truth, and rejoice in the health which nature imparts. We have favoured Mr. Jones with the foregoing strictures because avowedly he furnishes the most flagrant example of a school which we believe to be false in its basis and pernicious in its results. The old masters may teach us much, but they are safe to follow as guides only when brought face to face with nature.

It is a relief to turn from the preternatural eccentricities of Mr. Jones to styles more simple. We are glad to say that by far the greater number of the artists who may be accounted of the new school do not put nature in masquerade. Correct drawing, accuracy of form, truth in detail, and precision in execution, these are the qualities more than ever prized—these the merits which give promise and value to the school that now bids fair to be dominant. Such are the standards, in fact, by which we

shall venture to test the works that Messrs. Burton, Smallfield, Walker, Watson, and Shields contribute to the exhibition. Mr. BURTON, we are sorry to say, shows some falling away from his former high estate. Of the two drawings he has executed, 'Clematis' (247), a small and careful study of a single head, is the best. Here is a little girl, 'Clematis' flower in hand, with rose in the cheek, gold in the hair, and green of contrasted harmony in the robe, colours which compose into a subject altogether charming. A much more pretentious work, 'La Marchesa' (27), is far less satisfactory. This is a showy head, life size, painted, it would seem, in emulation of Titian's *Mistress*, Dominichino's *Sibyl*, Guido's *Cleopatra*, or other like imposing figures. No such comparison, however, will this modern conception bear to great historic precedents. The flesh is opaque, yet not solid; the skin has an undefined surface, yet little internal transparency. These defects, however, we willingly suppose are mere accidents, incident probably to haste in execution. We understand that a large work, into which Mr. Burton had thrown his whole force, failed completion in time for exhibition. Any deficiencies, then, found in the products of the present season, the artist will remedy, it may be hoped, next year. —Neither can we accept Mr. SMALLFIELD's chief work, 'Tartini' (204), as a complete success. "Tartini," the catalogue informs us, was a "famous violinist," who "is said to have dreamt that Satan took his violin and played him an air of marvellous and varied beauty," afterwards "known to the English as the Devil's Sonata." No doubt the painter has happily rendered the bewildered awaking of genius as from a dream. The eyes, startled, wandering, and yet rapt; the features fixed in moody melancholy, are certainly traits well conceived. Yet, taken altogether, the figure is uncouth, and the composition ungainly. The execution, too, strikes us as small, and wanting breadth in relation to the magnitude of the head. We observe, also, that the sleeve on the further arm has not in the drawing received sufficient study. The painter of 'The Slave of the Fish-pond,' in the last exhibition, has certainly a subtle hand for forms, and a sensitive eye to colour, which should not lapse into common nature.—Mr. LUND-OREN, in the picture by which last year he made his debut, 'Choristers at Seville,' manifested a rough and ready hand, apt in seizing powerful effect. In this his second appearance he sustains a like reputation. 'The Arab Girl' (310) is a head of vigour, character, and colour, not unworthy of 'Spanish Philip.' The robe covering the shoulders requires more studied treatment; it might still be left sketchy, and yet be suggestive of definite form.—Mr. WALKER, on his election as Associate a year ago, took the world by surprise in two drawings, 'The Church Pew' and 'Spring.' The last of these subjects now finds sequel in 'Autumn' (62), a work which fares the proverbial fate befalling the continuation of a story. Yet 'Autumn,' like 'Spring,' has charms accordant to the season. When the leaf grows yellow and sear, and the fruit falls, and the days darken, then the shadow of gloom passes over the spirit even of youth. This is the sentiment which seems to sicken the heart of the girl who stands in melancholy mood amid an apple orchard. Upon the dress of this homely lass there is a broken texture and a delicious harmony of colour which cannot be too highly commended. The cast of the lower portion of the gown is not quite accounted for.—The two newly-elected Associates, Mr. WATSON and Mr. SHIELDS, prove acquisitions to the society. The former, well known as a popular book illustrator, is represented by 'The Duet' (104), a drawing which possesses just the attributes we might be led to look for from the painter's antecedents—conciseness and perspicuity in composition, and detailed accuracy in execution. Mr. Shields appears to be addicted to figures in more rustic garb. His subject, bearing the somewhat abstract title, 'Desire is stronger than Fear' (195), is a truthful composition, made up of an old man vending a basket full of wares, and two children who know not how to resist the approach of temptation. There is still room and to spare for Mr. Shields in this Wilkie line of subject. In the province

of oil painting, Webster, Hemaley, and Smith have occupied a position which is not adequately filled in either of the water-colour galleries. Yet there can be no question that through the medium of water colours Wilkie subjects admit of a treatment peculiarly brilliant in colour and elaborate in detail.

Landscape drawings may, for convenience, be divided into three classes—the first, which seeks effect; the second, which seizes on detail; and the third, which strives with more or less success to combine effect and detail together. The landscapes of Mr. RICHARDSON, such as 'The Hospice, Pass of the Simplon' (46), and 'Castellamare, Gulf of Naples' (88), are primarily products for effect: the subjects chosen are, to the last degree, imposing, and the treatment is essentially scenic. Hence their popularity.—In some degree Mr. HOLLAND's highly-coloured Venetian scenes, as 'The Riva degli Schiavoni' (108), may be placed in the same category. This drawing is not wholly satisfactory; its multitudinous materials are scattered, and the lights, darks, and colours want focussed force.—Mr. GASTINEAU belongs to an essentially old school; he paints in a style all but obsolete.—Mr. PALMER's pictures, 'The Good Farmer' (111), for example, are ideal creations, put together as rhapsodies of colour—works which, in their special line, are not approached.—Of Mr. COLLINGWOOD SMITH's copious supply of seventeen drawings, that of 'Lugano' (54) is the most pretentious. Here is one of nature's grandest panoramas; an amphitheatre of hills, in the midst whereof lies the lake, girt by stately Italian villas. It may be of little purpose to observe that a picture which will not fail to gain loud applause, holds no high position as a work of Art. The meretricious effect is gained by easy, not to say cheap, methods; the execution is rude, and the whole treatment lacks a delicacy which students who work more slowly, and follow nature with humbler steps, are not denied. It is worthy of remark, that three artists just passed in review are the most prolific in the gallery. Mr. Collingwood Smith contributes seventeen drawings, Mr. Gastineau the same number, and Mr. Richardson only two less than the highest maximum. Surely men who rise to such results must be something more than artists. Students of nature are content with the production of two or three well considered works, which have a value in proportion to the thought expressed. But men who aspire to the display of seventeen frames, each one of which is made tempting to the popular eye, must, we repeat, be of a higher order in creation than the mere artist. It is obvious that, wise in their generation, they have gone to Birmingham and Manchester and have learnt from manufacturers and political economists how to suit the market, and make the supply equal the demand. We feel that the reproach often cast on the unthrift of the artist meets in these practices absolute refutation.

Chief interest naturally attaches to the career of the diligent student of nature, who year by year strives to gain new and higher truths, and who thus may secure for himself and his art continued progression. To the works of Newton, Davidson, Whittaker, and Boyce, we naturally look for novelty and advance. One of the chief positions has properly been assigned to Mr. NEWTON's deliberate effort, 'High Bridge, Glen Spean, Inverness' (203). This is a work of close study and high elaboration: every leaf has been counted and then transcribed; the subject too is passably well brought together, barring the foreground, which is out of tone, and in detail scattered and weak. The greens altogether are not pictorially understood; those which are kept grey, as seen, for instance, in the shadowed copse on the right, are by far the most agreeable.—Mr. DAVIDSON has made in 'The Dollwyddelan Valley' (9) a drawing of power, well managed in the distribution of successive mountain distances, wildly tossed like drifting waves. The conflict between detail and general effect is reconciled. The colour perhaps might be improved by the infusion of more grey.—Mr. BRANWHITE's 'Autumnal Evening' (234) is in the artist's best style, vigorous in handling, and intense in harmony

of colour.—Mr. E. GOODALL has a pretty little drawing in the 'Bay of Naples' (262), cheerful in tone, gently modulated in colour, and altogether in favourable contrast to the blaze of pigment too often thought essential in an Italian scene.—Mr. G. FAIRF, though long confirmed in his well-known style, to his praise be it said, unlike some of the veterans in the gallery, is still a humble watcher and waiter upon nature. 'Hay-making' (100) in Berkshire, and 'Eel Bucks' (118) on the Thames, are transparent in colour, luminous in atmosphere, and liquid in water, qualities in which he, in common with the early masters of the art, is unrivalled.—Mr. DONOSON sends three drawings: 'Crossing the Brook' (78) is a little green in the foliage, and would be better for more individual character.—Mr. ALFRED HUNT possesses, as seen in his sketch entitled 'Durham' (37), a pleasing mode of just indicating a subject, which he then leaves vague and shadowy, the outlines and details remaining matters for conjecture as in scenes from dreamland.—Mr. NAPTEL's 'Val d'Aosta' (94) is chaotic; the artist is more at home in a watery lane of Guernsey, to which he gives the name of 'The Fairies' Haunt' (159). Here ferns, brambles, lichen, and an undergrowth of cobweb foliage are made into a charming picture.—The works of Mr. WHITTAKER have deservedly obtained admirers, and indeed two unpretending drawings in particular—'The Upper Valley of the Conway' (19), and 'Carnedd David' (28)—rank among the most praiseworthy studies in the room. They are simply true to nature without pretence or ostentation of any sort: the colour is transparent and the tone tranquil. Another drawing by this artist, 'The Valley of the Lledr' (65), strikes us as a little ragged in the handling, but we are not unmindful that the same objection might have been raised to the execution of the late David Cox.—'Llyn Heli' (220) is the best work we have seen by Mr. JACKSON for many a day. The effect chosen is that of twilight, solemn in monotone of sentiment, and poetic in tranquil beauty. We fancy the artist has found some difficulty in the foreground in the effort to gain force, and yet at the same time not to break the general repose.—It seems the general opinion that Mr. BOYCE, who made his entrance into the gallery last year, has employed the past twelve months well. His style is known to be peculiar, the manner he adopts is that commonly called "Pre-Raphaelite," and it is his privilege to be a leader in the landscape school which bears that misplaced name. Among the eight works contributed by Mr. Boyce there is, perhaps, not one which does not evince thought and feeling, and bear testimony to the artist's patient toil. Of the last virtue, 'The Black Gate at Newcastle' (96) rises as a witness. This quaint street of old houses, as here transcribed, is remarkable for character, local colour, and crumbling texture. Another view (128) in the same town shows subtle sense of colour. Changing the scene to Egypt, may be noted a study (228) made on the spot from an upper window in Ghizeh, remarkable for truth when least adorned. We cannot, however, refrain from regret that Mr. Boyce should systematically choose subjects having nothing in them, scenes which are, in fact, common-place to the last degree: such, for example, as that 'Near Abinger' (263), which consists of nothing more than a marshy field, a copse, a cow, and a rook, thrown together without the slightest composition. Certainly, all preconceived notions as to the poetry of nature are here set wholly at naught. Yet we believe that nothing more delights the devout in this school than this utter artlessness in treatment.

We ought, perhaps, to have noticed Mr. BINKET FOSTER among the painters of the figure; but the fact is that an artist of this lively versatile mood is never out of place, put him anywhere, or everywhere. 'On the Beach of Hastings' (12), he is on the verge of the sea, whereunto do congregate fishermen and their families, grouped together with boats, nets, and other seafaring properties. We have heard it objected that this and other scenes are a little spotty. Mr. Foster certainly sacrifices repose for the sake of vivacity and sparkle.—Several

drawings by Mr. ANDREWS, sometimes on shore and sometimes on sea, show delicate harmony in colour.—The pictures by the brothers W. CALLOW and JOHN CALLOW, the one among quaint old towns, the other upon the waters of our sea-girt coast, are in the manner usual to these artists.—'Hulks on the Tamar' (77), by Mr. JACKSON, make a tranquil and refined composition.—Mr. DUNCAN, however, is the man whom the Society of Water-Colour Painters have elected high-admiral. Stormy ocean, evidently, has entrusted him with the trident of Neptune. But we cannot help thinking that Mr. Duncan makes his tempests almost too fearful, and his shipwrecks terrible even over much. 'The Storm at Sea' (24) is indeed a tremendous affair. If the painter do not take care he will wreck, not only vessels, but his own reputation. We wish we had either space or words to do justice to the lightning and the roar of Mr. Duncan's crashing elements. But we must close.—Mr. REID paints a grand interior, 'The Choir of Toledo Cathedral' (86).—Mr. BARTHOLOMEW has a brilliant composition of 'Fruit'.—And among painters of cattle, Mr. BRITTON WILLIS is supreme. His 'Autumn in the Western Highlands' (142), is a picture chosen for a central position, because its force makes a fixed focus for the eye. The work is undoubtedly first-class. Its quality, however, would be improved by mitigation of hot colours. Identical pigments are again and again repeated in cattle and landscape alike, a besetting sin against which artists should be watchful in these days of flagrant chromo-lithography.

Altogether, this exhibition shows the art of water-colour painting in a state of steady advance. If there be a want of any one triumphant work, the art as an art remains still progressive and transcendent. Thus the advance of the English school grows out of the persistent study of nature. Future development will necessarily be measured by the discreet application of truths now universally accepted.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE THIRTY-FIRST EXHIBITION.

THE New Society, like the Old, is this year without any one commanding work. Yet the average merit of the drawings is good, and the Exhibition certainly looks well. The several departments of figure, landscape, architectural, sea and flower painting, are filled by artists already known upon these walls by successes achieved in former seasons. On entering the room, the eye at once recognises the clearly-defined styles of Corbould, Tidey, Haghe, and Jopling among the painters of the figure. And in landscape the works of Rowbotham, E. G. Warren, Vacher, Bennett, and Shalders, give varied attraction to the gallery. Without further preface we will proceed to pass these and other the products of the year under detailed review.

Mr. CORBOULD contributes three pictures, whereof two are in the artist's best manner. 'Launcelot's Departure from the Castle of Astolat' (122), is a work intense in harmony of colour, and highly wrought in execution. The figures are drawn with care, and every form has been moulded into beauty. It is worth while to approach this drawing closely, in order to learn the mode of its manipulation. The hatching is specially worthy of note; seldom have we found lines curved with so much dexterity and precision across the modulated surfaces they articulate and pronounce. This, the special execution of a line engraving, we have never seen carried with so much skill into the art of water-colour painting. 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria at the Well' (227), by the same artist, is a composition of showy effect. The figure and action of the Saviour have theatrical command; the woman of Samaria is cast upon her knees in Magdalen passion. The execution is, of course, masterly, the drawing firm, the draperies are broadly cast, and the surface

of the paper is not, as too often in the works of this artist, loaded with opaque colour. It seems strange that the painter has not thrown into the figures more religious feeling. The work is, in fact, decorative rather than devotional, and has little of the chastened spirit pertaining to Christian art.—Mr. TIDEY, who last year attempted, in the manner of the old religious painters, the composition of a triptych on the theme, "the night of the betrayal," not meeting, we fear, with the encouragement he hoped for, has passed from Christian art to the art of love and courtship. There can be little doubt which of these arts is the best understood and most widely appreciated. Mr. Tidey will not have to wait long for a purchaser, when he illustrates the rapturous lines of Byron—

"He was her own, her ocean treasure, cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love and her last."

Nevertheless, we cannot but mourn over Mr. Tidey's secession from the ranks of high Art; and moreover we think that the artist possessed qualifications for the treatment of sacred and historic subjects which will serve but ill for themes of a naturalistic bent. On the evidence of the drawings which Mr. Tidey this year exhibits, it remains doubtful whether he will acquire the vigour and the truth which at the present time are deemed essential to the treatment of realistic subjects. However, the sentiment in these works is refined, and even takes on sugar sweetness, the colour is delicate, yet fevered in its flush, and sickly in its pallor. Mr. Tidey has sensitive intuitions and poetic aspirations, which, rare among his contemporaries, will preserve to him a speciality exclusively his own. The sphere this painter should strive to occupy is the intermediate territory which lies between the two worlds known as the ideal and the real. Over poetic dreamland he might easily reign undisputed monarch of all he surveys.—Mr. BOUVIER is another artist who evidently has no claims to robust realism; he aims at a pleasing but impossible idealism. He has fallen upon an agreeable mannerism, which suits sufficiently well subjects removed out of the range of actual life. In the drawing, 'Il Bacio' (271), the artist infuses into the two figures, a mother and child, his accustomed Arcadian refinement, and at the same time evinces his habitual contempt for the accepted proportions of the human figure. 'Valeria' (281), a lady gracefully posed on a couch of classic form, is more happily conceived. The work will not bear any rigid test; but the colour is pleasing, and the make up generally agreeable.—What can Mr. WARREN, the president, be thinking of, in that astounding production, 'The Rescued Slave' (76)? Was ever seen such a prodigy as this camel? Camels we have known and ridden in the desert of Cairo, but never did we behold such an animal as this. Why does not Mr. Warren consult the volume recently published by Mr. Elijah Walton, 'The Camel: its Anatomy, Proportions, and Paces?'—Mr. WEHNERT has not got as good a result as we had a right to expect out of a thoroughly telling subject, 'George Fox Preaching in a Tavern at Leicester' (201). We do not accept Mr. Wehnert's reading of this man's character—the founder of the sect called Quakers. George Fox is here depicted as a weak fanatic, and the imbecility planted upon his countenance is wholly out of keeping with the strong effect produced by his words upon his hearers. The artist has given to the assembled company varied and appropriate expression, but he fails to carry out the characters he indicates with circumstantial precision and consistency.—Near to the last picture hangs a showy figure, 'Ave Maria' (208), painted by Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY. The subject appears to be a Roman model, dressed in costume for the studio. To enact the character required, the model casts her eyes heavenwards. This is a cheap receipt for making a popular picture.—Mr. ABSOLON has a well-trained eye for composition; he knows precisely the spot whereon to plant his figures, and he tells a simple tale in cheerful accents. The mere number of the pictures which this artist paints, however, must preclude the possibility of bestowing much thought on each. It is fortunate for a man when he can manage to produce even one great work in the year which

may advance his reputation. Fame thus sustained may then be multiplied into as many minor works as there remain in the year days of leisure. The one great effort will raise subordinate products towards its own level. Mr. Absolon has no such great effort, and this must be counted his misfortune. Among the eleven pictures of this artist, each in its way winning, may be noted 'Our Wedding Tour over Lake and Mountain' (319), two pleasing subjects of balanced composition bound together in one frame.—Mr. WEIGALL's 'Tête-à-tête interrupted' (100), is a commonplace subject, scarcely redeemed by the treatment it receives. This class of picture requires a studied precision, not found either in the drawing of the figures or in the disposition of the details.—Mr. CHARLES CATTERMOLLE, on his entrance into the gallery last year, showed cleverness which gave undoubted promise. His defects were then pointed out. The lapse of another year does not find the dangers diminished which then beset the artist. In the drawing, 'A Desperate Defence' (12), Mr. Cattermole manifests, as he did a year ago, ready invention and a happy faculty of composition; he puts his subject together with point and purpose; his figures have action, his incidents are dramatic. But the artist must not stop here, otherwise he will have to be content with a subordinate instead of a first-rate position in his profession. Ere it be too late, he should put himself under severe training. He must master the proportions of the figure, both in action and in repose; he must study drapery, as modulated by the forms which lie beneath it. Mr. Cattermole is really in the possession of so much ability, that it seems a pity he should not give himself the best possible chance.—The six drawings by Mr. JOPLING are unequal; that bearing the title 'Three Friends' (109), though not comparable to 'Fluffy' of last year, is decidedly the best. This work, which is primarily a composition of colour, glows with the intensity of a misal painting. The golden hair of the lady is set beside a lustrous couch, itself a field of gold, against which a green parrot glows as an emerald. The cool purple of the lady's dress serves as a foil. Mr. Jopling, as a colourist, has few, if indeed any, rivals, either in this or the older society.—Mr. C. GREEN, whose drawings we had the pleasure of commending last year, on the artist's first appearance upon these walls, has justified the favourable opinion then expressed. 'Grandfather's Birthday' (33) is a well-studied work. The story is nicely told. The characters, however, are too much made up of the lay figure; it were better that draperies should be supported by bodies endowed with life and motion. The upholstery and cabinet work within the frame are capital, and the drawing altogether is highly to be esteemed.—It were difficult to commend too highly a little study, 'The Bird's Nest' (328), by Miss EMILY FARMER. An innocent little child, simply clad, rejoices over her prize, a bird's nest; such is the unpretending subject, which Miss Farmer has painted to perfection.—Mr. LUSON THOMAS, known as a skilled draughtsman on wood, is likely to prove an acquisition to the Society which has recently elected him Associate. 'Homeward Bound, Boulogne Sands' (59), is a drawing of much truth and character. The women who are seen trudging along under their heavy burden of nets and fishermen's gear, are capital studies wrought into a thoroughly artistic picture.—Another newly-elected Associate who makes a successful debut, is Mr. W. LUCAS. 'Rustic Courtship' (85) is a picture of something more than promise; it is the work of a master who knows well what he is about.

There are landscapes in this room which make a great show. On entering at the door the eye is at once caught by one of Mr. ROWBOTHAM's rapturous reveries, 'La Cava near Naples' (309), a drawing delicious in harmony of colour, a panorama pitched in the highest key of Italian romance. The poetic, but not eminently truthful, style, to which Mr. Rowbotham surrenders himself, is a little going out of date.—Attention is likewise at once attracted to an equally effective and certainly a more scrupulously exact drawing, 'The Tombs of the Mamelooks' (10), in the desert of Cairo, as sketched by Mr.

CHARLES VACHER. We have ourselves sketched on this very ground, and can from personal knowledge attest the success of Mr. Vacher's delineation. These Saracenic domes and minarets, now ruined, scattered over the arid desert plain, which is canopied by a cloudless sky, and peopled by the picturesque Arab and his attendant camel, constitute one of the most impressive scenes the traveller can visit, or the artist portray. The success of Mr. Vacher's delineation is a little marred by want of accurate drawing in the galleries of the minaret, which rises as a principal object against the light and cloudless sky.—'Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee' (223), rendered by Mr. TELBIN, the well-known scene-painter, brilliant to the last degree, is a landscape which indulges in excess of contrast between the gold in the lights, and the cobalt blue in the shadows.—Mr. AARON PENLEY practises a showy style, which, however, in such careful products as 'Wastwater' (172), he reduces, by studied detail, down to nature's level.—Mr. LARREN, in his romance at 'Borgetto on the Lago de Garda' (214), also gives way to the seductions of a showy manner. The subject is effective, its putting together has studied balance, and its colour is of a warmth which only wants mitigating greys to render the intensity unobjectionable.—We are not of the number who think Mr. WILLIAM BENNETT has improved his position by the change made from picturesque to poetic landscape. There was about his studies in Windsor Forest a truth and a vigour, which his large and ambitious efforts lack. 'Richmond Hill' (277) is a famed scene, painted in this artist's latest manner. Such a subject, embracing, as it does, a wide expanse of woodland, which stretches far into the distant horizon, is bound to be impressive. This drawing, however, owes more to the scene than to the artist; specially would we point out a deficiency of individual study and character in the trees.—The landscapes of Mr. REED always possess power; and the scenes he chooses—generally a mountain valley in the midst of a theatre of congregating hills—have a majesty quite imposing. His picture of the year, 'The Conway Valley' (29), is marked by usual qualities; the mountains are roundly modelled and firmly planted; the execution is manly, the colour rich—perhaps, indeed, a little too positive.—Mr. M'KEWAN, in 'The Valley of Desolation' (156), has portrayed the gnarled trunks of old and stricken trees with naturalistic vigour.—The feat and triumph of the Gallery has been achieved by Mr. E. G. WARREN, in a study, the monument of untiring toil. 'The First Notes of the Cuckoo' (70) is a most elaborate performance, and cannot but be accepted with reverence, not unmingled, possibly, with some regret. The labour here expended defies power of estimate. The detail is countless. The number of primroses, blue bells, buttercups, and ferns exceeds calculation. Nevertheless, the freedom of nature's growth unrestrained is missed, the vitality of the vegetable world is wanted. The general effect is, perhaps, less scattered than might have been expected. The flooding light in the sky and on the landscape, and the sparkling colour on the fields, which shine like a tapestry of flowers, bring to the eye exquisite joy.—The drawings of Mr. HINE are pleasant; those by Mr. MOLE careful; Mr. HARRISON WEIR's studies of birds and animals are accurate; Mr. BOYS' transcript of the well-known apse of 'St. Peter's Church, Caen' (169) is given with effect. Mr. LOUIS HAGHE's vast drawing, the off-painted interior of 'St. Peter's, Rome' (251), lacks vigour and grandeur. The best architectural works of the year are contributed by Mr. SKINNER PROUT; and reserving one word for the animal creation, we need scarcely say that sheep flocks are folded and driven to field by Mr. SHALDERS with a truth and a beauty which find no rivals.

We have passed over some Members and Associates in silence. Every society will include a certain number of artists—the fewer the better—who have mercantile interests to make rather than professional honour to bestow. On the whole, we think that the New Society with gathering years grows in wisdom, and that age has enjoyed the privilege of renewed youth.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE twenty-ninth annual meeting of the subscribers to this institution was held on the 25th of April, at the Adelphi Theatre, for the purpose of receiving the report of the council, for the distribution of prizes, and for presenting to the honorary secretaries, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., and Mr. Lewis Pocock, F.S.A., the testimonials which have for some time past been preparing for them by public subscription. Mr. Charles Hill occupied the chair at the meeting, in the absence, through illness, of the president of the society, Lord Montagu.

Some idea of the effects which the Art-Union of London has had upon Art and artists is obtained from the facts recorded in the last report of the council. Since the foundation of the Society, it has expended £324,000 in the purchase of pictures and the production of works of Art; these latter including 35 large engravings, 15 volumes of illustrative outlines, etchings, and wood-engravings, 16 bronzes, 12 statues and statuettes, besides figures and vases in metal, and medals. No insignificant number of all these various works have been circulated in America and other colonies, and sometimes in European continental states, thus circulating British Art over the civilised world.

The subscriptions for the year 1864-5 amounted to £11,743, a smaller sum than they have reached in the last few years: such fluctuations must necessarily occur in spite of every exertion and every attraction. The amount set apart for the purchase of pictures which the prizeholders may select from the public galleries open at the present time, included 1 work of the value of £200, 2 of £150, 3 of £100, 5 of £75, 5 of £60, 50 of £50, 10 of £40, 8 of £30, 18 of £25, 16 of £20, 20 of £15, and 20 of £20 each. To these were added 100 'Psycho' vases, 100 porcelain busts of the Prince of Wales, from the original by Morton Edwards; 75 statuettes, in porcelain, from J. Durham's group 'Go to Sleep,' engraved in the *Art-Journal* for December, 1864; 200 chromo-lithographs of 'Young England'; 200 chromo-lithographs of 'Wild Roses,' and 150 volumes of etchings by R. Brandard.

The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, adverted to the thousands of good works of Art distributed through the agency of this society in the homes of the people of England; and argued from this that it was almost impossible to over-estimate the benefits that resulted from this fact in improving the taste of the public. Mr. S. C. Hall seconded the motion, and in his remarks contrasted the present love of Art and the larger amount of sale for British pictures now existing in comparison with what was expended thirty years ago.

Professor Bell prefaced the presentation of the testimonials to the honorary secretaries with a few complimentary observations on the services these gentlemen had rendered the society, which unquestionably owes its long-continued success to the zeal and ability they have always shown in advancing its interests. Without such efficient aid as they have given it is very questionable whether the Art-Union of London would not long since have become a thing of the past, instead of being, what it is, a well-rooted and flourishing institution sending forth its branches far and wide. When it is remembered that the first annual subscription list was below the sum of £500, and when this is contrasted with the large aggregate of funds received and disbursed since, it must be quite evident how much time and energy must have been devoted to the working of the society in order to produce such results. The testimonials consisted of a group in silver, executed by Messrs. Elkington, from a design by W. F. Woodington, representing "Wisdom Encouraging Genius," with four appropriate tassels.

The fortunate winners of the principal prizes are:—W. H. Webb, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, £200; W. S. Macmahon, 2nd Life Guards, and Miss F. Jenkinson, of Blackpool, £150; John Hatton, of Thirsk, George Holdfast, of Dorset Place, Clapham Road, and George Dodd, of Basingstoke, £100.

THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

CHAPTER V.

THE work I have to do in this paper ought, rightly, to have been thrown into the form of an appendix to the last chapter; for it is no link of the cestus of Aglaia we have to examine, but one of the crests of canine passion in the cestus of Scylla. Nevertheless, the girdle of the Grace cannot be discerned in the full brightness of it, but by comparing it with the dark torment of that other; and (in what place or form matters little) the work has to be done.

"Rembrandt Van Rhy" — it is said, in the last edition of a very valuable work* (for which, nevertheless, I could wish that greater lightness in the hand should be obtained by the publication of its information in one volume, and its criticism in another) — was "the most attractive and original of painters." It may be so; but there are attractions, and attractions. The sun attracts the planets — and a candle, night-moths; the one with perhaps somewhat of benefit to the planets; — but with what benefit the other to the moths, one would be glad to learn from those desert flies, of whom, one company having extinguished Mr. Kinglake's candle with their bodies, the remainder, "who had failed in obtaining this martyrdom, became suddenly serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas."

Also, there are originalities, and originalities. To invent a new thing, which is also a precious thing; to be struck by a divinely-guided Rod, and become a sudden fountain of life to thirsty multitudes — this is enviable. But to be distinct of men in an original Sin; elect for the initial letter of a Lie; the first apparent spot of an unknown plague; a Root of bitterness, and the first-born worm of a company, studying an original De-Composition, — this is perhaps not so enviable. And if we think of it, most human originality is apt to be of that kind. Goodness is one, and immortal; it may be received and communicated — not originated: but Evil is various and recurrent, and may be misbegotten in endlessly surprising ways.

But, that we may know better in what this originality consists, we find that our author, after expatiating on the vast area of the Pantheon, "illuminated solely by the small circular opening in the dome above," and on other similar conditions of luminous contraction, tells us that "to Rembrandt belongs the glory of having first embodied in Art, and perpetuated, these rare and beautiful effects of nature." Such effects are indeed rare in nature; but they are not rare, absolutely. The sky, with the sun in it, does not usually give the impression of being dimly lighted through a circular hole; but you may observe a very similar effect any day in your coal-cellar. The light is not Rembrandtesque on the current, or banks, of a river; but it is on those of a drain. Colour is not Rembrandtesque, usually, in a clean house; but is presently obtainable of that quality in a dirty one. And without denying the pleasantness of the mode of progression which Mr. Hazlitt, perhaps too enthusiastically, describes as attainable in a background of Rembrandt's — "You stagger from one abyss of obscurity to another" — I cannot feel it an entirely glorious speciality to be dis-

tinguished, as Rembrandt was, from other great painters, chiefly by the liveliness of his darkness, and the dullness of his light. Glorious, or inglorious, the speciality itself is easily and accurately definable. It is the aim of the best painters to paint the noblest things they can see by sunlight. It was the aim of Rembrandt to paint the foulest things he could see — by rushlight.

By rushlight, observe: material and spiritual. As the sun for the outer world; so in the inner world of man, that which "εἰπὴν τὰ μυστὰ κοιλίας" — "the candle of God, searching the inmost parts." If that light within become but a more active kind of darkness; — if, abdicating the measuring reed of modesty for sceptre, and ceasing to measure with it, we dip it in such unctuous and inflammable refuse as we can find, and make our soul's light into a tallow candle, and thenceforward take our guttering, sputtering, ill-smelling illumination about with us, holding it out in fetid fingers — encumbered with its lurid warmth of fungous wick, and drip of stalactitic grease — that we may see, when another man would have seen, or dreamed he saw, the flight of a divine Virgin — only the lamp-light upon the hair of a costermonger's ass; — that, having to paint the good Samaritan, we may see only in distance the back of the good Samaritan's dog; — that having to paint the Annunciation to the Shepherds, we may turn the announcement of peace to men, into an announcement of mere panic to beasts; and, in an unsightly firework of unsightlier angels, see, as we see always, the feet instead of the head, and the shame instead of the honour; — and finally concentrate and rest the sum of our fame, as Titian on the Assumption of a spirit, so we on the dissection of a carcase, — perhaps by such fatuous fire, the less we walk, and by such phosphoric glow, the less we shine, the better it may be for us, and for all who would follow us.

Do not think I deny the greatness of Rembrandt. In mere technical power (none of his eulogists know that power better than I, nor declare it in more distinct terms) he might, if he had been educated in a true school, have taken rank with the Venetians themselves. But that type of distinction between Titian's Assumption, and Rembrandt's Dissection, will represent for you with sufficient significance the manner of choice in all their work; only it should be associated with another characteristic example of the same opposition (which I have dwelt upon elsewhere) between Veronese and Rembrandt, in their conception of domestic life. Rembrandt's picture, at Dresden, of himself, with his wife sitting on his knee, a roasted peacock on the table, and a glass of champagne in his hand, is the best work I know of all he has left; and it marks his speciality with entire decision. It is, of course, a dim candlelight; and the choice of the sensual passions as the things specially and for ever to be described and immortalised out of his own private life and love, is exactly that "painting the foulest thing by rushlight" which I have stated to be the enduring purpose of his mind. And you will find this hold in all minor treatment; and that to the uttermost: for as by your broken rushlight you see little, and only corners and points of things, and those very corners and points ill and distortedly; so, although Rembrandt knows the human face and hand, and never fails in these, when they are ugly, and he chooses to take pains with

them, he knows nothing else: the more pains he takes with even familiar animals, the worse they are (witness the horse in that plate of the good Samaritan), and any attempts to finish the first scribbled energy of his imaginary lions and tigers, end always only in the loss of the fiendish power and rage which were all he could conceive in an animal.

His landscape, and foreground vegetation; I mean afterwards to examine in comparison with Durer's; but the real calibre and nature of the man are best to be understood by comparing the puny, ill-drawn, terrorless, helpless, beggarly skeleton in his 'Youth Surprised by Death,' with the figure behind the tree in Durer's plate (though it is quite one of Durer's feeblest) of the same subject. Absolutely ignorant of all natural phenomena and law; absolutely careless of all lovely living form, or growth, or structure; able only to render with some approach to veracity, what alone he had looked at with some approach to attention, — the pawnbroker's festering heaps of old clothes, and caps, and shoes — Rembrandt's execution is one grand evasion, and his temper the grim contempt of a strong and sullen animal in its defiled den, for the humanity with which it is at war, for the flowers which it tramples, and the light which it fears.

Again, do not let it be thought that when I call his execution evasive, I ignore the difference between his touch, on brow or lip, and a common workman's; but the whole school of etching which he founded, (and of painting, so far as it differs from Venetian work) is inherently loose and experimental. Etching is the very refuge and mask of sentimental uncertainty, and of vigorous ignorance. If you know anything clearly, and have a firm hand, depend upon it, you will draw it clearly; you will not care to hide it among scratches and burrs. And herein is the first grand distinction between etching and engraving — that in the etching needle you have an almost irresistible temptation to a wanton speed. There is, however, no real necessity for such a distinction; an etched line may have been just as steadily drawn, and seriously meant, as an engraved one; and for the moment, waiving consideration of this distinction, and opposing Rembrandt's work, considered merely as work of the black line, to Holbein's and Durer's, as work of the black line, I assert Rembrandt's to be inherently evasive. You cannot unite his manner with theirs; — choice between them is sternly put to you, when first you touch the steel. Suppose, for instance, you have to engrave, or etch, or draw with pen and ink, a single head, and that the head is to be approximately half an inch in height, more or less (there is a reason for assigning this condition respecting size, which we will examine in due time): you have it in your power to do it in one of two ways. You may lay down some twenty or thirty entirely firm and visible lines, of which every one shall be absolutely right, and do the utmost a line can do. By their curvature they shall render contour; by their thickness, shade; by their place and form, every truth of expression, and every condition of design. The head of the soldier drawing his sword, in Durer's 'Cannon,' is about half an inch high, supposing the brow to be seen. The chin is drawn with three lines, the lower lip with two, the upper, including the shadow from the nose, with five. Three separate the cheek from the chin, giving the principal points of character. Six lines draw the cheek, and its incised traces of care; four are given to each of the eyes;

* Wornum's "Epochs of Painting." I have continual occasion to quarrel with my friend on these matters of critical question; but I have deep respect for his earnest and patient research, and we remain friends — on the condition that I am to learn much from him, and he (though it may be questionable whose fault that is) nothing from me.

* Prov. xix. 27.

one, with the outline, to the nose; three to the frown of the forehead. None of these touches could anywhere be altered—none removed, without instantly visible harm; and their result is a head as perfect in character as a portrait by Reynolds.

You may either do this—which, if you can, it will generally be very advisable to do—or, on the other hand, you may cover the face with innumerable scratches, and let your hand play with wanton freedom, until the graceful scumble concentrates itself into shade. You may soften—efface—re-touch—rebite—dot, and hatch, and re-define. If you are a great master, you will soon get your character, and probably keep it (Rembrandt often gets it at first, nearly as securely as Durer); but the design of it will be necessarily seen through loose work, and modified by accident (as you think) fortunate. The accidents which occur to a practised hand are always at first pleasing—the details which can be hinted, however falsely, through the gathering mystery, are always seducing. You will find yourself gradually dwelling more and more on little meannesses of form and texture, and lustres of surface: on cracks of skin, and films of fur and plume. You will lose your way, and then see two ways, and then many ways, and try to walk a little distance on all of them in turn, and so, back again. You will find yourself thinking of colours, and vexed because you cannot imitate them; next, struggling to render distances by indecision, which you cannot by tone. Presently you will be contending with finished pictures; labouring at the etching, as if it were a painting. You will leave off, after a whole day's work (after many days' work if you choose to give them), still unsatisfied. For final result—if you are as great as Rembrandt—you will have most likely a heavy, black, cloudy stain, with less character in it than the first ten lines had. If you are not as great as Rembrandt, you will have a stain by no means cloudy; but sandy and broken,—instead of a face, a speckled phantom of a face, patched, blotched, discoloured in every texture and form—ugly, assuredly; dull, probably; an unmanageable and manifold failure ill concealed by momentary, accidental, undelightful, ignoble success.

Undelightful; note this especially, for it is the peculiar character of etching that it cannot render beauty. You may hatch and scratch your way to picturesqueness or to deformity—never to beauty. You can etch an old woman, or an ill-conditioned fellow. But you cannot etch a girl—nor, unless in his old age, or with very partial rendering of him, a gentleman.

And thus, as farther belonging to, and partly causative of, their choice of means, there is always a tendency in etchers to fasten on unlovely objects; and the whole scheme of modern rapid work of this kind is connected with a peculiar gloom which results from the confinement of men, partially informed, and wholly untrained, in the midst of foul and vicious cities. A sensitive and imaginative youth, early driven to get his living by his art, has to lodge, we will say, somewhere in the by-streets of Paris, and is left there, tutorless, to his own devices. Suppose him also vicious or reckless, and there need be no talk of his work farther; he will certainly do nothing in a Dureresque manner. But suppose him self-denying, virtuous, full of gift and power—what are the elements of living study within his reach? All supreme beauty is confined to the higher salons. There are pretty faces in the streets, but no stateliness nor splendour of humanity;

all pathos and grandeur is in suffering; no purity of nature is accessible, but only a terrible picturesqueness, mixed with ghastly, with ludicrous, with base concomitants. Huge walls and roofs, dark on the sunset sky, but plastered with advertisement bills, monstrous-figured, seen farther than ever Parthenon shaft, or spire of Sainte Chapelle. Interminable lines of massy streets, wearisome with repetition of commonest design, and degraded by their gilded shops, wide-fuming, flaunting, glittering, with apparatus of eating or of dress. Splendour of palace-flank and goodly quay, insulted by floating cumber of barge and bath, trivial, grotesque, indecent, as cleansing vessels in a royal reception room. Solemn avenues of blossomed trees, shading puppet-show and baby-play; glades of wild-wood, long withdrawn, purple with faded shadows of blood; sweet windings and reaches of river far among the brown vines and white orchards, checked here by the Ile Notre Dame, to receive their nightly sacrifice, and after playing with it among their eddies, to give it up again, in those quiet shapes that lie on the sloped slate tables of the square built Temple of the Death-Sibyl, who presides here over spray of Seine, as yonder at Tibur over spray of Anio. Sibylline, indeed, in her secrecy, and her sealing of destinies, by the baptism of the quick water-drops which fall on each fading face, unrecognised, nameless in this Baptism for ever. Wreathed thus throughout, that Paris town, with beauty, and with unseemly sin, unseemlier death, as a fiend-city with fair eyes; for ever letting fall her silken raiment so far as that one may "behold her bosom and half her side." Under whose whispered teaching, and substitution of "Contes Drolatiques" for the tales of the wood fairy, her children of Imagination will do, what Jérôme and Gustave Doré are doing, and her whole world of lesser Art will sink into shadows of the street and of the boudoir-curtain, wherein the etching point may disport itself with freedom enough.

Nor are we slack in our companionship in these courses. Our imagination is slower

* As I was preparing these sheets for press, I chanced on a passage in a novel of Champfleury's, in which one young student is encouraging another in his contest with these and other such evils:—the evils are in this passage accepted as necessities; the inevitable deadliness of the element is not seen, as it can hardly be except by those who live out of it. The encouragement, on such view, is good and right; the connection of the young etcher's power with his poverty is curiously illustrative of the statements in the text, and the whole passage, though long, is well worth such space as it will ask here, in our small print.

"Cependant," dit Thomas, "on a vu des peintres de talent qui étaient partis de Paris après avoir exposé de bons tableaux et qui s'en revenaient classiquement ennuyés. C'est donc la faute de l'enseignement de l'Académie."

"Bah!" dit Gérard, "rien n'arrête le développement d'un homme de talent: ni la misère, ni la maladie, ni les faux conseils, ni les mauvais enseignements. Nous sommes environnés d'ennuyeux, d'imbéciles, de traîtres, de lâches; si nous sommes forts, nous devons nous débarrasser de tous ces ennemis. Si nous n'avons pas le courage, c'est-à-dire une conviction profonde de l'art, nous succombons, tant pis, il n'y a rien à dire. Nous ne sommes pas des victimes, nous n'étions pas dignes de faire de l'art, et nous sommes entrés par erreur dans ce beau et rude chemin qui mène à la popularité. On est doué, ou on ne l'est pas."

"Pourquoi j'ai connu plus d'un peintre que la misère a paralysé complètement, et qui, avec un peu d'aide, eût produit de belles choses. Au lieu de cela, il est tombé dans les mains des marchands, et il s'est livré à de honteuses lithographies."

"C'est qu'il était né pour faire de pareilles lithographies."

"Mais," dit Thomas, "il pleure d'être obligé de faire du commerce."

"Il fait semblant de pleurer."

"Non, non," dit Thomas.

"Alors il se trompe sur lui-même: puisqu'il comprend l'art, pourquoi ne fait-il pas d'art?"

"Parce qu'il gagne à peu près sa vie en faisant du commerce."

"On dirait que tu ne veux pas me comprendre, toi qui es justement passé par là. Comment faisais-tu quand tu étais compositeur d'une imprimerie?"

"Le soir," dit Thomas, "et le matin en hiver, à partir de quatre heures, je faisais des études à la lampe pendant deux heures, jusqu'au moment où j'allais à l'atelier."

"Et tu ne vivais pas de la peinture?"

"Je ne gagnais pas un sou."

"Bon!" dit Gérard; "tu vois bien que tu faisais du

and clumsier than the French—rarer also, by far, in the average English mind. The only man of power equal to Doré's whom we have had lately among us, was William Blake, whose temper fortunately took another turn. But in the calamity and vulgarity of daily circumstance, in the horror of our streets, in the discordance of our thoughts, in the laborious looseness and ostentatious cleverness of our work, we are alike. And to French faults we add a stupidity of our own; for which, so far as I may in modesty take blame for anything, as resulting from my own teaching, I am more answerable than most men. Having spoken earnestly against painting without thinking, I now find our exhibitions decorated with works of students who think without painting; and our books illustrated by scratched woodcuts, representing very ordinary people, who are presumed to be interesting in the picture, because the text tells a story about them. Of this least lively form of modern sensational work, however, I shall have to speak on other grounds; meantime, I am concerned only with its manner; its incontinence of line and method, associated with the slightness of its real thought, and morbid acuteness of irregular sensation; ungoverned all, and one of the external and slight phases of that beautiful Liberty which we are proclaiming as essence of gospel to all the earth, and shall presently, I suppose, when we have had enough of it here, proclaim also to the stars, with invitation to them out of their courses.

"But you asked us for 'free-heart' outlines, and told us not to be slaves, only thirty days ago."

Inconsistent that I am! so I did. But as there are attractions, and attractions; originalities, and originalities, there are liberties, and liberties. Yonder torrent, crystal-clear, and arrow-swift, with its spray leaping into the air like white troops of fawns, is free, I think. Lost, yonder, amidst bankless, boundless marsh—soaking in slow shallowness, as it will, hither and thither, listless, among the poisonous reeds and unresisting slime—it is free also. You may choose which liberty you will, and the restraint of voiceful rock, or the dumb and edgeless shore of darkened sand. Of that evil liberty, which men are now glorifying, and of its opposite continence—which is the clasp and *χρυσή περιβόη* of Aglaine's cestus—we will try to find out something in next chapter.

commerce en dehors de l'art et que cependant tu étudiais. Quand tu es sorti de l'imprimerie, comment as-tu vécu?"

"Je faisais cinq ou six petites aquarelles par jour, que je vendais, sous les arcades de l'Institut, six sous pièce."

"Et tu en vivais; c'est encore du commerce. Tu vois donc que ni l'imprimerie, ni les petits dessins, à cinq sous, ni la privation, ni la misère ne t'ont empêché d'arriver."

"Je ne suis pas arrivé."

"N'importe, tu arriveras certainement. Si tu veux d'autres exemples qui prouvent que la misère et les autres pièges tendus sous nos pas ne doivent rien arrêter, tu te rappelles bien ce pauvre garçon dont vous admirez les eaux-fortes, que vous mettez aussi haut que Rembrandt, et qui aurait été loin, disiez-vous, s'il n'avait tant souffert de la faim. Qu'a-t-il fait le jour où il lui est tombé un petit héritage du ciel?"

"Il est vrai," dit Thomas, embarrassé; "qu'il a perdu tout son sentiment."

"Ce n'était pas cependant une de ces grosses fortunes qui tuent un homme, qui le rendent lourd, fier et insolent: il avait juste de quoi vivre, six cents francs de rentes, une fortune pour lui, qui vivait avec cinq francs par mois. Il a continué à travailler; mais ses eaux-fortes n'étaient plus supportables; tandis qu'avant, il vivait avec un morceau de pain et des légumes; alors il avait du talent. Cela, Thomas, doit te prouver que ni les mauvais enseignements, ni les influences, ni la misère, ni la faim, ni la maladie, ne peuvent corrompre une nature bien douée. Elle souffre; mais trouvons un grand artiste qui n'ait pas souffert. Il n'y a pas un seul homme de génie heureux depuis que l'humanité existe."

"J'ai envie," dit Thomas, "de te faire cadeau d'une jolie cravate."

"Pourquoi?" dit Gérard.

"Parce que tu as bien parlé."

THE EARLIEST PORCELAIN MANUFACTORY IN ENGLAND,

AND

IMITATION OF THE COLOGNE WARE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

FULHAM.

JOHN DWIGHT, M.A. of Christ Church College, Oxford, was the inventor of porcelain in England; he was secretary to Brian Walton, who died in 1660, and to Henry Ferne and George Hall, successive Bishops of Chester.

Dwight established a manufactory for the production of porcelain at Fulham in 1671.

Having made this assertion, we will, as briefly as possible, review the claims put forward by French writers on this subject.

The first attempt to make porcelain in France was by Louis Poterat, Sieur de St. Etienne, at Rouen, who obtained letters patent in 1673. It appears never to have succeeded, and a very imperfect description only was produced. In the letters patent accorded to the heirs of Chicanneau, at St. Cloud, in 1702 (which was really the first successful attempt in France), reference is made to the previous grant to Louis Poterat in these terms:—"We formerly considered the manufacture of porcelain so advantageous to our kingdom, that we accorded privileges to Sieur St. Etienne, at Rouen; but the said St. Etienne did nothing more than approach the secret, and never brought it to the perfection these petitioners have acquired."

The second attempt in point of date was that of Chicanneau, at St. Cloud, just referred to, said to have been invented about 1695, but patented in 1702.

M. A. Jacquemart ("Histoire de la Porcelaine," Paris, 1862, p. 458) has recently put forth a claim for a certain Claude Révérend as a maker of porcelain. He quotes a decree of the year 1664, granting to Claude Révérend the privilege of making Fayence and imitating Porcelain; the words are, "*De faire la faïence et contrefaire la porcelaine aussi belle et plus que celle qui vient des Indes Orientales*," evidently one and the same process. The document goes on to say that this secret manufacture he had accomplished and brought to perfection in Holland, where the greater portion of his stock still remained, which he wished to transport into France. This is clearly a manufacture of Fayence* in imitation of porcelain. Claude Révérend does not say, *Qu'il fait une porcelaine véritable, translucide et aussi belle que celle qui vient des Indes*, but "*Il contrefait une porcelaine aussi belle*," &c., and not a word is said about its translucence, or any other quality possessed by porcelain.†

Dwight's porcelain was, therefore, made two years before that of Louis Poterat at Rouen, and twenty-four years before it is said to have been invented by Chicanneau, and thirty-one before the date of the letters patent granted to his successors at St. Cloud, in 1702.

Having disposed of the question of pre-

* Fayence is an opaque earthenware, covered with stanniferous enamel glaze of opaque white, forming a ground for painting designs or subjects in other enamel colours. This enamel may be defined as a glass, rendered opaque by the introduction of oxide of tin. Among the specimens of this particular ware may be noted Luca della Robbia, Majolica, Delft, French Fayence, &c.

† Porcelain is an earthenware possessing these indispensable properties:—it is fine, hard, dense, durable, and sonorous; translucent, a fine close grain, white, approaching the tint of milk, covered with a glass, clear, white, transparent, and fine, and will sustain considerable alternations of temperature.

cedence as regards porcelain, we will now speak of other discoveries made by John Dwight. His second invention was of even greater importance to the community at large, and the commercial interests of this country: I allude to his successful imitation of the Grès de Cologne.*

Several attempts had been made in previous years to compete with the potters of Cologne, but these endeavours had hitherto been unavailing, the durability, compactness of material, imperviousness of glaze, and consequent cleanliness of the vessels, could not be imitated. All England, therefore, continued to be supplied with German pots. Finding they could not manufacture them, the English potters tried to destroy the monopoly of the Cologne merchants who imported them, but the duty received by the English government on the ware formed too important an item to be abandoned without sufficient cause.

Some years since the writer discovered among the Lansdowne MSS. a curious petition from a person of the name of Simpson, addressed to Queen Elizabeth, as follows:—

"The Sewte of William Simpson, Merchaut,—Whereas one Garnet Tynes, a straunger livinge in Acon (Aix la Chapelle), in the parte beyond the seas, being none of her Maties subjects, doth buy uppe alle the pottes made at Culloin, called *Drinking stone pottes*, and he onelie transporteth them into this realm of England, and selleth them: It may please your Ma^{tie} to graunte unto the sayd Simpson full power and onelie license to provide, transporte, and bring into this realm the same or such like drinking pottes; and the said Simpson will putt in good suretie that it shall not be prejudiciall to anie of your Maties subjects, but that he will serve them as plentifullie, and sell them at as reasonable price as the other hath sold them from tyme to tyme.

"Item. He will be bound to double her Maties custome by the year, whenever it hath been at the most.

"Item. He will as in him lieth drawe the making of such like pottes into some decayed towne within this realme, wherebye manie a hundred poore men may be sett a work.

"Note. That no Englishman doth transport any potte into this realm, but onelie the said Garnet Tynes; who also serveth all the Lowe Countries and other places with pottes."

From the following patent, about thirty years later, it appears that Simpson was not successful in his suit. The next application is dated October 24th, 1626, when letters patent were granted, the preamble to which is interesting:—

"Whereas we have been given to understand by our loving subjects, Thomas Rous or Ruis and Abraham Cullyn of the City of London, Merchants, that heretofore and at this present, this our Kingdom of England and other our dominions are and have been served with stone pottes, stone jugges, and stone bottells out of Foreign partes from beyond the seas, and they have likewise shewed unto us, that by their industry and charge, not onely the materials but also the Art and manufacture may be found out and performed, never formerly used within this our Kingdom of England by any, which profitable invention they have already attempted and in some good measure proceeded in, and hope to perfect, by which many poore and unprofitable people may be sett on worke, and put to labour and good employment: We therefore grant our Royal Priviledge for the Sole making of the stone pottes, stone jugges, and stone bottelles, for the terme of fourteene yeares, for

* This description of pottery is called in France *grès cérame*, in Germany *steingut*, in England *stoneware*. It is a very dense, opaque substance, sonorous, and of extraordinary hardness; when struck by iron it emits sparks like stone; it is covered with a silico-alkaline glaze, or common salt cast upon the surface of the ware when the oven is at its greatest heat. The examples are the grès of Germany and Flanders, Chinese crackle, Beauvais, Crouch ware, Wedgwood's hardwares, &c.

a reward for their invencion, and they have voluntarily offered unto us for the same a yearly rent of five pounds towards our revenue, soe long as they have benefitted by this our grant, neyther doe they desire by vertue of such grant to hinder the importacion of these commodities by others from foreign parts."

This was evidently the first exclusive permission to make stone pots and jugs in England. Judging from their names, they were both foreigners—Rous or Ruis, and Cullyn; the latter, probably, took his name from the city of Cologne.

But to return to John Dwight: it appears that his first discoveries were made at Oxford, and that he had previously established a manufactory in the county for Dr. Plot states that Dwight's great difficulty was in the glazing of his porcelain, which was the only obstacle that had prevented him *setting up a manufactory before*, but that he had eventually overcome it, by which, I think, we may infer such to be the case. That his inventions were well known to, and appreciated by, the scientific men of the time, is evidenced by the following interesting notice by Dr. Plot, in his "*History of Oxfordshire*," published in 1677, which, from its important bearing upon these valuable discoveries, we quote at length:—

"§ 84. Amongst arts that concern formation of earths, I shall not mention the making of pots at Marsh Balden and Nuneham Courtney, nor of tobacco-pipes of the *white earth* of Shotover, since those places are now deserted. Nor indeed was there, as I ever heard of, anything extraordinary performed during the working these earths, nor is there now of a very good tobacco-pipe clay found in the parish of Horspath, since the first printing of the third chapter of this history. . . . Let it suffice for things of this nature, that the ingenious John Dwight, formerly M.A. of Christ Church College, Oxon, hath discovered the *mystery of the stone or Cologne wares* (such as D'Alva bottles, jugs, noggins), heretofore made only in Germany, and by the Dutch brought over into England in great quantities; and hath set up a manufactory of the same, which (by methods and contrivances of his own, altogether unlike those used by the Germans), in three or four years time, he hath brought it to greater perfection than it has attained where it hath been used for many ages, inasmuch that the Company of Glass-sellers of London, who are the dealers for that commodity, have contracted with the inventor to buy only of his English manufactory, and refuse the foreign."

"§ 85. He hath discovered also the *mystery of the Hessian wares*, and vessels for retaining the penetrating salts and spirits of the chymists, more serviceable than were ever made in England, or imported from Germany itself."

"§ 86. And hath found ways to make an earth *white and transparent as porcelaine*, and not distinguishable from it by the eye, or by experiments that have been purposely made to try wherein they disagree. To this earth he hath added the colours that are usual in the coloured china ware, and divers others not seen before. The skill that hath been wanting to set up a manufactory of this *transparent earthenware* in England, like that of china, is the glazing of the white earth, which hath much puzzled the projector, but now that difficulty also is, in great measure, overcome."

"§ 87. He hath also caused to be modelled statues or figures of the said transparent earth (a thing not done elsewhere, for China affords us only imperfect mouldings), which he hath diversified with great variety of colours, making them of the colour of iron, copper, brass, and party-colour'd as some Achat-stones. The considerations that induced him to this attempt, were the duration of this hard-burnt earth, much above brass or marble, against all air and weather; and the softness of the matter to be modelled, which makes it capable of more curious work than stones that are wrought with chisels,

or metals that are cast. In short, he has so advanced the *Art Plastic*, that 'tis dubious whether any man since Prometheus have excelled him, not excepting the famous Damophilus and Gorgasus of Pliny." (*Nat. Hist.*, lib. 35, c. 12.)

"§ 88. And these arts he employs about materials of English growth, and not much applied to other uses; for instance, he makes the stone bottles of a clay in appearance like to Tobacco-pipe clay, which will not make tobacco-pipes, although the tobacco-pipe clay will make bottles; so that, that which hath lain buried and useless to the owners, may become beneficial to them by reason of this manufacture, and many working hands get good livelihoods, not to speak of the very considerable sums of English Coyn annually kept at home by it."—*Dr. Plot's Natural History of Oxfordshire*. Oxford, 1677.

In Aubrey's "Natural History of Wiltshire," written about 1670-1680, whose MSS. were edited by John Britton in 1847, we read:—"In Vernknoll, adjoining the lands of Easton Pierse, neer the brooke and in it, I bored clay as blew as ultra marine, and incomparably fine, without anything of sand, &c., which perhaps might be proper for Mr. Dwight for his making of porcelaine. It is also at other places hereabout, but 'tis rare."

The editor, in a note upon this passage, remarks:—"It is not very clear that 'blew clay,' however fine, could be proper for the 'making of porcelaine,' the chief characteristic of which is its transparent whiteness. Apart from this, however, Aubrey's remark is curious, as it intimates that the manufacture of porcelain was attempted in this country at an earlier period than is generally believed. The famous porcelain works at Chelsea were not established till long afterwards, and according to Dr. Plot, whose 'Natural History of Staffordshire' was published in 1686, the only kinds of pottery then made in that county were the coarse yellow, red, black, and mottled wares, and of these the chief sale was to 'poor crate men, who carried them on their backs all over the country.'" Mr. Britton adds, "I have not found any account of the Mr. Dwight mentioned by Aubrey, or of his attempts to improve the Art of Pottery."

It is remarkable that Britton, who has here quoted Dr. Plot's own words in his "History of Staffordshire," should never have looked into the same author's "History of Oxfordshire," published nearly ten years earlier; had he done so, he would have found Dwight's name honourably mentioned. Mr. Britton's doubt about the "blew clay" being fit for porcelain, is easily explained. The blue clay is considered the best for making porcelain, and fetches the highest price; it not only burns very white, but forms a ware of great solidity, and will bear a larger proportion of flint than any other.

From the foregoing accounts it is perfectly clear that an attempt was successfully made to produce porcelain by John Dwight, of Oxford, as early as the year 1671. Dr. Plot says it was of *transparent earth, coloured with metallic colours, like that of china*.

We may, therefore, assume that, having perfected his discoveries, and finding the sale of his newly-invented wares was likely to be of considerable magnitude, he removed his manufactory nearer the metropolis, and proceeded to secure his inventions by patent.

His first patent is dated April 23, 1671, and runs thus:—"John Dwight, gentleman, hath represented unto us, that by his own industry, and at his own proper costs and charges, he hath invented and sett up at Fulham, in our County of Middlesex, several new manufactures, &c." "The mystery of transparent earthenware, com-

monly knowne by the names of porcelaine or china, and Persian ware, as alsoe the misterie of the stone ware, vulgarly called Cologne ware; and that he designed to introduce a manufacture of the said wares into our kingdom of England, where they have not hitherto bene wrought or made;" granted "for the tearme of foureteene years, paying yearly and every yeare during the said terme twentie shillings of lawfull money of England."

That he continued these new manufactures successfully is proved by his obtaining at the expiration of this term of fourteen years a renewal of his patent.

It is dated June 12th, 1684. "Severall new manufactures or earthenwares, called by the names of white gorges (pitchers), marbled *porcellane vessels, statues, and figures*, and fine stone gorges and vessels, never before made in England or elsewhere; and alsoe discovered the mystery of *transparent porcellane*, and opacous redd and darke coloured porcellane or china, and Persian wares, and the mystery of the Cologne or stone wares;" granted "for the term of foureteene years."

Unfortunately, there is not a fragment of porcelain in the *Fulham trouvaile* of Mr. C. W. Reynolds, which we shall presently have occasion to notice. But we must not too hastily conclude that, because none is yet known, there is none in existence. A few years since, if any collector had inquired where any pieces of Moustiers Fayence could be procured, he would have been told that even the name had never been heard of as a pottery; yet now we know that this place was celebrated over Europe in the beginning of the last century, as one of the largest emporiums of the fictile art, and numerous products can now be produced, which had before been attributed to Rouen, St. Cloud, and other places. The same dark cloud hung over the productions of porcelain at Florence, made as early as 1575; the Henri Deux ware of Oirons, near Thouars, of the beginning of the sixteenth century; and other places which modern research has brought to light. Such was also the obscurity of the imitation Cologne ware, so much lauded by Dr. Plot; but now we know that it was extensively made at Fulham, and although it has hitherto been confounded with the German *grès* itself, yet we can now easily distinguish and refer it to its original source. The Company of Glass-sellers of London, who were the dealers in that commodity, having contracted to buy only his stone ware, to the entire exclusion of the foreign, its sale must have been very extensive.

The Fulham stoneware, in imitation of that of Cologne, is frequently seen at the present day in collections. It is of exceedingly hard and close texture, very compact and sonorous with salt glaze, usually of a grey colour, ornamented with a brilliant blue enamel, in bands, leaves, and flowers. The stalks have frequently four or more lines running parallel, as though drawn with a flat notched stick on the moist clay; the flowers, as well as the outlines, are raised, and painted a morone colour, sometimes with small raised ornaments of flowers, and cherubs' heads, and medallions of kings and queens of England in front, with Latin names and titles, and initials of Charles II., William III., William and Mary, Anne, and George I. The forms are mugs, jugs, butter-pots, cylindrical or barrel-shaped, &c.; the jugs are spherical, with straight narrow necks, frequently ornamented in pewter like the German, and raised medallions in front, with the letters CR. WR. AR. GR., &c., in the German style of ornamenta-

tion. These were in very common use, and superseded the Bellarmine and longbeards.

We must now direct especial attention to a most interesting collection of the early productions of the Fulham manufactory, in the possession of Mr. C. W. Reynolds. It consists of about twenty-five specimens, which have been preserved by successive members of the Dwight family, where they had remained as heirlooms since the period of their manufacture, and were purchased from the last representative of the family. The statuettes and busts are of *grès* or stoneware, beautifully modelled:—A large bust of Charles II., life-size, wearing the Order of the George and collar; smaller busts of Charles II. and James II., the large wigs, lace ties, &c., being minutely modelled; two female busts, with diadems; full-length figures of Flora, Minerva, Meleager; a sportsman in the costume of Charles II.'s reign; a girl holding flowers, two lambs by her side; a girl with her hands clasped, drapery over her head and round her body, at her feet a skull and plucked flowers—the two last are probably members of Dwight's family; five stoneware statuettes in imitation of bronze, of Jupiter, Neptune, Mars, Meleager, and Saturn. These figures are from seven to thirteen inches high. But the most interesting relic of the manufactory, executed in the hard stoneware, is a beautiful half-length figure of a lifeless female child, lying upon a pillow, with eyes closed, her hands on her breast clasping a bouquet of flowers, and a broad lace band over her forehead, evidently modelled from the child after death. This most touching memento of one of the earliest of England's potters recalls the words of Dr. Plot, that "he had so far advanced the art plastic, that 'tis dubious whether any man since Prometheus ever excelled him," for the child seems almost to breathe again. Fortunately we are not left to conjecture its history; it tells its own tale—for on the back is inscribed in the clay, while yet moist before baking, "*Lydia Dwight, died March 3, 1672*." It was therefore executed the year after he had taken out his first patent. There is a large Fayence plateau, twenty-three inches in diameter, in exact imitation of the early Nevers ware, covered with a rich *bleu de Perse* enamel, for which that manufacture was celebrated, decorated with white flowers and scrolls, the centre being filled with the royal arms and monogram of Charles II., boldly sketched.

Among the minor productions are a slate-coloured bottle, with marbled bands, and white figures, in relief, of a church, birds, Merry Andrew, and in the centre the busts of William and Mary; another with white figures as the last, and the letter C.; two marbled bottles; a cylindrical mug, with stamped ornaments in relief, and in front Hogarth's 'Midnight Conversation'; a butter-boat, the outside formed of leaves, and stalk handle, like the early Chelsea pieces; and two open dishes in the form of leaves.

In looking over this collection, we are astonished at the variety of Dwight's productions, and the great perfection to which he had brought the potter's art, both in the manipulation and the enamel colours employed in decoration. The figures, busts, and groups are exquisitely modelled, and will bear comparison with any contemporary manufactures in Europe; and a careful inspection will convince any unprejudiced mind of the erroneous impression which exists, that, until the time of Wedgwood, the potter's art in England was at a very low ebb; and none but the rudest description of pottery was made, without any attempt to display artistic excellence.

Such is especially the idea on the Continent. A recent French writer (Greslou, "Recherches sur la Ceramique") says:—"C'est à Wedgwood que l'Angleterre est redevable de ses plus grands progrès dans l'art du potier; Avant lui, les produits Anglais étaient, sous tous les rapports, à quelques exceptions près, bien inférieures à ceux des autres pays." The same writer, in speaking of the early blue painted china of Worcester, and its similarity to that of St. Cloud, inquires, "A qui l'industrie Anglaise est elle redevable de la connaissance de ce genre de décoration?" and endeavors thus to solve the problem: "Peut-être à un ouvrier transfuge de notre pays, peut être aussi à Martin Lister car on sait que celui-ci lors du voyage qu'il fit en France en 1698 visita St. Cloud, &c."

Here, however, we have examples of English pottery a century before Josiah Wedgwood's time, which would not disgrace the atelier of that distinguished potter himself, and convincing proofs of a knowledge of the art of making and decorating porcelain long before it was made at St. Cloud, so that we are not likely to be indebted to a deserter from that fabrique, nor to the knowledge obtained by Dr. Martin Lister, who, curiously enough (being an Englishman), is the only person to bear testimony to the excellence of the St. Cloud porcelain, about which French authors of the time are altogether silent.

The discovery of the two patents granted to John Dwight in 1671, and to Ariens Van Hamme in 1676, now published for the first time in treating on the matter, opens a new field for research in another direction.

In the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1737, we find the following notice:—"At Fulham, Dr. Dwight, author of several curious treatises on physic; he was the first that found out the secret to colour earthenware like china."

Whether this notice refers to John Dwight or to his brother, Dr. Dwight, who, according to Lysons, was Vicar of Fulham, we cannot satisfactorily decide, but the former must have died about this time, leaving the business to be carried on by his daughter, Margaret Dwight, in partnership with a Mr. Warland. But they were not successful, for in 1746 the *Gazette* informs us that Margaret Dwight and Thomas Warland, of Fulham, potters, were bankrupts. This daughter was subsequently married to Mr. White, who re-established the pottery. Lysons, writing in 1795, says, "The works are still carried on at Fulham by Mr. White, a descendant in the female line of the first proprietor. Mr. White's father, who married one of the Dwight family (a niece of Dr. Dwight, Vicar of Fulham), obtained a premium in 1761 from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c., "for the making of crucibles of British materials."

In 1762, 25th January, William White, of Fulham, potter, took out a patent for his invention of "A new manufacture of crucibles for the melting metals and salts, &c., called by the name of white crucibles or melting pottes, made of British materials, and never before made in England or elsewhere, and which I have lately sett up at Fulham. Take Stourbridge clay and Dorsetshire clay, calcined; mix them with Woolwich sand and water; to be trodden with the feet and then burned."

In 1813 the manufactory was in the hands of Mr. White, a son of the above, and the articles then made were chiefly stone jars, pots, jugs, &c. The works are still continued on the old premises at Fulham.

W. CHAFFERS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

In this, the tenth year of the permanent Art-exhibition of the Crystal Palace, justice must again be done to Mr. Wasse's management of this department, by unqualified commendation of the energy and judgment whereby increasing attraction is given to the collections. It is gratifying to learn that the examples set by Mr. David Price and Mr. Bicknell, in confiding for exhibition in these galleries portions of their various collections, are likely to be followed by other eminent patrons of Fine Art; so that each season will afford, as a principal feature, a selection of works not otherwise accessible to the public. These valuable additions will be regarded with a special interest as presenting opportunities of becoming acquainted with pictures many of which have never been exhibited, and of renewing our acquaintance with others we should be unwilling to forget. There are many collections both in and around London, the temporary access to which, by such provisions as those available at the Crystal Palace, would be considered as a boon both by artists and the public.

The catalogue of the present season describes upwards of fifteen hundred pictures and drawings, beginning with Verrio's copies of Raffaele's cartoons, now at South Kensington, and followed by a long list of English and foreign works, of which many are productions of great excellence. In the copies of the old masters alone, by the late Benjamin West, is a profitable field of study for the young painter who purposes visiting the galleries of Italy. Of these there are one hundred and thirty-one, and among them drawings of a selection of the most famous pictures on the Continent. Making copies like these was West's occupation for years, and he acquired such facility and rapidity as to stand alone in this kind of practice. It may be there are not many important pictures painted expressly for this gallery; but when it is stated that the sales of the last year amounted to £7,000, there is no reason why entire collections should not be hung there for the first time, although such an arrangement might prevent the re-exhibition of many works which, although but seen, perhaps, on rare opportunities during one season, have yet been held in cherished remembrance by discriminating lovers of Art. There have been reproduced here at different times since the establishment of this gallery, works by Etty, Stanfield, Roberts, Goodall, Hilton, Creswick, Stothard, Bright, Müller, and of a host of other artists of our school, whose names are a guarantee for the real merit of the pictures to which they attach. On the walls at the present time are pictures by the late A. L. Egg, R.A., by W. E. Frost, A.R.A., F. Danby, A.R.A., S. Hart, R.A., P. H. Calderon, A.R.A., G. Stanfield, W. D. Kennedy, F. B. Barwell, J. Uwins, R.A., H. Bright, E. Hargitt, E. T. Parris, L. W. Desanges, W. Duffield, J. H. S. Mann, W. Frazer, J. Hayllar, W. E. Bates, E. J. Niemann, S. Bough, W. Müller, F. Stone, A.R.A., and others. Among the pictures of the foreign schools is one that was presented to Garibaldi by the ladies of Milan: it represents the patriot borne wounded down the heights of Aspromonte, surrounded by all the notables of his staff. By the Baron Leys is a marvellous 'Dutch Wedding'; also subjects by the Baron Wappers, Verboeckhoven, Christ and Verboeckhoven, De Biefve, Van Schendel, Muhr, Witkamp, Schlesinger, Hillemaier, Grellet, Fichel, Pécrus, Edouard Frère, Gronland, &c. The responsibility of the arrangements for this department rests, we believe, with Mr. Wasse—the discernment and order of whose dispositions cannot, as already intimated, be too highly praised.

The present notice is necessarily limited to giving the names of the artists, among whom are many of distinction. Foreign schools have always been well represented at the Crystal Palace, so that even there, before seeking acquaintance with the living schools of France, Belgium, and Holland in their native cities, a good conception of their characters may be formed.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.*

JOSHUA REYNOLDS is a name which sounds ever pleasant in our ears. The Art-criticism of Charles Robert Leslie was only less catholic and delicate than his painting; and Tom Taylor, captain, professor, and secretary, dramatist, critic, and biographer, has long ago won his spurs as a sharp and discriminating observer of human life and character. We therefore took up these two long-promised and bulky volumes in the confident expectation that a literary treat of no common excellence was before us, and we have arrived at an opposite conclusion with very great reluctance.

Mr. Taylor's task was no doubt a difficult one. We have no means of ascertaining the exact state in which Mr. Leslie left his manuscript, but, as we are told that it had been his "cherished object for many years" to vindicate the memory of Reynolds from the injurious tone of Allan Cunningham's biography, and as we find his narrative and his criticism extending over every period of Sir Joshua's career—from his birth to his burial—it is probable that the whole work was rough-cast, and wanted little more than the final revision of its author. But at this stage the hand of death intervened, and the manuscript was consigned to Mr. Taylor with an apparent *carte blanche* to do as he liked with it. Mr. Murray no doubt feeling a justifiable confidence that it was perfectly safe in the hands of so skilful a manipulator of other men's ideas.

The style in which Leslie writes is, as usual, simple and pure, and his criticisms on Art are delivered with a modest good sense which comes with a double grace from one so well entitled to speak with authority. Mr. Taylor, too, writes easily and clearly enough, but his style wants the quiet limpid flow of Leslie's, and he dogmatizes on paintings and theories of Art with all the assurance of a Barry or a Haydon. Lord Chatham's happy description of the Rhone and the Saone joining without mingling, affords but a feeble image of the manner in which the joint streams of Leslie and Taylor refuse to combine in the volumes now before us; while, as if to add to the struggling elements, the crude jottings from Sir Joshua's little pocket-books, which are inserted at annual intervals, have been annotated apparently by an independent hand which takes no heed about repeating information already given in text or notes. We have thus, as it were, four writers before us at the same time, Leslie, Reynolds, the annotator, and Taylor, and are involved in all the confusion of a Diatessaron.

To preserve some sort of distinction between the contributions, brackets of the kind employed in the bad-leg-of-mutton edition of Boswell's "Johnson" are resorted to; but, while sometimes, as at vol. ii. p. 128, we have such an important sentence as the following "[[at Christchurch, Oxford]]" ostentatiously isolated, the brackets are never continued at the top of each page according to Mr. Croker's plan, and are frequently omitted where "internal evidence" tells us very plainly they ought to be inserted. But in a joint-stock association of this description the critic can recognise no condition of Limited Liability. Mr. Taylor had full power to omit where he pleased, and if not to omit, to correct, and he must not complain if he is occasionally blamed for

* LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. With Notices of some of his Contemporaries. Commenced by Charles Robert Leslie, R.A.; continued and concluded by Tom Taylor, M.A. In 2 vols., with Portraits and Illustrations. Published by John Murray, London.

blunders which were not in the first instance his own.

To justify the ambitious and wide-spread title of *LIFE AND TIMES*, we are presented at the beginning of each year with a review of the state of Europe, embracing an account of all the "stirring incidents" which our author (vol. i. p. 122) curiously subdivides into "parliamentary, social, and national." Now, considering that Reynolds arrived from Italy in 1752, and died in 1792 in the full possession of his faculties and his fame, and that his career thus extended over forty most important years of our history, Mr. Taylor must be admitted to have had an ample field to expatiate upon, and we are somewhat surprised to find (vol. ii. p. 375) that there is "but one episode in the political history of that half century on which the mind can rest with satisfaction." This episode is declared to be "the too brief second Rockingham administration," which lasted barely three months, so that the remaining thirty-nine years and three-quarters must be regarded in a very piteous light. Mr. Taylor must have forgotten that during this period Lord Chatham had raised England to the very pinnacle of greatness, and that Reynolds was laid in St. Paul's before a cloud had passed over the glory of the statesman's son.

While Mr. Taylor's own views of politics are peculiar, he represents the feelings of Reynolds as still more remarkable. At p. 190 of the second volume, when speaking of one stage of the American war, he is described as "dispirited because the tide of success seemed to be running strong and steadily for the mother country;" and two pages further on we find that he was "destined to another deep mortification in the surrender of his friend Burgoyne." There being, as far as we know, no foundation at all for the former assertion, and no reason to suppose that Reynolds felt any such absorbing interest, or indeed any interest at all, in the shallow and pretentious coxcomb who, after so malignantly criticising the actions of men like Clive, had shown himself so ludicrously unfit to follow in their footsteps.

In selecting the "social stirring incidents" of each year, Mr. Taylor has an eye rather to those which will furnish amusing paragraphs than to such as bear more directly on the career of his hero. Indeed he would appear to consider this quite a secondary consideration, for (vol. i. p. 93) we find him stating that "we have no list of sitters for 1753-4, but the loss is the less to be regretted since the time was a singularly dull one." Now this, if it means anything, can only mean that the progress of Reynolds' art, and the identification of the works which he executed, are of small importance as compared to the amusing little anecdotes which the names of the sitters would suggest, and the imaginary talk which he would thus have been enabled to put into their mouths; for it is one of Mr. Taylor's ideas, that immediately any person became seated in the old leather-covered, brass-knobbed chair (which is so familiar to us in many a noble painting and hardly less noble mezzotint), at once, like the ancient mariner, he recognised "the wedding guest" in Sir Joshua:—

"I have strange power of speech:
That moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me;
To him my tale I teach."

In pursuance of this idea, statesmen, philosophers, unhappy spouses, and papilionaceous *traviatas* are all represented as pouring their plans and their sorrows into the confiding ear of Sir Joshua, who, by-

the-bye, must have left off painting to listen to them, as we do not suppose he could have held his ear-trumpet and his maulstick at one and the same time.

In some cases these imaginary confidences are amusingly improbable: as, for instance (vol. i. p. 270), where we learn "that Reynolds might have heard from that unwearied intriguer, Lord Temple, who was sitting to him in February, his ideas as to the possibility of an accommodation, before the year was out, between the Grenvilles and the Rockinghams." Certainly he *might* have heard it, but considering the character of the sitter we can hardly conceive anything more improbable. Mr. Taylor calls him an "unwearied intriguer," and he is always represented as the most haughty and reserved of human beings. There is no trace of any intimacy existing between him and Reynolds; and we believe Temple, from all recorded of him, to have been the very man to look down upon the painter's profession. Sir Joshua's grand portrait of him is the very incarnation of arrogant, ill-conditioned self-importance.

So, too (vol. i. p. 160), "Prince Edward may have repeated to him, with all the glee of his frank and joyous temperament, how he had kissed the ladies all round at the ball he had given them at St. Helen's;" and so, too, Benjamin Franklin (vol. ii. p. 99), whom "he must have met" somewhere, may (at this supposititious somewhere), "I doubt not, have often discussed with him the rights and wrongs of the great questions at issue between the mother-country and the colonies." How strange it is that when these mythical confidences with great men are brought so prominently forward, no mention is made of the *fact*, so honourable to Reynolds, that in 1790 Burke submitted to him the manuscript of his "Reflections on the French Revolution," the subsequent publication of which was to produce so prodigious a sensation throughout Europe.

But perhaps the most ingeniously gratuitous instance of this peculiar kind of biographical assumption is at page 327 of the first volume, where some entries of the word "Noverre" are found in one of the pocket-books. It is not a "pigment," nor a "vehicle," nor a sitter. At last it is discovered that a fashionable dancing-master of the period bore that name, and he is at once assumed to be the person intended. The whole matter then becomes perfectly clear to Mr. Taylor, and Joshua Reynolds, *anno ætatis* 46, is assumed to have been taking dancing lessons in order that he might be able to take an active part in the gaieties of the time! But this is not all. On the strength of this pile of gratuitous assumptions we are treated to ten mortal columns of small type in the shape of a "contemporary description which will help us to see Vauxhall as Sir Joshua saw it in 1769." The annotator must be in error in stating that this description is abbreviated. We do not well see how it could have been longer or more tedious. After this we ought to congratulate ourselves when (vol. i. p. 355) we escape with only two long columns describing the dresses at a masquerade, at which, *perhaps*, Sir Joshua was present!

At last, facts, and presumptive facts, and declared fictions are so completely confounded, that Sir Joshua's own imaginary dialogues between himself and Johnson, and Gibbon and Johnson, are spoken of (vol. i. p. 249) as if he had been merely lumping together into two dialogues what Johnson had uttered in many conversations; whereas the great merit of these very clever papers consists in their display-

ing Reynolds' power to enter into Johnson's mind by expressing himself as Johnson would have done in the imaginary position in which he has placed him. It is probable that Reynolds never heard any one of these ideas proceed from the mouth of Johnson, and, indeed, many of them purposely border on caricature. But Reynolds was writing a playful squib, not an elaborate biography.

Mr. Taylor's plan is so comprehensive, and his manner so discursive, that it is hard to say what topic may not be enlarged upon in his pages, but if there is one to which he has devoted more pains than another, it must be pronounced to be the tracing of the careers of the more celebrated "Anonyms," as they would now be called, whose names are found among the sitters of Sir Joshua. Kitty Fisher, Nelly O'Brien, and Poll Kennedy, are names which become quite familiar to us in the course of these volumes; and so well and pleasantly are they written about, that if a *Biographia Erotica Britannica* ever has to be compiled, we should be at no loss to recommend an editor. It is only just to say that the friendly and familiar footing on which it is evident they stood with Sir Joshua, is more than sufficient to justify the space which is devoted to them, and his high and unspotted character renders unnecessary any protest which the constant use of the name of Phryne, the friend of Praxiteles, in connection with theirs, would otherwise have called for. The affecting story of Miss Kennedy's noble struggle to save the lives of her brothers is so creditable to her woman's heart, and so well told throughout, that we are tempted to forget the small connection it has with the subject in hand, and only to regret that it has been disfigured by one serious blemish of taste.

When an author deliberately strays from his main subject, we feel that in proportion as the work becomes purely voluntary, the more incumbent it is upon him to observe the most scrupulous accuracy in every statement. When, therefore, we discovered in the index that at vol. ii. p. 316, there was to be found a "sketch of the career" of Sir John Macpherson, our first impulse was one of astonishment as to what that worthy had done to entitle his "career" to a place in the "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds;" and this being discovered to consist in the mention of his name in a single letter, our next was to examine what was said of him. We were not prepared for any particular degree of accuracy in this instance, but we were certainly surprised to be told that he achieved a reputation for courage at the "storming of Bangalore," a place which was not attacked till some years after he had finally quitted India: and still more, that his tenure of the Governor Generalship was "marked by bold and able financial and administrative reforms," whereas it is perfectly well known that Warren Hastings denounced him as unscrupulous and corrupt, and that the Marquis Cornwallis characterised his government as "a system of the dirtiest jobbing," and himself as "guilty of degrading his country by his quibbles and his lies," and as "the most contemptible and contemned governor that ever pretended to govern!" After this it will appear a trifling error to represent General Oglethorpe (vol. ii. p. 28) who was born in the year 1698, as "serving as a lad of seventeen under Eugene and Marlborough," which can hardly be the case, as every schoolboy knows, in these days of examinations, that Marlborough was removed from his command in 1711. Oglethorpe did serve under Eugene in his campaigns against the Turks, but not till some years subsequently.

Again, we have a large space taken up with the entrance into life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and his first wife, Eliza Linley, the "beauteous mother of a beauteous race." In the course of this we are told that "her husband, proud of her as he was, would never allow her to sing in public after her marriage;" and, in the preceding page, this marriage is fixed as having taken place in March, 1772; while in the same breath we learn that she "sang at Covent Garden in the Lent of 1773," full a twelvemonth subsequently, with such effect, that Horace Walpole tells us she was "ogled" by no less a person than his Most Sacred Majesty King George III. But the blundering does not end here. Has Mr. Taylor ever read the extraordinary autobiographical letter which Miss Linley herself wrote to her confidential friend, Miss Saunders, and which she meant to be regarded as the *Apologia pro vita sua*, or, at least, for that critical portion of it? Had he done so, he would have learned much of which he seems to be ignorant, and, in particular, would have been at no loss to understand why "even the independent and impulsive Duchess of Devonshire hesitated at first about inviting the interesting young couple to Devonshire House;" and if he had further referred to so common a book as Moore's "Life of Sheridan," he would certainly not have celebrated the story of "Miss Linley's rejection of that sordid old hunk, Richard Walter Long, the Wiltshire miser." He would there have learned that this sordid old hunk proved the reality of his attachment to her in a way which Tom Moore (a judge in such matters) considers "few young lovers would be romantic enough to imitate." He was formally engaged to marry her with something more than the approbation of her parents, but being secretly told by her that she entertained an unhappy passion for a married man of the name of Matthews, and would be miserable as his wife, he "generously took upon himself the whole blame of breaking off the alliance, and even indemnified the father, who was proceeding to bring the transaction into court, by settling £3,000 upon his daughter." Mr. Moore adds that "Mr. Sheridan owed to this liberal conduct not only the possession of the woman he loved, but the means of supporting her during the first years of their marriage." It will be admitted that poor Mr. Long receives scant justice at the hands of Sir Joshua Reynolds' biographers!

Mr. Taylor calls Lady Sarah Lennox the cousin of Charles Fox. She was his aunt, the sister of his mother. He calls her first husband, Sir Charles Bunbury, the brother-in-law of Captain Horneck. He was nothing of the sort. It was Henry Bunbury, the caricaturist, who married into that family. He calls Lady Sarah's second husband General Napier: he never reached a higher grade than colonel. And he states that "George III. would have married her but for the negative put upon it by his council." We have never met with the above fact in the course of our reading, and doubt its truth. If the word "mother" were substituted for "council," it would perhaps be nearer the mark.

When we come to matters more immediately connected with the history of Sir Joshua Reynolds, we find equal reason to be dissatisfied with the want of care to ensure correctness; but before entering into these, it will be proper to devote a few lines to the previous biographers of the great painter.

There can be no doubt that one of Sir Joshua's fondest hopes was that his Life

should be undertaken by Edmund Burke, or, failing him, that it should be written by James Boswell, or Edmund Malone. But Burke, bowed down by domestic sorrows, and appalled and absorbed by the spectre of revolutionary anarchy, contented himself with writing that eloquent obituary notice which, brief as it is, presents by far the noblest eulogy which has ever yet been pronounced on the great painter's memory. Mr. Leslie, indeed, tells us that Burke was "no judge of Reynolds' excellence as a painter," and Mr. Taylor makes no remark of dissent; but what can be more felicitously discriminating, as well as more eloquent, than his remark that "his portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere."

The duty which was neglected by Burke was hardly to be expected to be performed by Boswell, now broken down by disease, dissipation, and disappointment; and such of his notes regarding Reynolds as had not found a place in the immortal Life of Johnson, were made over to their common friend Malone. But Malone, in his turn, had ceased to be what he was when he had found it a pastime to make himself the perfect master of all the dramatic literature of England, and of everything bearing upon it, however distant. He put off the task from day to day, and at last produced the short biographical sketch which forms the introduction to the ordinary edition of the Discourses. But brief and unsatisfactory though it be, it is to our mind infinitely more valuable than the more ambitious "life" which succeeded it.

James Northcote came from the same part of Devonshire as Reynolds, and being introduced to him by the Mudgetts, was received as an inmate into his house in Leicester Square, and remained there for some years. There is abundant evidence to show that Northcote looked back upon this period of his life with small satisfaction, and that he regarded the memory of Reynolds with even less affection than he did the rest of mankind. He was a hard and crabbed painter, with some power of telling a story, but without one other artistic qualification; and if we omit this power of telling a story, the same character may be applied to him as a writer. We only wish his "Life of Reynolds" had by some chance crossed the path of Mr. Carlyle's pen. Its author would then have been immortalised in his proper place, as Dryasdust or Ape of the Dead Sea. But, bad as it was, it answered its turn by keeping the name of Northcote before the world as the pupil and friend of Sir Joshua, and so contributing to swell the accumulation of three per cents., the chink of whose dividends was the one sound in which his sordid soul found pleasure.

Northcote was succeeded by Farington, also a Royal Academician, who, under the gentle sway of West, is said to have usurped the whole power of the president and council. His declared object in writing was to defend his brother members from Malone's assertion that they had driven Sir Joshua from the chair of the Academy, and in this we think he has succeeded. The true state of the case was, perhaps, best hit off by Haydon (Taylor's Life, vol. ii. p. 149):—"Reynolds was naturally irritable. His good fortune and success, with the submission he received, kept him amiable; but the first time he was thwarted, he got into a passion and resigned."

In 1829 Allan Cunningham published the

first volume of his "Lives of the British Painters," and of this a considerable space was devoted to a memoir of Reynolds. It is distinguished, like the rest of his sketches, by lively narrative, shrewd common sense, and ready appreciation of genius in all its workings. But it so happened that he had been thrown among men who had imbibed the feeling against Reynolds which was common to two-thirds of the London artists at the end of the last century. According to them he was, to people above him, and to equals who were not artists, as "gentle, complying, and bland," as Goldsmith has described; but beneath this pleasant surface lay a cold and jealous nature, which showed no sympathy for the feelings of those below him, and which led him to employ against "brothers near the throne" all the unworthy arts which Pope has imputed to Addison. To this view of Sir Joshua's character, particularly as regarded his treatment of inferiors, we are inclined to think that Cunningham has attached, at least, as great importance as it deserved. He would have escaped much hostile criticism if he had anticipated Mr. Leslie's plan of accepting as conclusive the evidence (of Northcote, for instance) whenever it is pleasant, and of quietly ignoring or boldly rejecting it when it militates in any way against his hero! When Lord Bolingbroke, in the presence of Voltaire, was appealed to regarding the Duke of Marlborough's avarice, he answered, "He was so great a man that I have forgotten his weaknesses;" and Reynolds is almost great enough to deserve something of the same respect.

We have no space to enter at length upon the merits of the case "Leslie versus Cunningham in re Reynolds," and will only notice an amusing conflict of opinion between Leslie and his editor. At vol. i. p. 48, Leslie says, "Allan Cunningham's accusation against Reynolds, that he recommended in his discourses the masters he did not study, and said little or nothing of those he did study, is wholly groundless." And at vol. i. p. 340, Mr. Taylor writes, "I see in this excessive glorification of the Caracci style, the influence of the taste of the time upon the speaker, rather than the conclusion of his genuine judgment, and I appeal from the *Pall-Mall Discourse to the Venetian Notes*," which is precisely what Cunningham had asserted and Leslie so flatly contradicted. Elsewhere (vol. i. p. 409) Mr. Taylor says, "I cannot but think Sir Joshua's discourses among the unsafest of all guides to the student."

We have before said that we regarded the memoir of Malone as of great importance. It is so, because the facts related in it were within the personal knowledge of the author and his friends, and were in many instances communicated to them by Sir Joshua himself. Why, then, are the anecdotes taken from it mixed up with those drawn from inferior authorities, without any reference to the source from which each is derived? As an example of how an incident suffers from such neglect, we will take the story of Sir Joshua's early knowledge of perspective. At vol. i. p. 48 we find the bald statement that, "at eight years old he had made himself sufficiently master of perspective from the Jesuits' treatise, to draw the school-house according to rule—no easy matter, as the upper part is half supported by a range of pillars. 'Now this,' said his father, 'exemplifies what the author asserts in his preface, that by observing the rules laid down in this book, a man may do wonders, for this is wonderful.'" Now why are we not told

that this was related by Sir Joshua himself to James Boswell? And why are the following circumstances omitted? First, that the book was not one procured for the purpose, but formed a portion of his father's little library—"it happened to lie in the window seat of my father's parlour;" and second, that from this studying at eight years old, "I made myself so completely master of it, that I never afterwards had occasion to study any other treatise on the subject." With these omissions the story loses half its weight and all its interest.

We will give yet another example of the same kind of unappreciative carelessness. In the fourteenth discourse, where Reynolds mentions, in speaking of the death-bed conversation with Gainsborough, that, "without entering into a detail of what passed at this interview, the impression of it upon my mind was, that his regret at losing life was principally the regret of losing his art; and more especially as he now began, he said, to see what his deficiencies were," the biographer merely adds that "whatever more Sir Joshua might have told of his interview must have been to his own honour." But instead of this speculative conclusion, ought we not rather to have been told the one circumstance which Sir Joshua related to Malone, namely, that the dying painter had many of his unfinished pictures brought to his bedside to show them to his illustrious rival, and to tell him what he intended to do if he were only spared to finish them?

We had certainly expected that particular pains would have been taken to throw light on the intercourse between Reynolds and Gainsborough, a subject on which Mr. Taylor may rest assured the world takes more interest than in the history of a score of "Phrynes;" but, so far is this from being the case, that of the little already known, fully one-half is omitted. All that is here recorded is that "soon after his arrival in London, Sir Joshua called on him, but the visit was not returned, and for several years there was no intercourse between them" (vol. ii. p. 83); and again (vol. ii. p. 379), "on Sunday, the 3rd of November, 1732, and again on Sunday, the 10th, he has appointments with Mr. Gainsborough at ten. This is the nearest *rapprochement* recorded of these illustrious rivals till Sir Joshua was called by the dying Gainsborough to his bedside. The progress of the picture was interrupted by Sir Joshua's illness,—a paralytic attack of sufficient severity to alarm his friends seriously. Probably this attack prevented even the second sitting to Gainsborough." We are thankful to Mr. Taylor for the dates which he has here supplied to us; but why are we not informed of what Sir Joshua himself told Malone on the subject?—that after several years of uncivil neglect on the part of Gainsborough he at last returned his call, and solicited him to sit for his picture—that he sat once, but, being soon after affected by a slight paralytic stroke, he was obliged to go to Bath—that on his coming back perfectly recovered, he sent word to Gainsborough that he was returned, to which he only replied he was glad to hear he was well, and never afterwards desired him to sit, or called upon him, or had any intercourse with him till he was dying. The dates of the two appointments for sittings completely confirm Sir Joshua's story, and if Mr. Taylor had met with it, he would not have had to say that *probably* the second sitting did not take place.

After writing of Gainsborough the name of Wilson naturally occurs to us, and here, too, we have to complain of our disappoint-

ment in finding that no mention whatever is made of the familiar intercourse which we know must have existed at one time between him and Reynolds. Both the well-known stories about Wilson's enthusiasm for his art rest on the authority of Sir Joshua, and were related by him as happening in his presence. "Picturesque" Price says, "Sir Joshua Reynolds told me that when he and Wilson were looking at the view from Richmond Terrace," &c., &c.; and in almost the same way "Invalid" Mathews relates the companion anecdote about the Fall of Terni. But most particularly we had hoped for a contradiction of the statement that when Wilson asked permission to hang one of his neglected landscapes in Sir Joshua's gallery, he met with a point-blank refusal.

While perusing these volumes, we marked down thirty-seven well-known names which were mis-spelt, in addition to those corrected in the printed *Errata*, and without taking note of the lists of Sir Joshua's sitters; we also remarked that "looks communing with the skies," was printed instead of "looks commercing;" and that Johnson, who was hard enough pressed to explain why Garrick's death could "have eclipsed the gaiety of nations," was made to say that it "eclipsed the gaiety of nature," which would have been still more difficult to clear up. We may mention, too, that at vol. i. p. 280, Mr. Taylor is at a loss to know why Reynolds sends no picture to the exhibition of 1767. Had he studied Burke's letters to Barry, which we plainly see he quotes at second-hand from Northcote, he would have found, under date April 26, 1767, "The exhibition will be opened to-morrow. Reynolds, though he has, I think, some better portraits than he ever before painted, does not think mere heads sufficient, and, having no piece of fancy finished, sends in nothing this time."

In spite, however, of all we have said, and of much more we could have said, we cannot help feeling that we are indebted to Mr. Leslie and to Mr. Taylor for their labours; and if the multifarious employments of the latter gentleman had left him leisure for the thorough revision and condensation of his materials, we rise convinced that he possesses the other qualifications for his task. As it is, however, the Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds has yet to be written.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The sale of pictures by auction at this season of the year has become almost as common in Paris as in London. Last month we noticed the dispersion of the Pourtales Gallery; since then the collection of the Duchesse de Berri has been submitted to the hammer. The principal pictures were the following, but the prices they realised were considerably less than was generally expected, owing, as it was alleged in the room, to a combination among the dealers to prevent any "rise."—"The Dog of the Regiment," £604; and "The Wounded Trumpeter," £660: these are the two celebrated pictures by Horace Vernet, painted for the Duke de Berri in 1816, and are well known by the engravings from them. "The Unfortunate Family," P. Proudhon, £1,000; "Entry of Henry IV. into Paris," Gérard, £124; "The Theatre of the Ambigu-Comique on a Free Night," Boilly, £138; "Portrait of Madame Pompadour," F. Guerin, £136; "Lady Hamilton as a Sibyl," V. Lebrun, £200; "Portrait of Christina of Savoy," F. Probus, £324.

MUNICH.—A statue of Claude has been executed at the expense of the King of Bavaria for erection in the neighbourhood of this city: it was expected to be placed on the site intended for it during the last month.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE ZOUAVE'S STORY.

F. W. Topham, Painter. C. W. Sharpe, Engraver.

ONLY a very few years ago, and the title of this picture would have been totally incomprehensible to nineteen-twentieths of those persons who might have seen it; but political events during the period have made it intelligible, and the word Zouave has been incorporated not only into our own language, but into that of every European nation. France, unlike our own country, has a partiality for distinguishing in a peculiar way the various arms of her military service; and, perhaps, with the large bodies of troops always at command of the government, it may be a necessity; at any rate, *voltigeurs*, *chasseurs*, *gardes-de-corps*, *Zouaves*, and numerous other names, are found in her military vocabulary, as contributing to swell the mighty array of combatants which France can put forth when taking the field against the enemy.

The Zouaves date their origin as a portion of the French army to the occupation, by France, of Algeria. "Rude, wild soldiers," says Dr. Nolan, in his "History of the Russian War," "by no means particular about their own lives, or about those of friends or foes, they are the Bashi-Bazouks of French Africa." Rough, and naturally fierce, the Zouave is enthusiastically attached to his officer, if he only has confidence in the ability of the latter, and is satisfied of his personal courage; he will then follow his leader anywhere, whatever certainty of destruction might seem to await him. Our own troops in the Crimea had ample evidence of the daring intrepidity of these strange and apparently half-civilised soldiers, when, side by side, they flung themselves against the battalions of Russia in the open plain, or climbed the heights defended by Russian cannon.

And what is the story which Mr. Topham would make us suppose his Zouave is telling to the white-capped girls of Brittany? It is no love-ditty, of that we may be sure; but a tale

"Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;—"

Of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes! the imminent deadly breach."

Perhaps he is pouring into their astonished ears a history of his exploits before the Redan, or at Solferino of later date. Whatever the narrative may be it has their eager attention with that of the old man seated at the table, and even of the children, who have stopped to listen, and look on with wondering eyes, though doubtless unable to comprehend what it is all about. The group is very picturesquely brought together, with an easy and perfectly natural disposition and attitude of the figures; while the equally picturesque yet simple costume of the females, and the fanciful, gaily-coloured uniform of the Zouave, form a striking contrast to each other, and have given the artist an opportunity for the display of some excellent painting. Behind the principal group is another of these African soldiers, in conversation with an elderly *bourgeois*, who evidences considerable astonishment at what he hears. The scene lies at the door of a hostelry, where, as a notice rudely painted informs us, there is "entertainment for man and horse." The picture is a welcome episode in Mr. Topham's usual range of subject.



F.W.TOPHAM, PINXT

C.W.SHARPE, SCULPT

THE ZOUAVE'S STORY.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

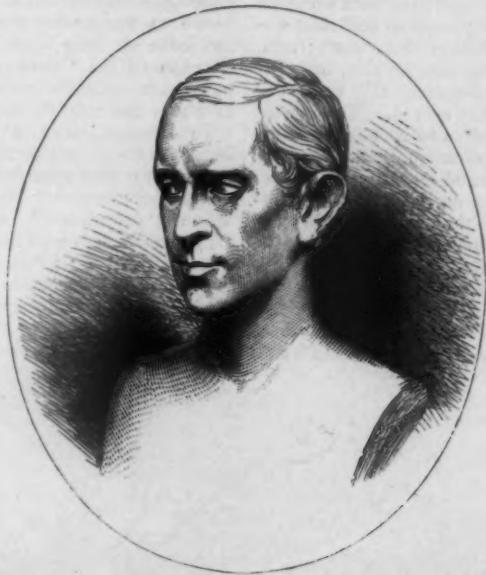
MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

THOMAS HOOD.



WHEN I first knew Thomas Hood, his star was but rising; when I saw him last, he was on his death-bed: his forty-six years of life from the cradle to the grave having been passed in so weak a state of health, that day by day there was perpetual dread that at any moment might "the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken." Continued bodily suffering was not the only trial to which this fine spirit was subjected. The world heard no wail from his lips; no appeal for sympathy ever came from his pen; his high heart endured in silence; and, without a murmur of complaint, he died. Yet it is no secret now that for many years he had a fierce struggle with poverty; enjoying

no luxuries and few comforts; his "means" derived from "daily toil for daily bread." A skeleton stood ever beside his bed, mocking his "infinite jest and most excellent fancy;" converting into a succession of sobs those "flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar." At the time when nearly every drawing-room, attic, and kitchen—when every class and order of society—was made merry and happy by the brilliant fancies and genuine humour of Thomas Hood, he was enduring pain of body and anguish of mind. Nearly all his quaint conceits, his playful sallies, and his sparks from words, were given to the printer from the bed on which he wrote—propped up by pillows; continually, continually, it was the same, up to the day that gave him freedom from the flesh.

Yet it was a genial and kindly spirit that dwelt in so frail a tenement of clay. Although

his existence was a long disease rather than a life, he was singularly free from all cumbrance of bitterness and harshness. Feeling strongly for the sufferings of others, he was entirely unselfish; ever gracious, considerate, and kind. Though perpetually dealing with the burlesque, he never indulged in personal satire. We find no passage that could have injured a single living person. Never did his wit verge upon indelicacy; never did his facetious muse treat a solemn or sacred theme with levity or indifference.

In old Brandenburg House there was once a bust of Comus; the pedestal, according to Lysons, bore this inscription: it comes in so aptly when writing of Hood, that I quote it:—

"Come, every muse, without restraint;
Let genius prompt, and fancy paint;
Let wit and mirth, and friendly strife,
Chase the dull gloom that saddens life.
True wit, that firm to virtue's cause,
Respects religion and the laws.
True mirth, that cheerfulness supplies
To modest ears, and decent eyes."

The world has, however, done justice to Thomas Hood; and he is not "deaf to the voice of the charmer." Reason, no less than fancy, will tell us, we plant that we may reap; that the knowledge of good or evil done is retained in a state after life; that death cannot destroy consciousness. We learn from the Divine Word that our works do follow us! Humanity is—and will be as long as men and women can read or hear—the debtor of Thomas Hood!

He was born, "a cockney," on the 23rd of May, 1799, in the Poultry, close to Bow Bells. His father dwelt there as one of the partners in a firm of publishers—Verner, Hood, and Sharpe.* He was articled to his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, an engraver, and seems to have worked awhile with the burin; but the specimens he has given us, however redolent of humour and rich in fancy, do not supply evidence that he would have excelled as an artist.† It is obvious, indeed, that he did not "take" to the profession, for he deserted it early; and became a man of letters, finding his first employment in 1821, as a sort of sub-editor of the *London Magazine*.

One who knew him in his childhood described him to me as a singular child—silent and retired—with much quiet humour, and apparently delicate health. I knew another friend of his youth, a Mr. Mason, a wood engraver, who told me much of the "earlier ways" of the boy-poet: that, when a mere boy, he was

*Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty hunger, & dirt
And still with a voice of doleful pitch
She sang the Song of the Shirt.*

1st June }
1844 }

Thos. Hood

continually making shrewd and pointed remarks upon topics on which he was presumed to know nothing; that while he seemed a heedless listener, out would come some observation which showed he had taken in all that had been said; and that, when a very child, he would often make

some pertinent remark which excited either a smile or a laugh.

He married, on the 5th of May, 1824, the sister of his "friend" Reynolds. It was a happy marriage, although both were poor; and it was "Love" who was "to light a fire in their kitchen." She was his

companion, counsellor, and friend, during the remainder of his troubled life; the

* Mr. Sharpe lived to be an old man, through varied changes of life, and in 1832 was a publisher at the Egyptian Hall. He published, among other works, *The Anniversary*, an annual, edited by Allan Cunningham.

† I form this opinion merely, however, from his published engravings. It is probable that the wood engravers

comforter in whom he trusted: in mutual love and mutual faith, realising, all through their weary pilgrimage, the picture drawn by another poet:—

"As unto the bow the cord is—
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless one without the other."

When first I knew them, they resided in chambers, No. 2, Robert Street, Adelphi. While writing for the *London Magazine*, his labours must have been remunerative, for he removed from his "lodgings" in the Adelphi (where a child was born to him, who died in infancy), first to a pleasant cottage (then called "Rose Cottage") at Winchmore Hill (where his daughter Fanny—Mrs. Broderip—was born), and not long afterwards to a really large house at Wanstead—"Lake House"—with ample "grounds." He lost a considerable sum in some publishing speculation; and this loss early in his career was the cause of his subsequent embarrassment. At Lake House the younger "Tom" was born. It was originally the Banquet Hall of Wanstead House (Wellesley Pole's mansion), and there was a lake between the two (now dwindled to a ditch), so that parties went by water to a feast. Both these dwelling-houses of the poet we have pictured.

His connection with the *London Magazine* led to intimacy with many of the finer spirits of his time, who appreciated the genius and loved the genial nature of the man. Foremost of those who exchanged warm friendship with him was Charles Lamb.

Owing mainly to his ill-health, they went but little into society; so, indeed, it was at all periods of their lives. Comparative solitude was, therefore, the lot of the poet, who was destined to live and triumph for ever. But the sacrifice implied little of self-denial. With wife, children, and friends, he could easily be made content; and, although no doubt fully appreciating praise, he never had much appetite for applause.

His long residence abroad—at Coblenz and Ostend—was, in a degree, compulsory. His publisher was a craving creditor—if, indeed, he ever was really a "creditor" at all, which I have reason to doubt. It was not without difficulty his return to England was effected, in the year 1839.* My intercourse with him was renewed in the small dwelling he occupied at Camberwell. He was there to be near his kind friend, Dr. Elliot (brother of another Dr. Elliot, both of whom dearly loved the poet), "a friend in need and a friend indeed."†

It is in no degree necessary to my purpose to pass under review the works of

did not do him justice. His daughter possesses some drawings in water-colours, some pen-and-ink sketches, and some etchings, that show far higher powers, and seem to indicate that he could have been an artist if he had given his mind to Art.

* There is no doubt that a law-suit, in which he was involved with his publisher, and the worry and anxiety that ensued, induced a state of health that led to his death much earlier than, in the course of nature, it might have been looked for. I know that was the opinion of his physician.

† It is pleasant to record the fact that nearly every literary man or woman with whom I have been acquainted, or whose lives I have looked into, has found a generous and disinterested friend in a Doctor. I could, of my own knowledge, tell many anecdotes of the sacrifices made to mercy by members of the profession; of continuous labours without a thought of recompense; of anxious days and nights, by sick or dying beds, without the remotest idea of "fees." I may tell one—of a doctor, now himself gone home: he was related to me by Sir James Eyre, M.D. Unfortunately, I have forgotten the name of the good physician; but there are, no doubt, many to whom the story will apply. Sir James called upon him—one morning when his career was but commencing—and saw his waiting-room thronged with patients. "Why," said he, "you must be getting on famously." "Well, I suppose I am," was the answer; "but let me tell this fact to you. This morning I have seen eight patients; six of them gave me nothing—the seventh gave me a guinea, which I have just given to the eighth." Such a physician Providence sent to Thomas Hood.

Thomas Hood. They were very varied: novels, poems (serious as well as comic); filling seven volumes (exclusive of the two volumes of "Hood's Own"), collected by his daughter and his son. Nearly the whole of these were written, not only while haunted by pecuniary troubles, but while under the depressing influence of great bodily suffering. So it was with the merriest of his poems, "Miss Kilmansegg," composed during brief intermissions of bodily pain which would have been accepted by almost any other person as sufficient excuse for entire cessation from work; and, perhaps, might have been by him, but that it was absolutely necessary the day's toil should bring the day's food. Yet at this very time, a sum of £50 was transmitted to him, without application, by the Literary Fund. Hood returned it, "hoping to get through his troubles as he had done heretofore." There was then a gleam of brightness in the long-darkened sky. In 1841, Theodore Hook died, and Hood became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. "Just then," as Mrs. Hood writes, "poverty had come very near." Heremoved from Camberwell to 17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood.

He did not long keep his editorship, however; differences having arisen between him and Mr. Colburn, he was induced to start a magazine of his own.

Meanwhile, an accident, totally unanticipated, did that which years of labour had not done—made him famous. In the Christmas number of *Punch*, in 1843, appeared the "Song of a Shirt." It ran through the land like wildfire; was reprinted in every newspaper in the kingdom, although anonymous; and there was intense desire to know who was the author. He had been so long absent from the active exercise of his "calling," that when the poem burst upon the world, there were many to whom the writer's name was "new."

In January, 1844, *Hood's Magazine* was issued. He laboured like a slave to give success to that speculation. It was in a melancholy sense "Hood's own:" there was a "proprietor," but he was without "means;" there was an effort to do without a publisher; printer after printer was changed; the magazine was rarely "up to time;" vexation brought on illness; he "fretted dreadfully;" there was alarm as to the solvency of his co-proprietor, a man



HOOD'S RESIDENCE AT WINCHMORE HILL.

who had "lived too long in the world to be the slave of his conscience." Unhappy authors, who are their own publishers—lords of land in Utopia—will take warning by the fate of Thomas Hood and his "speculation" for his own behoof. It was a failure, and therefore his; had it been a success, no doubt it would have become the property of a publisher.

The number for June—the sixth number of *Hood's Magazine*—contained an announcement, that on the 23rd of May he had been striving to continue a novel he had commenced; that on the 25th, "sitting up in bed, he tried to invent and sketch a few comic designs, but the effort exceeded his strength, and was followed by the wandering delirium of utter nervous exhaustion." Two of the "sick-room fancies" were published with the June number: the one is "Hood's Mag."—a magpie, with a hawk's hood on; the other, "The Editor's Apologies," is a drawing of a plate of leeches, a blister, a cup of water-gruel, and three labelled vials: suggesting, according to some writing underneath, the sad thought by what harassing efforts the food of mirth is fur-

nished, and how often the pleasures of the many are obtained by the bitter suffering and mournful endurance of the ONE.

Yet three of the pleasantest letters he ever penned were written soon afterwards to the three children of his dear and constant friend, Dr. Elliott.

He rallied, however, sufficiently to resume work for his magazine, and many valued friends were willing and ready to help him: authors who were amply recompensed by the knowledge that they could thus serve the author of a "Song of a Shirt." "I must die in Harness, like a Hero or a Horse," he writes to Bulwer Lytton on October 30, 1844. Death was drawing nearer and nearer, but before its close approach there came a ray of sunshine to his death-bed—Sir Robert Peel granted to him a pension of £100 a year, or rather to his widow, for she was almost so. It was a small sum—a poor gift from his country in compensation for the work he had done; but it was very welcome, for it was the only boon he had ever received that was not payment for immediate toil—"toil hard and incessant"—to the last. He was dying

when the "glad tidings" came; yet in the middle of November, 1844, he "pumped out a sheet of Christmas fun," and "drew some cuts" for his magazine. He was, as he said, "so near death's door, that he could almost fancy he heard the creaking of the hinges!" His friends were about him with small gifts of love: they came to give him "farewells;" and for all of them he had kind words and thoughts. We have the comfort of knowing that his head was laid on a down pillow we had lent him: on that pillow its throbbings ceased.

On the 3rd of May, 1845, he died, and on the 10th he was buried in the graveyard at Kensal Green.

Some seven years afterwards, subscriptions were raised, chiefly owing to the exertions of a kindred spirit, Eliza Cook (with whom the thought originated), and a monument was erected to his memory, designed and executed by the sculptor, Matthew Noble. On the 18th July, 1854, it was unveiled in the presence of many of the poet's friends, Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton) "delivering an oration" over

the grave that covered his remains. To raise that monument, peers and many men of mark contributed: but surely even higher honour was rendered to him—a yet purer and better homage to his memory—by the "poor needlewomen," whose offerings were a few pence, laid in reverence and affection upon the grave of their great advocate—a fellow-worker, whose toil had been as hard, as continuous, and as ill-rewarded, as their own.

In person, Hood was of middle height, slender and sickly-looking, of sallow complexion and plain features, quiet in expression, and very rarely excited, so as to give indication of either the pathos or the humour that must ever have been working in his soul. His was, indeed, a countenance rather of melancholy than of mirth: there was something calm, even to solemnity, in the upper portion of the face, seldom relieved, in society, by the eloquent play of the mouth, or the sparkle of an observant eye. In conversation he was by no means brilliant. When inclined to pun, which was not often, it seemed as if his wit

"A blessing on their merry hearts,
Such readers I would choose;
Because they seldom criticise,
And never write reviews!"

Literature was, as he expresses it, his "solace and comfort through the extremes of worldly trouble and sickness," "maintaining him in a cheerfulness, a perfect sunshine of the mind." Well may he add, "My humble works have flowed from my heart as well as my head, and, whatever their errors, are such as I have been able to contemplate with composure, when more than once the Destroyer assumed almost a visible presence."

Poor fellow! He was longing to be away from earth when I saw him last; struggling to set free the

"Vital spark of heavenly flame!"

lying on his death-bed, watched and tended by his good and loving wife, who survived him only a few brief months:—

"She for a little tried
To live without him—liked it not—and died!"

But he lived long enough to know that a pension had been settled upon her by Sir Robert Peel—a pension subsequently continued to his children, and *which they still enjoy*.^{*} That comfort, that consolation, that blessing, came from his country to his bed of death!

Honoured be the name of Sir Robert Peel! great statesman and good man! It is not often that men such as he sit in highest places. Let Science, Art, and Letters consecrate his memory! It was he who whispered "peace" to Felicia Hemans, dying; bidding her have no care for those she loved and left on earth. It was he who enabled great Wordsworth to woo Nature undisturbed; he who lightened the drudgery of the desk to the Quaker-poet, Bernard Barton; he who upheld the tottering steps, and made tranquillity take the place of terror in the over-taxed brain, of Robert Southey. From him came the sunshine in the shady place that was the home of James Montgomery. It was his hand that opened the sick-room shutters, and let in the light of hope and heaven to the death-bed of Thomas Hood.[†]

Whether it be or be not true that Addison sent for his step-son, Lord Warwick, to his death-bed, "that he might see how a Christian could die," certain it is that the anecdote is often quoted as an encouragement and an example. We have, in the instance of Thomas Hood, such a case, occurring under our immediate view, closing a life, not of glory and triumph, not of prosperity and reward, but of long suffering in body and mind, of patient endurance, of humble confidence, of sure and certain hope—in the perfectness of holy faith. Ay, he was tried in the furnace of tribulation; and his battle of life ended in according, while receiving, "Peace."

These are the last lines he wrote:—

"Farewell, Life! my senses swim;
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night,—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapour chill;
Strong the earthly odour grows,—
I smell the mould above the Rose!"

^{*} It was by the act of Earl Russell the pension was so continued. When that nobleman is removed from earth, the many good and generous acts he did will be better known and appreciated than they can be in his lifetime.

[†] I refer in this passage only to those who are the subjects of my memories; but to this list may be added the names of Tytler, Forbes, Owen, Sir William Hamilton, Maculloch, the widow and daughters of the artist Shree, the widow of the painter Haydon, the poet-laureate Tennyson, the widow of Sir Charles Bell, the "destitute" daughters of Principal Robertson, the botanist Curtis, the widow of London, and probably others, of whom I have no knowledge. These were, or are, all participants of that state bounty which the country enables a minister to dole out to its worthies.



HOOD'S RESIDENCE AT WANSTEAD.

was the issue of thought, and not an instinctive produce, such as I have noticed in other men who have thus become famous: who are admirable in crowds; whose animation is like that of the sounding board, which makes a great noise at a small touch, when listeners are many and applause is sure.

We have been so much in the habit of treating Tom Hood as a "joker," that we lose sight of the deep and touching pathos of his more serious poems. All are indeed acquainted with the "Song of a Shirt," and "Take her up tenderly," but throughout his many volumes there are poems of surpassing worth, full of the highest refinement—of sentiment the purest and the most chaste.

In writing a memoir of him in the "Book of Gems," for which, in consequence of his absence from England, I received no suggestions from himself, I took that view, and some time afterwards I received from him a letter strongly expressive of the gratification I had thus afforded him. His nature was, I believe, not to be a punster,

perhaps not to be a wit. The best things I have ever heard Hood say are those which he said when I was with him alone. I have never known him laugh heartily, either in society or in rhyme. The themes he selected for "talk" were usually of a grave and sombre cast; yet his playful fancy dealt with frivolities sometimes, and sometimes his imagination frolicked with nature in a way peculiarly his own. He was, however, generally cheerful, and often merry when in "the bosom of his family," and could, I am told, laugh heartily then; that when in reasonably good health, he was "as full of fun as a school-boy." He loved children with all his heart, loved to gambol with them as if he were a child himself, to chat with them in a way they understood; and to tell them stories, drawn either from old sources, or invented for the occasion—such as they could comprehend and remember.^{*} There was more than mere poetry in his verse—

^{*} The son and daughter have preserved and printed some of these "impromptu" stories.

"Welcome Life! the spirit strives
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows of the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom,—
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapours cold,—
I smell the Rose above the mould!"

In one of the letters I received about this time from his true and faithful and constant friend, Ward,* he writes me:—"He saw the on-coming of death with great cheerfulness, though without anything approaching to levity; and last night, when his friends Harvey and Reseigh came in, he bade them come up, had wine brought, and made us all drink a glass with him, 'that he might know us for friends, as of old, and not undertakers.' He conversed for about an hour in his old playful way, with now and then a word or two full of deep and tender feeling. When I left, he bade me good-bye, and kissed me, shedding tears, and saying that perhaps we never should meet again."

I have his own copy of the last letter he ever wrote: it is to Sir Robert Peel:—†

"DEAR SIR,—We are not to meet in the flesh. Given over by physicians and by myself, in this extremity I feel a comfort for which I cannot refrain from again thanking you, with all the sincerity of a dying man, at the same time bidding you a respectful farewell."

"Thank God, my mind is composed, and my reason undisturbed; but my race, as an author, is run. My physical debility finds no tonic virtue in a steel pen, otherwise I would have written one more paper—a forewarning against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some share; a one-sided humanity, opposite to that Catholic, Shaksperian sympathy which felt with king as well as peasant, duly estimating the mortal temptations of both stations. Certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder. It should be the duty of our writers to draw them together by kindly attraction—not to aggravate the existing repulsion, and place a wider moral gulf between rich and poor—hate on the one side, and fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task—the last I had set myself. It is death that stops my pen, you see, and not my pension. God bless you, sir, and prosper all your measures for the benefit of my beloved country!"

Almost his latest act was to obtain some proofs of his portrait, recently engraved, and to send one to each of his most esteemed friends, marked by some line of affectionate reminiscence. The one he sent to us I have engraved at the head of this memory.

His daughter writes me thus of his last hour on earth:—"Those who lectured him on his merry sallies and innocent gaiety, should have been present at his death-bed, to see how the gentlest and most loving heart in the world could die!" "Thinking himself dying, he called us round him—my mother, my little brother, and myself—to receive his last kiss and blessing—tenderly and fondly given; and gently clasping my mother's hand, he said, 'Remember, Jane, I forgive all—all!' He lay for some time calmly and quietly, but breathing painfully and slowly; and my mother, bending over him, heard him murmur faintly, 'O Lord, say, Arise, take up thy cross, and follow Me!'"

He died at Devonshire Lodge, in the New Finchley Road. Of that house we have procured a drawing, and have engraved it.

* F. O. Ward, who, at the age of sixteen, distinguished himself by a work on Osteology; who has invented many useful processes (especially in connection with paper-making); and who, in the *Times*, drew great and active attention to the state of the London sewers, and the state of intramural churchyards. He edited Hood's magazine "for love," during Hood's illness.

† This letter has been printed since Mrs. Broderip gave me the copy. It is so pregnant a sermon that it cannot be too often in print.

Genius is seldom hereditary. There are but few immortal names, the glory of which has been "continued." It is gratifying to know that the seed planted by Thomas Hood and his estimable wife, has borne fruit

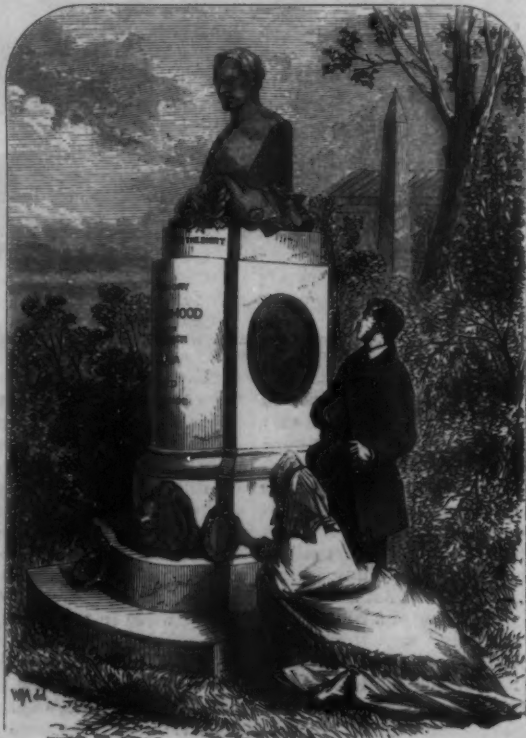
in due season. Their son and daughter were but children when both their parents were called away from their guardianship on earth; but surely (as I firmly believe), to a more powerful and effectual guardianship



THE HOUSE IN WHICH HOOD DIED.

over those they loved, and who remained "in the flesh." The daughter (Fanny), wedded a good clergyman in Somersetshire, and the happy mother of children, is the author of many valuable works, the greater number of them being specially designed for the

young. The name of "Fanny Broderip" is honoured in letters. To the son—another "Tom"—it is needless to refer. He has added renown to the venerated name he bears; and has written much that his great father himself might have owned with pride,



THE TOMB OF THOMAS HOOD.

They have had a sacred trust committed to them, and so far have nobly redeemed it.

In this memory of Thomas Hood, I have printed his last letter, and quoted his latest words. They are such as must, in the estimation of all readers, raise him even higher

than he stands. The world owes him much; Humanity is his debtor; and who is there that will not exclaim, borrowing from another poet—

"The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
Upon thy grave, good creature!"

FACTS ABOUT FINGER-RINGS.

CHAP. III. (continued)—MODERN RINGS.

ALLUSION has already been made to the custom of using rings as receptacles for relics or poisons. The most famed belonged to Cæsar Borgia, son of Pope Alexander VI., both adepts in poisoning; a grasp from the hand wearing this ring ensured a very slow, but certain, death; it contained a virulent poison, which found vent through a small spike, pressed out by a spring when the hand was grasped, and which was so slight in its operation as to be scarcely felt, and not usually noticed by the person wounded during the excitement of the hearty friendship so well simulated. When conspiracies against the life of William of Orange were rife under the influence of the court of Spain [circa 1582], the unworthy son of Count Egmont "had himself undertaken to destroy the prince at his own table by means of poison which he kept concealed in a ring. Saint Aldegonde (his friend and counsellor) was to have been taken off in the same way, and a hollow ring filled with poison was said to have been found in Egmont's lodgings."

Fig. 1 represents a curious Venetian ring, the bezel formed like a box to contain

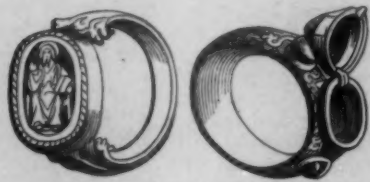


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

relics. The face of the ring (in this instance the cover of the box) has a representation of St. Mark seated, holding his gospel and giving a benediction. The spaces between this figure and the oval border are perforated, so that the interior of the box is visible, and the relic enshrined might be seen. Fig. 2 is another ring of the same construction: it is richly engraved and set with two rubies and a pyramidal diamond; the collet securing the latter stone opens with a spring, and exhibits a somewhat large receptacle for such virulent poisons as were concocted by Italian chemists in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The elaborate character of design adopted at this time for Venetian rings, the highly artistic taste that governed it, as well as the beauty of the stones employed in settings, combined to perfect *bijouterie* that has never been surpassed. Fig. 3 is a ring of very peculiar design. It is set with



Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

three stones in raised bezels; to their bases are affixed, by a swivel, gold pendent ornaments, each set with a garnet; as the hand moves these pendants fall about the finger, the stones glittering in the movement. This fashion was evidently borrowed from the East, where people delight in pendent ornaments, and even affix them to articles of

* Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

utility. Fig. 4 is a ring of silver, of East Indian workmanship, discovered in the ruins of one of their most ancient temples; to its centre are affixed bunches of pear-shaped hollow drops of silver, which jingle with a soft low note as the hand moves.

We have already alluded to the old Eastern tale of "The Fish and Ring," invented some thousands of years since. It has survived to our own day, and is still related and believed by the commonalty to the east of London. In the church at Stepney is a tomb to the memory of Lady Rebecca Berry, who died 1696, in whose coat-of-arms a fish and an annulet appear. She has hence been supposed the heroine of a once popular ballad, the scene of which is laid in Yorkshire; it is entitled, "The Cruel Knight, or Fortunate Farmer's Daughter," and narrates how one of knightly rank in passing a village heard the cry of a woman in travail, and was told by a witch that he was pre-doomed to marry that girl on her arrival at womanhood. The knight in deep disgust draws a ring from his finger, and casting it into a rapid river, vows he will never do so unless she can produce that ring. After many years a fish is brought to the farmer's daughter to dress for dinner, and she finds the ring in its stomach, enabling her to win a titled husband, who no longer fights against his fate.

The civic arms of Glasgow exhibit a fish holding a ring in its mouth. This alludes to an incident in the life of St. Kentigern, patron of the see, as related in the "Acta Sanctorum." The queen, who was his penitent, had formed an attachment to a soldier, and had given him a ring she had received from her husband. The king knew his ring, but abided his revenge, until one day discovering the soldier asleep by the banks of the Clyde, he took the ring from his finger and threw it in the stream. He then demanded of his queen a sight of his old love gift, a request she was utterly unable to comply with. In despair, she confessed all to St. Kentigern, vowing a purer life in future. The saint went to the river, caught a salmon, and took from its stomach the missing ring, which restored peace to all parties.

The occurrence of the fish and ring in the arms of Glasgow and in the Stepney monument, is "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ" of the truth of these stories, in the minds of the vulgar, who would regard scepticism in the same light as religious infidelity.

Memorial rings were sometimes made to exhibit a small portrait, and on some occasions to conceal one beneath the stone. Such is the ring, Fig. 5, from the Londesborough collection, which was made for



Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

some devoted adherent of King Charles I., when such devotion was dangerous. A table-cut diamond is set within an oval

* In the Koran this wild version of the story occurs:—"Solomon entrusted his signet with one of his concubines, which the devil obtained from her, and sat on the throne in Solomon's shape. After forty days the devil departed, and threw the ring into the sea. The signet was swallowed by a fish, which being caught and given to Solomon, the ring was found in its belly, and thus he recovered his kingdom." (Sale's Koran, chap. 38).

rim, acting as a lid to a small case opening by means of a spring, and revealing a portrait of Charles executed in enamel. The face of the ring, its back, and side portions of the shank, are decorated with engraved scroll-work, filled in with black enamel. "Relics" of this kind are consecrated by much higher associations than what the mere crust of time bestows upon them; and even were they not sufficiently old to excite the notice of the antiquary, they are well deserving of attention from their exhibiting "memorials of feelings which must ever command respect and admiration." Horace Walpole had among his very miscellaneous gatherings at Strawberry Hill, "one of the only seven mourning rings given at the burial of Charles I. It has the king's head in miniature behind a death's head; between the letters C. R. the motto, 'Prepared be to follow me.'"

A much more lugubrious memorial is furnished me from the same collection, Fig. 6. Two figures of skeletons surround the finger and support a small sarcophagus. The ring is of gold enamelled, the skeletons being made still more hideous by a covering of white enamel. The lid of the sarcophagus is also enamelled, with a Maltese cross in red, on a black ground studded with gilt hearts. This lid is made to slide off, and display a very minute skeleton lying within.

These doleful decorations first came into favour and fashion at the obsequious court of France when Diana of Poitiers became the mistress of Henry II. At that time she was a widow, and in mourning; so black and white became fashionable colours: jewels were formed like funeral memorials; golden ornaments shaped like coffins, holding enamelled skeletons, hung from the neck; watches made to fit in little silver skulls were attached to the waists of the denizens of a court that alternately indulged in profanity or piety, but who mourned show.*

In the Duke of Newcastle's comedy, "The Country Captain," 1649, a lady of title is told that when she resides in the country a great show of finger-rings will not be necessary; "shew your white hand with but one diamond when you carve, and be not ashamed to wear your own wedding ring with the old posie." That many rings were worn by persons of both sexes is clear from another passage in the same play, where a fop is described, "who makes his fingers like jewellers' cards to set rings upon."

The stock of rings described in the same author's play, "The Varietie," as the treasure of an old country lady, is amusingly indicative of past legacies or memorials, as well as of the tastes of the yeomanry—"a toad-stone, two Turkies (Turquoise), six thumb-rings, three alderman's seals, five gemmalls, and foure death's head." The enumeration concludes with the uncomplimentary observation, "these are alehouse ornaments."

These death's head rings were very commonly worn by the middle classes in the latter part of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries; particularly by such as affected a respectable gravity. Luther used to wear a gold ring, with a small death's head in enamel, and these words, "Mori sæpe cogita" (think oft of death); round the setting was engraved, "O mors, ero mors tua" (Death, I will be thy death). This ring is preserved at

* Before we condemn the old courtiers of France, we must remember that it is but a very few years ago since it was the fashion for young men in this country to wear scarf-pins and shirt studs made like skulls, and rings with skulls and cross-bones. This ghastly decoration was adopted from caprice alone; it had not even the excuse of conforming to any taste or necessity.

Dresden. Shakspeare, in his *Love's Labour's Lost* (Act V. scene 2), makes his jesting courtier, Biron, compare the countenance of Holophernes to "a death's face in a ring." We have already adverted to a similar ring worn by one of Shakspeare's fellow townsmen.

In the "Recueil des ouvrages d'Orfèverie," by Gilles l'Egaré, published in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., is an unusually good design for one of these rings, which we copy, Fig. 7. It is entirely composed of mortuary emblems, on a ground of black enamel. Fig. 8 is an English



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.

memorial ring set with stones; on the circle is engraved an elongated skeleton, with crossbones above the skull, and a spade and pick-axe at the feet; the ground is black enamel. It has been converted into a memorial by its original purchaser, who caused to be engraved within the hoop, "C.R., Jan. 30, 1649, Martyr." It is now in the Londesborough collection, from whence I obtain Fig. 9, a very good specimen of a mourning ring of the early part of the last century, with which I take my leave of this branch of the subject.

The jewellers of the last century do not seem to have bestowed the same attention on design as their predecessors did. Rings appear to have reached their highest excellence in design and execution in the ateliers of Venice. We meet with little originality of conception, and certainly great inferiority of execution, in the works then issued. In southern Europe, where jewellery is deemed almost a necessary of life, and the poorest will wear it in profusion, though only made of copper, greater scope was given to invention. Fig. 11 is a Spanish silver ring of the early part of the century. It has a



Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.

heart, winged and crowned in its centre; the heart is transfixed by an arrow, but surrounded by flowers. It is possibly a religious emblem. Fig. 10 is another Spanish ring of more modern manufacture, but of very light and elegant design. The flowers are formed of rubies and diamonds, and the effect is extremely pleasing.

Such works may have originated the "giardinetti" rings, of which a good collection of specimens may be seen in the South Kensington Museum, two being here



Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.

copied. They are there described as English works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and appear to have been used as guards, or "keepers," to the

wedding-ring. They are of pleasing floriated design, and of very delicate execution. Much taste may be exhibited in the selection of coloured stones for the flowers of such rings, which are certainly a great ornament to the hand.

Recurring to the eastern nations, in whose eyes jewellery has always found great favour, we find that the Indians prefer rings with large floriated faces, spreading over three fingers like a shield. When made for the wealthy in massive gold, the flower leaves are of cut jewels, but the humbler classes, who equally love display, are content with them in cast silver. Such a ring is engraved Fig. 14, from an



Fig. 14.

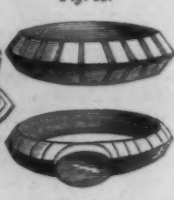


Fig. 15.

original in the British Museum, from whence we also obtain the two specimens of rings beside it, being such as are worn by the humblest classes. Fig. 15 is of brass, Fig. 16 of silver, the latter boasting a sort of apology for a jewelled centre.

A triplicate of Moorish rings will enable us to understand their peculiarities. Fig. 17 has a large circular face, composed of a



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.

cluster of small bosses, set with five circular turquoise, and four rubies; the centre being a turquoise, with a ruby and turquoise alternating round it. The ring is of silver. It is in the Londesborough Collection, as also is Fig. 18, another silver ring set with an octagonal bloodstone, with a circular turquoise on each side. Fig. 19 is a signet ring, bearing the name of its original owner engraved on a cornelian. This also is of silver.

The modern Egyptians indulge greatly in finger rings. The wife of the poorest peasant will cover her hands with them, though they be only cast in pewter, decorated with gems of coloured glass, and not worth a penny each. For ladies of the higher



Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.

class very pretty rings are designed. One of them is here engraved (Fig. 21), from an original purchased by the author in Cairo. It is a simple hoop of twisted gold, to which

is appended a series of pendent ornaments, consisting of small beads of coral, and thin plates of gold, cut to represent the leaves of a plant. As the hand moves, these ornaments play about the finger, and a very brilliant effect might be produced if diamonds were used in the pendants. Fig. 20 is the ring commonly worn by the middle class Egyptian men. They are usually of silver, set with mineral stones, and are valued as the manufacture of the silver-smiths of Mecca, that sacred city being supposed to exert a holy influence on all the works it originates.

There is also a curious ring, with a double "keeper," worn by Egyptian men, as shown in Fig. 22. It is composed entirely of common cast silver, set with mineral stone. The lowermost keeper of twisted wire is first put on the finger, then follows the ring,

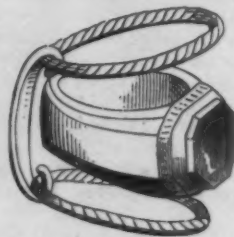


Fig. 22.

the second keeper is then brought down upon it; the two being held by a brace which passes at the back of the ring, and gives security to the whole.

At the commencement of the present century, "harlequin-rings" were fashionable in England. They were so called because set round with variously-coloured stones, in some way resembling the motley costume of the hero of pantomime. To these succeeded "Regard-rings," the stones selected so that the initial of the name of each spelt altogether the word *regard*, thus:—

R—Ruby.
E—Emerald.
G—Garnet.
A—Amethyst.
R—Ruby.
D—Diamond.

These pleasing and agreeable *gages d'amitié* originated with the French jewellers, and were soon made to spell proper names. Where precious stones could not be obtained with the necessary initial, mineral stones, such as *lapis-lazuli*, and *verde antique*, were pressed into the service. These rings are now occasionally made. The Princess Alexandra of Wales is said to possess one having the familiar name of the Prince, "Bertie," spelt thus upon it.

With two specimens of modern French work we close our selection of designs. The first is a signet ring, the face engraved with



a coat of arms. At the sides two *cupidons* repose amid scroll-work partaking of the taste of the *renaissance*. The same peculiarity influences the design of the second example. Here a central arch of five stones, in separate settings, are held by the heads and outstretched wings of *Chimeras*, whose

breasts are also jewelled. Both are excellent designs.

The last ring we shall bring before the reader's notice is the famous "fisherman's ring" of the Pope. It is a signet ring of steel used for the briefs issued from the Romish Court. "When a brief is written to any distinguished personage, or has relation to religious or general important matter, the impression from the Fisherman's ring is said to be made upon a gold surface; in some other cases it appears upon lead; and these seals are generally attached by strings of silk. Impressions of this seal are also made in ink direct upon the substance on which the brief is written." Mr. Edwards, of New York, from whose pleasant volume



on finger-rings we copy this cut, calls attention to the classic form of the boat and oar, showing its direct derivation from an antique original. The seal is also made in the fashion of a Roman signet. A new one is made for every pope, and Mr. Edwards thus narrates the ceremonies connected therewith:—"When a pope dies, the Cardinal Chamberlain, or Chancellor, accompanied by a large number of the high dignitaries of the papal court, comes into the room where the body lies, and the principal or great notary makes an attestation of the circumstance. Then the Cardinal Chamberlain calls out the name of the deceased pope three times, striking the body each time with a gold hammer, and as no response comes, the chief notary makes another attestation. After this the Cardinal Chancellor demands the Fisherman's ring, and certain ceremonies are performed over it; and then he strikes the ring with a golden hammer, and an officer destroys the figure of Peter by the use of a file. From this moment all the authority and acts of the late Pope pass to the College or Conclave of Cardinals. When a new Pope is consecrated, it is always the Cardinal Chancellor, or Chamberlain, who presents the renewed Fisherman's ring, and this presentation is accompanied by imposing ceremonies."

Such, then, are the facts we have gathered about finger rings, scattered over the history of many ages and nations. It will, we think, be conceded that the research displays much that is curious, and is another proof of the interest that may attach to any investigation, however trifling it may appear to those who skim the mere surface of things. The impress of man's mind remains upon his work when the frail hand that fashioned it has long since been consigned to the resting-place, and again mixed with its native elements. The taste, the superstition, the faith of past ages, leave an impress on so trifling a thing as a finger ornament. In the selection of illustrations we have been guided by their historic value as well as their artistic merits, so that they may be referred to as authorities to test the age and country of other works of their class, if brought to them for comparison.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM FREDERICK WITHERINGTON, R.A.

THE death of this veteran landscape-painter, which was briefly announced in our last month's number, occurred on the 10th of April, within a very few weeks of the completion of his eightieth year. In the *Art-Journal* of March, 1859, appeared, under the title of "British Artists," a tolerably long notice of the life and works of Mr. Witherington. This renders it unnecessary for us to do more on the present occasion than refer very briefly to him.

He was born in Goswell Street, London, in 1785, and pursued, when arrived at a proper age, his Art-studies in the schools of the Royal Academy, with the intention, from the first, of becoming a landscape-painter, yet paying due attention to the study of figures, which it will be remembered by all who know the best works of the artist, form very prominent objects in his pictures. Mr. Witherington first appeared as an exhibitor in 1810-11 at the British Institution, and soon after at the Royal Academy. From that time till the year before last his works were rarely absent from each annual exhibition at the latter gallery, and they were very frequently seen in that of the British Institution. In 1830 he was elected Associate of the Academy, and in 1840 Royal Academician.

The works of this artist will never take rank in the highest class of English landscape painting. His compositions are often formal, and their colouring is somewhat cold and hard; but, to quote what we said of him in years gone by, when he was still among us, "Mr. Witherington is a true lover of English ground, and an able illustrator of its 'thousand sights of loveliness.' Unlike very many of our artists, he has not been beguiled by the beauties of continental scenery to quit his native land in search of the picturesque. Here he has found enough and to spare; and when his own sun goes down—long may it be first, though the shadows of his life are rapidly lengthening—he will leave behind very many pleasant and faithful memories of nooks and corners of old England, lighted up by the sunshine, and enriched by the fancy, of his pencil."

MR. H. J. BODDINGTON.

Equally with ourselves will our readers regret the decease of this popular artist, who, in his fifty-fourth year, after a painfully lingering illness, died at Barnes on the 11th of April last.

The public have long been familiar with the numerous and beautiful works his constant industry and love of Art have produced; but for any detailed mention of his subjects or style, want of space unwillingly compels us simply to refer to the notices his pictures have constantly elicited in these pages. His proper name was Williams, and he belonged to a large family distinguished as painters, some of whom exhibit under other names, as he did, to ensure identification.

In the Society of British Artists (essentially composed of landscapists, and of which he was a member), Mr. Boddington held a high position, his contributions always forming an important feature in the annual exhibitions of that body, and were eagerly sought after as examples of English landscape and English effect; and when we refer to his rendering of Devonshire streams, the misty valleys and the gleaming lakes of North Wales, or the more homely transcripts of our own silvery Thames, we shall have suggested how thoroughly his taste and

choice of subject were dictated by a fondness for the scenery of his own land.

In the Suffolk Street Gallery, 1858, he exhibited 'Windings of the Wye,' and we remember Mr. Ruskin in his "Notes" for that year, in speaking of it and similar pictures by other exhibitors, said, "I do not look upon them as done by recipe. There is evidence in all of them that the painters have worked much out of doors, and have faced midges and wet weather many a long day before they could get into those dexterous habits," &c. This was especially true of Boddington, whose feeling for nature constantly led him to lengthened periods of out-door study, the results of which he so successfully embodied in his contributions to the Royal Academy, British Institution, and other exhibitions.

But we would not omit from this brief record of the sad closing of his career, an allusion to the many estimable qualities by which he enjoyed the affectionate regard of a large circle of friends.

MRS. THEODOSIA TROLLOPE.

This lady—a writer whose pen has been occasionally employed in the service of our journal—died in April last at Florence, where she and her husband, Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, resided. Mrs. Trollope was a contributor, though rarely recognised but by her initials, to other periodical works of literature. The series of letters recording the events of the late Italian revolution, and published afterwards under the title of "Social Aspects of the Italian Revolution," originally appeared in the columns of the *Athenaeum*, to which she was a constant contributor. Some papers on the Italian poets were published in the *Cornhill Magazine*; and last year *All the Year Round* contained a few chapters—reminiscences of her own early days passed in Devonshire. But the work by which she is most favourably known to the literary world, is her translation of Nicolin's "Arnaldo da Brescia." It shows her to have possessed poetical talent far above mediocrity. All her writings, in fact, are distinguished by power of observation, graceful diction, and true womanly gentleness.

MR. G. H. R. YOUNG.

This sculptor, whose death occurred on the 4th of January, at the age of thirty-nine, was a native of Berwick-on-Tweed. In early years he gave proof of true genius. Leaving Berwick he settled at Ulverston, in Lancashire, where he married and resided for ten years, pursuing his avocation with considerable success. His first work that excited public attention, was a bust of Sir John Barrow, the Arctic explorer. About eight years ago, owing to domestic affliction, he left Lancashire, and settled in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he not only made many friends, but showed by the artistic busts he executed, that his creative powers were gradually expanding, in a manner which augured well for his future professional eminence. He produced characteristic and life-like busts of most of the prominent public men of the North, including Sir John Fife, the late Mr. R. Stephenson, the late Mr. R. Grainger, builder of "modern" Newcastle, the late J. T. Taylor, the eminent mining engineer, &c. We regret to say that, by his premature death, his widow and children are left almost entirely unprovided for, for whom a subscription is now being raised. Any sums sent to Mr. R. Fisher, Elliott Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will be acknowledged.

PICTURE SALES.

Messrs. FOSTER AND SONS sold, on the 29th of March, at their gallery in Pall Mall, the collection of English paintings belonging to the late Mr. Richard G. Reeves, of Birmingham, which was conspicuous for its numerous examples of the works of W. Müller and D. Cox. Among the former may be enumerated 'The Baron's Hall—Francis I. at Fontainebleau,' 101 gs. (Holmes); 'Scene at Gillingham—Twilight,' 125 gs. (Lucas); 'Venice,' 127 gs. (Earl); 'Pont Hoogan, North Wales,' a small canvas, 265 gs. (W. Cox); 'Prayer in the Arabian Desert,' another small work, 310 gs. (Flatou); 'Shipping off Venice—the Fête Day of Santa Maria,' 285 gs. (W. Cox); 'The Slave Market, Cairo,' 1,060 gs. (Agnew); this last picture has always been considered Müller's *chef-d'œuvre*, though he probably did not receive for it one-fourth part of the sum now paid for it. By David Cox were—'Carting Vetches,' 120 gs. (Wallis); 'Bolton Abbey,' 165 gs. (Agnew); 'Peat Gatherers returning,' a scene in Wales, 228 gs. (Agnew); 'Lane Scene in Cheshire,' 135 gs. (Wallis); 'Solitude,' a Welsh scene, 84 gs. (Whitehouse); 'Landscape,' with flock of sheep, cottage, and figures, and 'A Windy Day,' two small cabinet pictures, 130 gs. (Agnew); 'Morecambe Sands,' and 'Bolton Park,' 135 gs. (Flatou); these pictures formed a portion of the works by Cox exhibited in London shortly after his death. The more important of the other paintings in Mr. Reeves's collection were—'Old Mill at Chugford, Devon,' T. Creswick, R.A., 165 gs. (Agnew); 'Thames Embankment,' and 'Entrance to Bristol,' J. B. Pyne, 115 gs. (Pennell); 'An Italian Beauty,' C. Baxter, 85 gs. (Wallis); 'The Opening of Waterloo Bridge,' finished sketch for the large and well-known picture by J. Constable, R.A., 78 gs. (W. Cox); 'The Gentle Student,' J. Sant, A.R.A., 84 gs. (Wallis); 'Cattle in Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 265 gs. (Agnew); 'West's First Effort in Art,' an early work of E. M. Ward's, R.A., 185 gs. (Lloyd); 'Interior—Meal-time,' J. Phillip, R.A., a small canvas, 455 gs. (Flatou). There were in all seventy-eight pictures, which produced the sum of £8,275.

A considerable number of oil-paintings, both ancient and modern, forming a portion of the same gallery, were sold on the day following, but they demand no special notice.

The collection of Mr. John Knowles, of Manchester, attracted, by its well-known importance, a large number of buyers and amateurs to the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on the 7th and 8th of April, when it was submitted for sale. Mr. Knowles was a collector of modern engravings as well as of water-colour pictures and oil paintings, and in each of these classes of Art-works were numerous valuable examples. Of the engravings, the large majority of which were after Turner, we need only point out the series of "England and Wales" and the "Picturesque Views of the Southern Coast," fine sets of engravers' proofs, which sold for 150 gs. The principal drawings in water-colours were:—'View on the Sussex Downs,' Copley Fielding, 105 gs. (E. White); 'Grapes and Peaches,' about six inches by nine, W. Hunt, 110 gs. (Tooth); 'Sunset,' G. Barrett, 100 gs. (Perkins); 'The Disobedient Prophet,' J. Linnell, 120 gs. (E. White); 'A Wreck on the Coast,' thirteen inches by eighteen, C. Stanfield, R.A., 253 gs. (Gambart); 'The Village Smithy,' W. Hunt, 149 gs. (Perkins); 'The Young Gondolier,' F. Goodall, R.A., 150 gs. (Agnew); 'Nuremberg,' S. Prout, 310 gs. (Quilter); 'Valetta Harbour, Malta,' about six inches by ten, the engraved drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 230 gs. (E. White); 'Scene from Woodstock,' G. Cattermole, 80 gs. (Graves); 'The King's Trumpets and Kettledrums,' J. Gilbert, 148 gs. (Vokins); 'The Gleaners,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 130 gs. (Perkins); 'The Rialto, Venice,' R. P. Bonnington, 75 gs. (Vokins); 'Saltash, Cornwall,' eleven inches by sixteen, engraved in the "England and Wales" series, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 210 gs. (Vokins); 'Windsor Forest,' ten inches by fifteen, J. Linnell, 245 gs. (Smith); 'The

Last Sleep of Argyle,' a very beautiful drawing about twelve inches by fourteen, by E. M. Ward, R.A., 251 gs. (Agnew).

The oil-paintings included:—'The Cut Finger,' Duvergier, 120 gs. (Gambart); 'Coast Scene—a Storm impending,' small, J. Linnell, 126 gs. (Agnew); 'The Sweep,' the cabinet picture by F. D. Hardy, engraved, 250 gs. (Graves); 'Mountains between Pont Aberglaslyn and Festiniog,' Copley Fielding, 140 gs. (Vokins); 'Cattle, Sunset,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 150 gs. (Agnew); 'The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' M. Stone, 150 gs. (Flatou); 'View in Devonshire,' T. Creswick, R.A., 210 gs. (Vokins); 'The Maternal Lesson,' T. Faed, R.A., 300 gs. (Flatou); 'The Piper—a Scene in Brittany,' F. Goodall, R.A., 147 gs. (Wetherall); 'Scene from Twelfth Night,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 155 gs. (Flatou); 'The Seven Ages,' a series of seven pictures, G. Smith, 248 gs. (Shaw and others); 'Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 190 gs. (Perkins); 'Waiting an Answer,' E. Nicol, R.S.A., 86 gs. (Flatou); 'Mother and Child,' Plassan, 145 gs. (Perkins); 'The Maternal Lesson,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., 140 gs. (Wetherall); 'The Slave Market,' W. Müller, 600 gs. (Agnew); 'The Village School,' small, E. Frère, 540 gs. (Wetherall); 'Harwich Castle, Early Morning,' W. Müller, 320 gs. (Edwards); 'La Chute des Feuilles,' Gallait, 580 gs. (Perkins); 'Venice, Riva degli Schiavoni—Fish Boats,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., 380 gs. (Flatou); 'Water-Carriers, Venice,' H. O'Neil, A.R.A., 311 gs. (Agnew); 'Card Players,' W. Collins, R.A., 200 gs. (Agnew); 'Angers, on the Maine et Loire,' small, but very fine, C. Stanfield, R.A., 500 gs. (Hayward); 'Religious Controversy in the Time of Louis XIV.,' A. Elmore, R.A., 1,000 gs. (Agnew); 'The Smile' and 'The Frown,' a miniature pair, each about three inches by seven, of the well-known pictures by T. Webster, R.A., 100 gs. (Shaw); 'Pickaback,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 521 gs. (Agnew); 'The Gipsy Toilette,' J. Phillip, R.A., 500 gs. (Agnew); 'The Light of the World,' a small replica of the larger painting by W. Holman Hunt, 450 gs. (Gambart); 'The Errand Boy,' in size only fourteen inches by nineteen, Sir D. Wilkie, R.A., 1,050 gs. (Farrer); 'Gate of the Zaccaron, Mosque at Cordova,' D. Roberts, 680 gs. (Wetherall); 'Spanish Muleteers crossing the Pyrenees,' Rosa Bonheur, 2,000 gs. (Graves); 'Escape of Glaucus and Ione, with the Blind Girl, Nydia, from Pompeii,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 855 gs. (Agnew); 'The Hayfield,' J. Linnell, 710 gs. (Vokins); 'Scene from the Two Gentlemen of Verona,' A. L. Egg, R.A., 665 gs. (Flatou); 'Lear and the Fool in the Storm,' W. Dyce, R.A., 460 gs. (Wetherall); 'The Sleeping Beauty,' D. MacLise, R.A., 895 gs. (Agnew); 'View in Kent, Stormy Sky,' J. Linnell, 575 gs. (Agnew). The entire sale produced £21,750.

The sums paid for some of these works illustrate in a remarkable manner an assertion made in our last number, that it was difficult to understand on what principle pictures are sometimes bought in the present day; certainly it is not that of merit alone. The greatest amount of intellectual labour in a picture, combined with unquestionable artistic qualities, does not constitute merit in the opinion of buyers. Here, for example, we find the sum of 2,000 guineas given for a drove of cattle, admirably painted it is true; while MacLise's 'Sleeping Beauty,' a grand composition, full of the richest imagination, with a multiplicity of figures, a marvellous scene of romance, does not reach half the amount. Wilkie's small cabinet picture, an 'Errand Boy,'—and nothing more,—is knocked down for 1,050 gs., and Dyce's large and nobly-painted picture, 'Lear,'—albeit the subject is not the most attractive, perhaps,—stops at 460 gs. Again, J. Linnell's 'Hayfield,' undoubtedly a very beautiful little work, sells for 710 guineas, and his 'View in Kent,' a much larger and grander composition, of his earlier time and manner, is sold for considerably less. These are examples of "patronage" which puzzle the uninitiated in the mysteries of picture-dealing, and dishearten those who desire to see painting in this country assuming a higher position and aiming at a more elevated standard than mere wall-ornaments.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A.

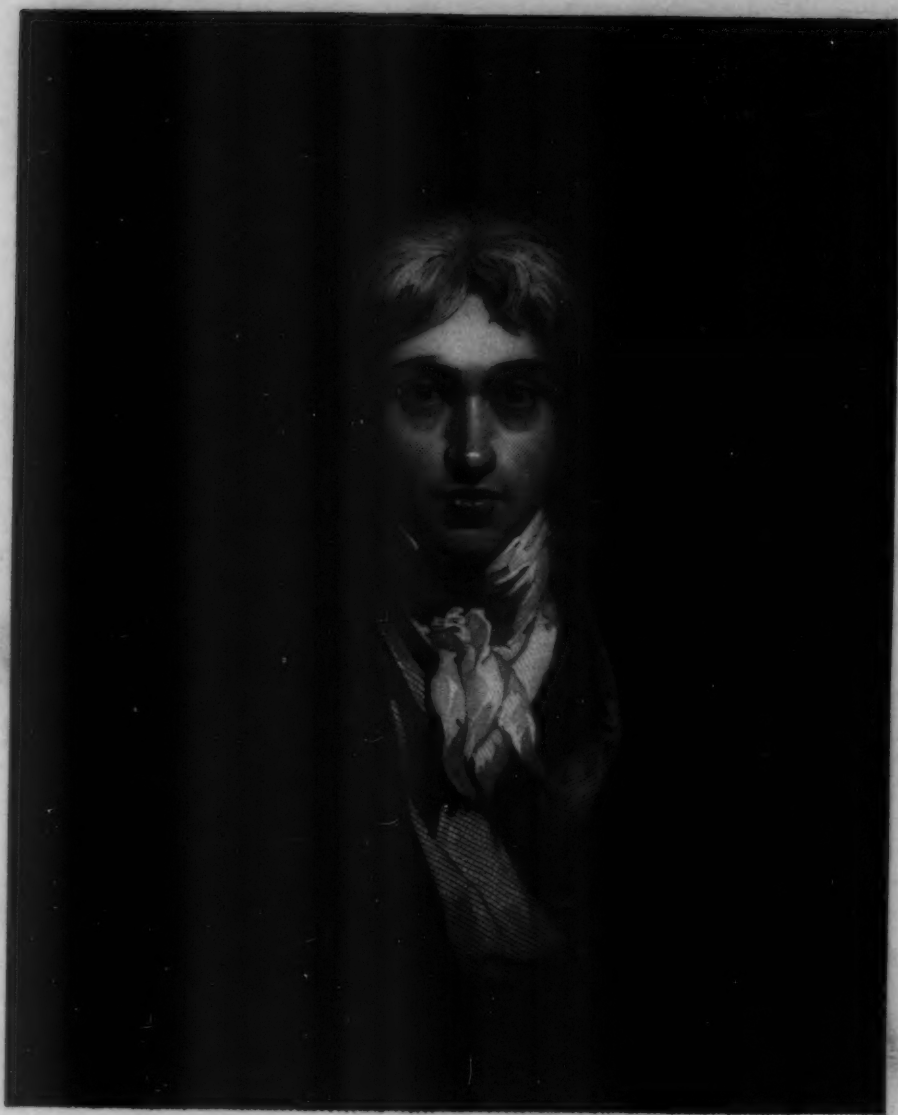
Engraved by W. Holl.

SOME day, though in all probability not during the present generation, England will erect a Walhalla, as Ludwig of Bavaria has done at Munich, for the reception of statues of her great men, instead of placing them in the public streets, or where they certainly have no right to be, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Christian temples were never intended for such works of Art, and it is to be hoped the time is not very far distant when the statues, which assuredly do not add to the sacred character of the edifice, will have another home assigned to them. When we, or our children, get a British Walhalla, the statue of Turner and its companions, now in St. Paul's, will have a more fitting domicile than that they now occupy, and from which they ought to be removed at the earliest opportunity.

Nearly seven years ago we published an engraving of the statue of Turner, by Baily, a full-length, representing the great painter as he appeared towards the close of his life. That erected in St. Paul's is by MacDowell, and shows the painter in the vigour of his manhood. The half-length figure we now introduce is from the portrait in the National Gallery, painted by himself when a comparatively young man, about thirty years of age; that is, about 1805, the period of his being elected into the Academy.

Assuming this portrait to be truthful, Turner could never lay claim to be considered handsome. His features are too large, and are strongly marked, but the face is very expressive and bright, showing strong resolution and determination of purpose. These characteristics he maintained throughout his whole career, but as life advanced, other qualities left their impress on his countenance, and rendered it in every way less attractive. The desire of amassing wealth, whatever might have been its object, his habits of reclusiveness, his independence of public opinion, though he certainly was not impervious to the stings of adverse criticism; the knowledge that he possessed powers which the world at large could neither appreciate nor understand, his professional jealousy, or other motives, that rendered his studio a hermit's cell, or a secret chamber into which no strange foot dare intrude,—all these peculiarities of life, disposition, and conduct, put their stamp on his outward appearance as years increased. No man who withdraws from constant association with his fellow-man, as Turner did almost from his youth, communing with nature only, but must carry about him open and visible signs of alienation from the world, and the absence of sympathy with it. To his love of the beautiful in nature, the labours of his life abundantly testify; of his love of his fellow-creatures, as exemplified in act and deed, the record is not so ample and clear. To say that Turner had no generous thoughts of others, that his hands were ever closed against the appeals of charity or misfortune, would be to libel him; but, as a rule, he lived to himself and for himself, and he died as he lived—alone.

Men have been slow to recognise his wonderful genius; but the time has come at length when the son of the obscure barber and hair-dresser in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, is elevated to the highest pinnacle of glory in landscape-painting. He hewed out for himself a path to honour which none had ever traced before, and which few, if any, can hope to follow.



W. HOLL. SCULPT

John Keats

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

TUESDAY, the 9th of May, was "a great day for Ireland." His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales must have been highly gratified by the reception he met with from all classes and orders of the Irish people: the cheers in the streets preceded those he received in the building; they were earnest and emphatic; nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the proceedings: from the beginning thus far towards the end, the Exhibition has been, as we anticipated it would be, "a grand success."

The ceremonial of the opening took place in "the crystal palace"—the winter garden—which forms so important a part of the structure. The day, although not bright, was not gloomy. The aristocracy of Ireland surrounded the dais, and eight or ten thousand of the higher orders of the people were present. There was no confusion whatever, either within or without; no inconvenient crowding. If the Prince saw "a mob," it was a mob of ladies and gentlemen, fervid with their greetings to the young heir of the British crown; but no intrusive curiosity annoyed him for a moment during his progress along the aisles and through the galleries. All matters were so well arranged, the plans were so thoroughly digested, by Sir Bernard Burke (Ulster) and the executive committee, as to have left no ground for complaint.

The public journals have so fully detailed the proceedings as to render unnecessary any comments on that head. Our description of the Exhibition must be necessarily postponed: first, because of the late period of the month at which we write; and next, because the collection is by no means complete.

The picture galleries are, however, nearly all hung, and we may form a correct idea of what they will ultimately be. The crowd of paintings is immense: the larger proportion being the contributions of foreigners. Among them, however, there are none by leading artists of the Continent; the great masters of France, Germany, and Belgium, are not in the list; those of the second-class are few; those of the third being numerous enough. England has been very chary of loans. Her Majesty, however, sends several: among them 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' by Mulready, and 'The Maid of Saragossa,' by Wilkie; while the National Gallery is a liberal contributor: from the Vernon collection alone there are fifteen modern works.

We regret that Irish artists are not better represented: Maclise is not seen to the best advantage in his picture of 'Noah's Sacrifice'; South Kensington might have sent the 'Hamlet'; while three or four of Mulready's great works could have been well spared to evidence in Ireland the genius of her great countryman. In a word, it is, as we feared it would be, not a collection that satisfactorily represents the painters of England; although, no doubt, we shall be able to show, when we can report more fully, that it is an important and very interesting assemblage of Art-works.

One of the most attractive features of the Exhibition is the Sculpture Court; but Irish sculptors (so many of whom are justly famous) are absentees: as yet neither Foley nor Mac Dowell are here. A very charming statue by Mr. Kirk upholds the fame of Ireland. The best work is a sleeping shepherd, called 'A Sleeping Faun,' by Miss Hosmer; the next best is, perhaps, the 'Judith' by Storey. But the contributions

in sculpture are numerous and of great merit. We shall notice them hereafter.

Our praise of the Art-manufacture department of the Exhibition must be somewhat qualified. A few of the leading manufacturers of England exhibit: Mr. Alderman Copeland "comes out" in great strength: his contributions uphold the renown he has acquired; Minton's choicest works are shown by Mr. Goode; the Hill Pottery of Burslem is well represented; some of the finest productions of Worcester are shown. The goldsmiths have given little or no help. We sadly miss the works that Hunt and Roskell, Hancock, Phillips, Elkington, and others, might have sent. The watches and jewellery of Mr. White, of Cockspur Street (many of them of Irish make), are, however, of great excellence; so are those of Auber and Linton, of Regent Street, and those of Benson, of Ludgate Hill; while the Irish productions of Mr. Waterhouse justly command attention. Of glass manufacture there are admirable specimens by Green, Powell, and Copeland; but there is nothing by either Dobson and Pearce, Pellatt, or Ostler. The furniture is chiefly of Irish manufacture, but it is very good. A fine cabinet in ebony is contributed by Messrs. Trollope; while the "imitation" furniture of Messrs. Dyer and Watts, and the very charming "fancy" cabinets, tables, &c., of Messrs. Brunswick, make some amends for the absence of more important manufactures. Birmingham and Sheffield give little help. The only manufacturer of grates, &c., is Mr. Crichley, of Birmingham, who shows well. Blasfield sends an admirable collection of his terra cotta works, and Magnus some beautiful examples of chimney-pieces in enamelled slate.

The foreign aids to this department are not very striking. Sèvres "shines," but France is otherwise represented chiefly by second-rate bronzes and imitation bronzes; Miroy Brothers being the only contributors of good bronzes. There are shawls, however, of marvellous excellence, contributed by Duché Brothers; and silks and lace of great beauty. Neither Belgium nor Austria has done much; but Italy is a valuable aid.

The collections of Indian works, under the direction of Dr. Forbes Watson and Captain Meadows Taylor—contributed chiefly by her Majesty and the Indian Board—is of the rarest excellence, and might alone form an exhibition; while some of our colonies have rendered important assistance.

A Mediæval Court is in all respects excellent, made up by Hardman, Hart, and Skidmore.

On the whole, the Exhibition affords subject of exceeding satisfaction. If there are defects, they are apparent only to those who miss the absentees; there is ample room for praise, and very little indeed to condemn. The collected "goods" of the World together make a most important "show." It would be unreasonable, as well as unfair, to institute any comparison between it and that of London in 1862. The several committees have done their best; they had to contend against many difficulties—above all, that which the managers in 1862, by gross mal-administration, bequeathed to them—a general distaste among producers to sustain, or even to encourage, exhibitions of Art-manufactures.

Next month we shall be in a position to criticise in detail the contents of the International Exhibition at Dublin in 1865.

Meanwhile, we again express a hope that advantage will be taken of the occasion to visit Ireland, to see this really beautiful building and the many charming works of Art it contains.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM.—The local journals speak encouragingly of the success of the Permanent Art Gallery, which was opened in this populous town in the spring. The contributions have reached nearly 700, and the sales have been many. The object of the projectors of the exhibition is to afford artists a permanent gallery for displaying and selling works which are *bona fide* their own property—no dealer, public or private, being allowed to send. A commission of 7½ per cent. is charged on the picture when sold, and the balance is at once handed over to the artist, who may immediately refill the vacancy caused by the removal of the picture. It is obvious that the plan adopted must prove beneficial to a large class of painters who may not have the opportunity of showing elsewhere their labours to the public. A discretionary power of rejecting pictures not considered eligible is vested in the managers: this is a judicious arrangement, absolutely necessary to prevent the introduction of positive worthlessness.

DARLINGTON.—Mr. Eyre Crowe, one of the government inspectors, examined, in April last, the works of the pupils of the School of Art in this town. The results of the examination, judging from the list of successful competitors, are far more satisfactory than on any previous occasion.

HEREFORD.—The Bath and West of England Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, &c. &c., opens its exhibition this month in Hereford. The society is one of the oldest of its kind, having been founded in 1777, and has always enjoyed good local support.

HULL.—The new Townhall is to have a statue of Edward I., of which Mr. T. Earl has finished the model. The king is represented wearing a state cloak, his left hand resting on his sword-hilt, and his right holding out the charter of incorporation granted to the town. The statue, of heroic size, is to be executed in Sicilian marble, and will be placed in a niche of the principal hall of the building, of which Mr. C. Brodric is the architect.

MANCHESTER is taking measures for erecting a statue of Richard Cobden.

SALISBURY.—A meeting, both numerous and influential, has been held, to promote in this city the establishment of a School of Art. Mr. Buckmaster, from the Department of Science and Art, attended, to explain the system adopted by the Department with reference to these provincial institutions.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The annual distribution of prizes to the successful competitors in the Southampton School of Art, was made on the 26th of April. Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E., F.R.S., occupied the chair, and presented the medals and other prizes, a very large number in the aggregate. The first of these was a "national" medallion, gained by Mr. R. J. King, awarded to him at the national competition last year at South Kensington for a drawing in chalk from a cast. The same student also received an honorary prize of two guineas, given by Mr. Alderman Rose, one of the members for the borough. The Southampton school is now, we hear, free from debt.

WINDSOR.—The "Art-Treasures" Exhibition, opened in this town for a few days only in the month of April, received many valuable contributions from the collections of her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and many of the most distinguished patrons of Art in Windsor and its neighbourhood, as well as from several non-residents. Jewellery and costly objects of *virtu* antique and modern abounded; the valuable wedding-caskets presented by various corporations to the Prince and Princess of Wales, were exhibited; rare books were laid on the tables; and numerous paintings and drawings, some of them by our most noted artists, and some by the "old masters," adorned the walls. For a "provincial" exhibition the display was of an unusually excellent order; but, then, Windsor is the seat of royalty, it must be remembered, and therefore possesses peculiar advantages for such an exhibition.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ANNUAL BANQUET at the Royal Academy was "much as usual:" men of science and letters mingled with artists. The talk concerned Art; but there was no attempt at novelty: no hint that could indicate the future of the Academy, unless, indeed, one was conveyed by the President of the Royal Society that the two institutions were likely to be friendly neighbours. The speech of the evening was made by the Earl of Derby, who, with peculiar delicacy and grace, alluded to his appearance among the authors, his name having been associated with the toast, "the Interests of Literature;" which he described as "cruel kindness" on the part of his host; adding that he had "no claim to respond for the literature of the country, any more than any person might have a claim to be admitted to the distinguished honour of belonging to the Academy on the sole pretension of having produced one single copy, however faithful, of one of the great masters."

NATIONAL GALLERY.—Velasquez's picture 'The Dead Warrior,' recently purchased in Paris at the sale of the Pourtales collection at the price of £1,480, is a valuable acquisition to the National Gallery, where it is now placed. The figure, bare-headed and wearing a breastplate, is "laid out" on its back, like some monumental effigy, only at an angle with the plane of the picture, so as to afford the painter an opportunity of exhibiting some admirable foreshortening. It lies under the shadow of a great rock by the seaside, from which protrudes the decayed branch of a tree, and on this hangs a lighted lamp, to keep off evil spirits. White and cold as marble is the dead man's upturned face, yet the flesh looks as if it would yield to the touch, and the expression of the countenance is supremely placid. The colour of the picture is low in tone, but the figure comes out with telling effect against the background.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The jubilee anniversary festival of this society was held on the 6th of May at the Freemasons' Tavern, Lord Houghton in the chair. His lordship was supported by Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr. A. B. Beresford-Hope, Mr. Westmacott, R.A.; Mr. T. Creswick, R.A.; Mr. Weekes, R.A.; Mr. T. Faed, R.A., and several other members of the Royal Academy, with Mr. Hurlstone, Mr. G. Godwin, F.S.A., &c., &c. More than 200 gentlemen connected with or interested in the Fine Arts sat down to dinner. The chairman's appeal on behalf of the institution, whose transactions during the past year were set forth in our Journal of April, was answered by subscriptions to the amount of £1,116 13s., a sum considerably above the average of preceding years.

MADLLE ROSA BONHEUR'S GREAT PICTURE, 'A Family of Deer crossing the Long Rocks in the Forest of Fontainebleau,' now exhibiting at the French Gallery, will bear favourable comparison with anything she has before done. 'The Horse-fair' is a marvellous display of prosaic difficulties overcome, and the descriptions in the 'Breton Oxen' extend into lengthened argument; but in the picture now before the public there is a sentiment which, in tenderness, is far beyond the feeling Madlle. Bonheur has hitherto shown. Five hinds and a fawn are being led by an old and wary stag across the well-known plateau that rises at Fontainebleau some three hundred feet above the level of the Seine. The leader has suddenly stopped, with his head

erect, his ears thrown forward, expanded nostrils, and an expression of alarm in his eye. The attitude of the animal is most expressive, and readily intelligible. The fear of the stag is shared by only one of the hinds—an old one, who knows perfectly the habits of the stag, from having been for years accustomed to follow him—her head is raised, as trying to ascertain the cause of danger. Another of the hinds has her fawn by her side, and all her care is shown for her offspring, which she is caressing, heedless of the apprehensions of the two seniors of the family. The youngest hind, unconscious of danger, has stopped to drink at a pool left by the rain. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the composition, which may be said to consist of only three well-united parts—the group, the ground, and the sky—yet the working out of this arrangement, simple as it is, has cost the artist perhaps, relatively, more labour than any other of her works.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY have had some difference with Mr. E. Gambart, relative to the two pictures, 'The Horse Fair,' by Rosa Bonheur, and 'The Derby Day,' by Frith, both of which belong to the Bell portion of the National collection. These pictures were bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Jacob Bell after he had made a contract with Mr. Gambart, by which the publisher was allowed to engrave them and exhibit them publicly for a certain period. The trustees consider that period has been exceeded. Mr. Gambart affirms that it is not so; and it would appear there are no written documents to establish the fact either way. 'The Horse Fair' is now, we believe, in the hands of the trustees. The delay in delivery is thus accounted for:—Rosa Bonheur painted three pictures of that subject: the first was sold to an American gentleman; the second was purchased for 1000 guineas of Mr. Gambart by Mr. Bell; but the lady not thinking it altogether worthy of our National Gallery, resolved on replacing it by another and better. That she has produced—making the third; but the trustees consider they have no authority to receive it, and require back that which is their own, on which, however, the artist has "worked," so as greatly to improve it. 'The Derby Day' is, it seems, being exhibited in Australia: Mr. Gambart affirming that Mr. Bell knew it was his intention thus to send it on its travels, before he gave it to the nation. It will soon be in its place at South Kensington.

WEST LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—Another of the exhibitions of "working men" has been held at the Floral Hall, Covent Garden. It has resembled those which have gone before, and will be just like the many that are to follow; consisting of works by men who labour in their several crafts, and such as are the amateur productions of the leisure hours of artisans. The best are, assuredly, those in which men have not wandered out of their particular trades; while those that are most encouraging, are such as show continuous industry when a day's toil is done; such as are, in the truest sense, "home products"—for they are made not in the workshop, but in the parlour, when wife, children, and friends are by. It is this peculiar feature of such institutions that gives to them their main interest: we look upon the walls covered with paintings, drawings, and sketches, not as critics, but to appreciate the enjoyment that each has given to a home circle; and the effect cannot be other than entirely good if their producers will view them only in that light, and not be seduced into an idea of their excellence

because they have been exhibited. In this Hall have been shown the efforts of more than one thousand men and women: a large proportion being mere artisans, who send the fruits of hours that, but for a tendency so to employ them, might, and probably would, be spent in "social" society away from the domestic hearth. We, therefore, wish all prosperity to such undertakings: such labourers as we see here cannot but feel the harmonising and elevating influences of Art—influences that affect for good every parlour of a household in which Art may be cultivated as a sustaining and invigorating luxury.

A PASTORAL STAFF has been recently supplied by Messrs. F. Smith and Co., for the use of the Bishop of Madras. It is a fine specimen of the ecclesiastical silversmith's art—of Keith's manufacture—modelled on a work of the twelfth century. It has not been, however, servilely copied, the details having been subjected to some judicious changes. The crook is composed of silver parcel gilt, the outer curved line of which is crocketed, terminating with a richly-wrought piece of foliage, with a jewelled centre. The staff itself is composed of ebony, ornamented with a central silver knob, engraved and parcel gilt; at the bottom is also a metal finial, treated in the same manner.

MESSRS. CATHERALL AND PRITCHARD, of Chester, have sent us some photographs and stereoscopic slides, the productions of the eminent photographer, Bedford, which we have examined with exceeding pleasure. Those of size represent interiors in Hereford Cathedral; more especially views of the rood-screen and reredos, manufactured by Skidmore, of Coventry, which attracted so much attention at the International Exhibition in 1862. The smaller views are very varied: they represent the more attractive objects to be found at Hereford, Warwick, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Malvern, Coventry, Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth, and Chester. The points are in all cases well chosen. They thoroughly exhibit several of the most interesting "historic" cities and towns of England. In execution, the stereoscopic slides are clear, sharp, and of great excellence in all respects. The publishers have our thanks for the instruction and enjoyment they have thus afforded us.

JOHN PARRY'S SKETCHES.—We have been accustomed now for so many years to laugh with Mr. Parry, inimitable in his own songs and in his manner of singing them, that we entered Mr. McLean's gallery, in the Haymarket, where his sketches are to be seen, prepared for enjoyment of a kind similar to that which his singing affords us. But Mr. Parry can be as effectively serious as he is irresistibly comic. To instances of the former we shall presently refer, for it is in these that is exemplified a versatility of power whereby he might have acquired a popularity as an artist in nowise inferior to that he enjoys as a singer. Thus we find essays in every material employed in drawing, sketching, and painting; for the difficulties of oil-painting have not stood in the way of Mr. Parry's genius for Art and earnest application. On looking at the beautiful finish of 'The Entombment' (41), after Titian, 'Parmigiano' (45), 'The Temptation' (48), an original chalk sketch for a large picture, and other severe subjects, it is less difficult to ascribe them to the author of "Mrs. Roseleaf," than to assign them to the same hand that produced such overpowering burlesques as "Observations in Omnibuses," and a multitude of other drawings in the same vein. Mr. Parry exacts from us serious criticism. The visi-

tor goes to the exhibition prepared for a laughing festival, and is not disappointed; but the mirth alternates with grave reflection, promoted by thoughts which, if carried out, would take rank in a high order of painting. But we do not find among these drawings Mr. Parry's design for a new national gallery: this is an unpardonable omission. The exhibition is from many obvious reasons one of the most interesting of the season.

'THE BAPTISM OF OUR LORD.'—This is the subject of a picture painted by Mr. Dowling, and now to be seen at Messrs. Colnaghi & Co., in Pall-Mall. "And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him." The act of baptism has been performed: the Saviour is stepping out of the water, and the dove is seen descending amid a flood of light so dazzling, that John holds up his hand to shade his eyes. This is much the best picture Mr. Dowling has yet produced; and it is a most effective rendering of the subject. The only persons present are the Saviour and the Baptist, with the view, undoubtedly, of giving the utmost solemnity to the descent of the Spirit. In considering the relative situations of the figures, they could not have been placed otherwise than they are, with greater advantage. The opposition of the figure of the Saviour to the light may appear an artificial expedient; but we do not conceive that any other arrangement could have been adopted to subserve at once a natural effect and a pictorial exigence. John saw the descent of the Spirit, and he accordingly is looking upwards, overpowered by the heavenly effulgence, and awe-stricken by the words which he hears; and thus for the moment the two figures are most skillfully separated in a manner to leave our Lord even more than the principal impersonation. The time is evening, and hence the landscape is subdued both in its parts and colour. Mr. Dowling's reading of the subject differs from all other versions we have seen of it, inasmuch as it assumes the baptism to have been effected by immersion. Whether the picture has been painted for any particular denomination of Christians we know not. Be that as it may, the dispositions here enrich the narrative to a degree far beyond that enunciated by the juxtaposition of two figures, with one pouring water from a shell on the head of the other.

'THE LAWN AT TATTERSALL'S.'—Whether the idea of painting "the lawn" at Tattersall's may have originated with Mr. T. M. Joy, or have been suggested to him, matters little; but it is surprising that a place so famous, with its occasional crowds of celebrities,—all affording such admirable material for what may be considered a sporting picture,—should, as a subject, have remained so long in abeyance. The picture is exhibited in the old subscription room, at Hyde Park Corner. It is in length fifteen feet, and contains about a hundred portraits of subscribers at a meeting, supposed to be held on the Monday before Derby-day. The work was originally intended to be limited to six feet; but so successful were the design and the commencement that it was considered well worthy of being enlarged to the length of fifteen feet: every portrait has, we believe, been painted from the life. The unprivileged world to which Tattersall's is a mystery it may be necessary to disabuse of any poetical association which the name given by courtesy to the place may conjure up. The lawn is a very ordinary circular grass plot in front of the subscription room, a not less commonplace

erection, unassisted by even an apology for embellishment. It is in front of this that are assembled all the famous living patrons of the turf; and the portraits are so faithfully given that the spectator cannot fail to recognise any of those who may be known to him. A few of those well distinguished in this arena are—the Duke of Cleveland, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Payne, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Ten Broeck, the Marquis of Hastings, Admiral Rous, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. E. Tattersall, Lord Courtenay, Mr. Craven, Mr. Merry, Lord Vivian, Mr. Saville, Sir W. Codrington, Sir F. Johnson, Hon. Spencer Lyttleton, &c.; and the artist has achieved a great success in his description of the whole, as an assemblage of English gentlemen who have met for a purpose more serious than that of mere pleasure. The picture reads as a most interesting chapter in the modern history of the turf.

THE PEAKS AND VALLEYS OF THE ALPS.—There is to be seen at the German Gallery a series of drawings, by Elijah Walton, made with a view of describing certain of the most rugged features of the Alps, with the effects under which they occasionally present themselves. The subjects are not brought forward as landscape studies, but we are led up to the time-worn granite of the mountain side; told to look up, and challenged to deny that the colours we see are those of the morning and evening phenomena of the Alps. In 'Mont Blanc, as seen above Col d'Anterne,' the mist and colour are so remarkable as to look exaggerated; but in all mountainous countries such appearances present themselves, though different in degree according to the height and character of the mountains. To persons who have not seen the hues of an Alpine sunset, the brilliant and tender pink colour here assumed by the snowy peaks may seem fanciful, but it is perfectly true. Among these views are—'The Mer de Glace,' 'Near Courmayeur,' 'The Dent du Midi,' 'The Dent du Midi, Valley of the Rhone,' 'The Viso from the South and East,' &c. Many of the same views have been given by photography, whereby the textures may have been more faithfully rendered, but colour and certain effects cannot be described by such means.

ARTISTS AND AMATEURS' SOCIETY.—The last *conversations* of the present season took place at Willis's Rooms on the 4th of May. The exhibition of works of Art was, perhaps, less attractive than on some former occasions; still there was much to interest in the display of drawings by Turner, D. Cox, Holland, Sandys—we noticed especially a masterly portrait of an elderly lady by this artist—B. Foster, T. M. Richardson, Cattermole, Dodgson, Jenkins, W. Hull, Davidson, M'Callum. Among the oil paintings were conspicuous J. T. Linnell's glorious picture 'The Rainbow'; 'Fisher Boys,' by J. C. Hook, R.A.; 'An Incident in the Early Life of Greuze,' by M. Stone; 'The Bashful Swain,' by J. C. Horsley, R.A.; a small but excellent specimen of J. B. Pyne's pencil, and two or three of F. Dillon's Eastern scenes. Some drawings of cattle by R. Beavis are very clever.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We are constantly receiving letters and other communications to which direct replies would be given, if the writers afforded us the opportunity of doing so by appending their names and addresses. Every month it is announced in the Journal that this is our plan: we cannot occupy its columns with subjects sent anonymously, and which are too often only of service to the correspondent.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR. Vol. I. Published by CASSELL, PETER, AND GALPIN, London.

Rarely, if ever, it may be presumed, has the publication of a book been anticipated with so much curious interest as this history of one imperial potentate from the pen of another. The lives of the two powerful rulers show nothing in common. The one raised himself to a throne by his military genius, the other was elevated to his by the magic power of a name. The one was hurled from his lofty position because the liberties of the people were actually, or were supposed to be, in danger; the other yet maintains his by the most consummate policy, and by a wisdom of government such as, a few years ago, even his warmest friends and admirers would not have given him credit for.

Long before what we are now writing passes into the hands of our readers, the "History of Julius Cæsar," by the Emperor Louis Napoleon—whose name, however, does not appear on the title-page—will have been perused by thousands, and its merits or demerits discussed in every influential journal, in Europe and America. The aim of the work is openly enough avowed in the preface; it is "to prove that, when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow; to stamp with the seal of their genius a new era; and to accomplish in a few years the labour of many centuries. Happy the peoples who comprehend and follow them! woe to those who misunderstand and combat them! . . . They are blind and culpable: blind, for they do not see the importance of their efforts to suspend the definitive triumph of good; culpable, for they only retard progress, by impeding its prompt and fruitful application." These are doctrines but ill calculated to find favour in this day, and among nations that are everywhere struggling for freedom of thought and action. It is quite true that the death of Cæsar did not prevent Augustus from wearing the purple, nor has the "ostracism of Napoleon by confederated Europe" prevented Louis Napoleon from assuming the reins of empire; but it is not so unequivocally true that the rule of the successors of Augustus was more conducive to the real happiness and welfare of the Romans than when these were governed by men periodically elected by and from themselves; and it must be left to the future to determine whether the resuscitation of the Empire in France will result in "the definitive triumph of good." That a vast amount of good has accompanied, and still does accompany, it, must be acknowledged, and thankfully too, by all who love peace and order.

The argument for which the author contends must not be limited to the three names brought forward to sustain it. If it is good for anything, a wider range must be given it, and it should embrace every notable name that has won for itself empire and power by the edge of the sword. Alexander, Timour, Mahomet, Bajazet, have almost, if not quite, an equal claim with Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon to be ranked with those whose mission was, according to the doctrines here laid down, "to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow;" nor can we see how the Emperor of France can refuse to recognise their right. There is no denying the fact that the iron rod of despotism, the sword of a military sovereign with a vast army at his command, may keep a nation in pacific obedience to its sovereign, and restrain a revolting spirit; they may even enable a man to sit quietly under his own vine and fig-tree and eat the fruit of his labours; yet too often those who wield the rod or the sword, "make a desert and call it peace." But the subject is not calculated for discussion in a publication like our own, otherwise much might be found to say upon it; the remarks now made are merely hints thrown out to develop a train of thought which the preface to the volume suggests.

This first volume brings the life of Cæsar down to the time of his holding the consulship with Bibulus. Whatever view men may take of the opinions enunciated in it, and of the deductions drawn from the acts of Cæsar and of

those other great Romans, his contemporaries, all must admit that the book exhibits intimate acquaintance with the history of the times, most industrious research into the works of Roman authors, and that the style in which it is written is eminently attractive. The first of the Roman emperors was, according to his biographer, a man with no other ambition than that which all men of genius possess; if he aspired to sovereign power, it was only because destiny impelled him to it; he did not create events, but took advantage of them, and followed up their leadings; he was an instrument raised up to work out a given end, "to stamp with the seal of his genius a new era;" and having accomplished his mission, he suddenly disappears from the stage on which he had been the greatest actor:—

"Man is immortal till his work is done."

Cæsar lying at the base of Pompey's statue, Napoleon an exile in the little island of St. Helena, point a moral to rulers, whatever construction is put on their lives and actions.

The translation of this book into English was entrusted to Mr. T. Wright, whose name is so familiar to the readers of our Journal. The work could not have been given into better hands, for Mr. Wright is not only a classical scholar, but he is also well acquainted with the French language, both old and modern, as with his own. We have not compared Mr. Wright's translation with the original text, but there can scarcely be a doubt of his work being done with fidelity and judgment: it reads well.

THE CROMLECH ON HOWTH. A Poem by SAMUEL FERGOUSON, Q.O., M.R.I.A. With Illuminations from the Books of Kells and of Durnow, and Drawings from Nature by — With Notes on Celtic Ornamental Art, revised by G. PETRIE, LL.D. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

We will take in their order respectively each of the four points which this richly-illustrated volume offers for critical notice; and the first is Mr. Ferguson's poem, or funeral ode, supposed to be spoken by Ossian at the obsequies of Aídeen, wife of Ossian's son, who was slain at the battle of Gavra. Aídeen died of grief at the loss of her husband, and was buried on Ben Edar, now the Hill of Howth; the cromlech existing there is presumed to be her sepulchre. Mr. Ferguson's verses are few in number, but they are graceful in description, soft and dirge-like in poetical expression. Each verse is printed in black letter on a separate page, the capitals commencing the lines are simply coloured, that which begins each stanza being a large illuminated capital. These capitals stand next in order for note, and are the most attractive feature, to an artist's eye, in the book. They are taken from ancient manuscripts, illuminated copies of the Gospels, said to be the work of St. Columba, and known respectively as the "Book of Kells" and the "Book of Durnow;" both are now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, with some others of a similar kind. The ornamentation of these letters is singularly beautiful, delicate, and unique. Dr. Petrie, the learned Irish antiquarian, in his notes—the third point demanding our consideration—says:—"It is acknowledged by the best writers on the subject that the Irish monks, from the fifth to the end of the eleventh century, brought the art of ornamenting manuscripts to marvellous perfection; and it would appear that the Scotch-Celtic form of this art spread from Ireland through Western Europe, carried by those men whose love and reverence for the sacred writings found expression in the beauty of line and splendour of colour wherewith they delighted to adorn their copies of them. The most remarkable specimen of this art now existing is the 'Book of Kells,' so called from having been preserved in the great abbey-church of Kells, in the diocese of Meath." Dr. Petrie's two chapters upon Scotch-Celtic Art evidence much research into the subject, and knowledge of its characteristics.

There remain for notice the illustrations of the cromlech itself, with the adjoining scenery, seven in number. The anonymous artist is, in all probability, a young—certainly an inex-

perienced—"hand;" he requires much training to enable him to produce a picture, though the views themselves are probably correct enough. These illustrations, which are printed in colours, are the weak "point" in a volume otherwise very beautiful and of interest. Messrs. Day have, as is usual with them, spared nothing in the way of getting it up.

THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER. Engraved by T. L. ATKINSON, from the Picture by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Published by MOORE, McQUEEN, and Co., London.

Mr. Millais' picture is too well known, and has so long passed the ordeal of public criticism, that we have only need to refer to Mr. Atkinson's rendering of it. The subject is not one to call forth any extraordinary powers of the engraver; there is simply a mass of light in close proximity with a mass of dark, and something between these two opposites presented in the wall and door of the room: nothing to test the engraver's skill in the translation of varied colours of costumes, or the diversified tints of flesh and expression of faces. But what he had to do Mr. Atkinson has done well, generally; the lady's dress is as soft and pearly as the finest satin that ever came from the loom, and the Brunswicker's sable uniform is solid black. Somewhat more of light upon the upper part of the maiden's face would have given greater delicacy to the tone of the flesh; and if the folds of the arms of the dress had been less strongly marked, or rather not so cut up, they would be more agreeable to the eye. The unnatural twistings of the robe, on the right arm especially, reminding one of the fantastic forms which the roots of some venerable tree take, were not pleasant in Mr. Millais' picture: the engraver has faithfully preserved them, unfortunately. The good, however, far transcends that we consider bad on this point.

THE WEDGWOODS: being a Life of Josiah Wedgwood; with Notices of his Works and their Productions, Memoirs of the Wedgwood and other Families, and a History of the Early Potteries of Staffordshire. By LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A., &c. &c. With a Portrait and numerous Illustrations. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS, London.

Half a century ago, if an author had undertaken to produce an elaborate illustrated history concerning English pottery and its makers, he could scarcely have expected to find a hundred readers of his book. But the ceramic arts have within the last few years acquired such a hold on the taste of vast numbers of the wealthier classes, and the productions of the potter, whether ancient or modern, are so eagerly sought after, not so much, perhaps, for use as for ornament, that treatises on the subject, for the better understanding of its peculiarities and value, have become almost a necessity of the times in which we live. Foremost among the manufacturers of fictile wares stands the name of Wedgwood, a family to whom the industrial arts of this country are not lightly indebted, for to the importance and success of one special branch of these arts, the Wedgwoods contributed beyond all others, and they left behind them a reputation which will not soon die out. "Wedgwood" ware of the true and best order is a luxury only to be indulged in by the rich; but the taste and skill which the successive owners of the Etruria works brought to bear on their manufactures, have had a powerful influence on the productions of other minds and hands wherever English pottery works exist.

In noticing Mr. Jewitt's volume, it is not necessary for us to say much: the chapters which, from time to time, he has contributed to the pages of the *Art-Journal* on "Wedgwood and Etruria," form the groundwork of his book. He has added largely to his previous writings, as well as to the illustrations; and has, thereby, rendered his history a most worthy tribute to the memory of the "great potter," Josiah Wedgwood, whose name is more especially identified with the establishment of the ceramic Arts in England.

INVENTIVE DRAWING. A Practical Development of Elementary Design. By EDWARD BALL. Published by R. HARDWICKE, London.

The object of this work is to teach geometrical drawing, on what is known as the Pestalozzian system, which is, in a few words, to make lines, curves, and angles the basis of drawing. Mr. Ball says he has tested the efficacy of this system in a large public school, where the pupils were taught to draw only as a part of their regular studies, and "many of them," he adds, "are now engaged in professions which would have been closed to them but for the knowledge they had acquired from the lessons given during the few years they remained at school." A result so satisfactory puts the critic out of court, so far as relates to the art of geometrical design. The book is filled with examples of this character—lines, curves, and angles, shaped and combined into innumerable patterns. There is no doubt it will be found a very useful aid to those teachers who employ the black board in large elementary schools, and also that children at home may not only amuse themselves for an hour or two by copying these examples, but at the same time they will be acquiring some idea of form, and exercising their inventive faculties.

CONTEMPORARY SCOTTISH ART: a Series of Pen-and-Ink Pictures, drawn from the Exhibition of 1865. By JAMES B. MANSON. Published by W. P. NIMMO, Edinburgh.

Last year we noticed in very commendable terms, a critical examination of the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition, published under the title of "Pen-and-Ink Sketches," by "Euphanor," who now has cast aside his *som-de-plume*, and stands revealed in the pamphlet before us as Mr. James B. Manson. Certainly, he need not be ashamed to acknowledge the authorship of what he has written, both at this time and in the past. He is a genial and agreeable writer about pictures, and if he does not dive very deeply into the philosophy of Art,—and for popular criticism, this would only be waste of time and useless expenditure of brain-work,—he knows what is good, can appreciate it, and has the power of rendering his pictorial readings both instructive and intelligent. We meet with an occasional word or expression, however, for which another might be found less suggestive of coarseness. A hint of this kind may be of service to Mr. Manson on a future occasion. When two words of similar meaning are open to a writer's choice, and one of them is vulgar, and the other its contrary, he surely should employ the latter in preference.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN. Illuminated by OWEN JONES and HENRY WARREN. Printed in Colours by DAY AND SON, London.

This is a very attractive volume, produced with all the advantages of Messrs. Day's renowned establishment. It consists of twenty-four prints in colours, rich with a lavish expenditure of gold. It is easy to distinguish the work of Henry Warren from that of Owen Jones; both have laboured with good effect in their respective "styles." The most touching and interesting of Bible stories is admirably told, from the bestowal on Joseph of "the coat of many colours" to the burial of Jacob.

ORIGINAL POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS. By several Young Persons. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS, London.

These simple infantine poems, principally, if not all, by the daughters of the late Mr. J. Taylor, of Ongar, will, we hope, like Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns for Children," and Dr. Watts's garland with the same title, never go out of fashion, and ought never to be permitted to do so. This is a very pretty edition of the Misses Taylor's writings, with some excellent engravings by Messrs. Nicholls after drawings by H. Anelay. The initial letters are little gems of pictures.

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EDITED BY
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In discussing questions that have an agitating influence, and admit diversity of aspects—questions upon which men feel deeply and think variously—two courses are open to an effective journal: either to become the organ of a Party, and to maintain a vigilant consistency which will secure the intensive force gained by limitation; or to withdraw itself from all such limitations, and rely on the extensive force to be gained from a wide and liberal range. The latter course will be ours. Every Party has its organ. The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW will seek its public amid all parties.

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We do not disguise from ourselves the difficulties of our task. Even with the best aid from contributors, we shall at first have to contend against the impatience of readers at the advocacy of opinions which they disapprove. Some will complain that our liberalism is too lax, others that it is too stringent. And, indeed, to adjust the limits beyond which even our desire for the free expression of opinion will not permit our contributors to pass, will be a serious difficulty. We must rely on the tact and sympathy of our contributors, and on the candid construction of our readers. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has proved with what admirable success a Journal may admit the utmost diversity of opinion. Nor can we doubt that an English public would be tolerant of equal diversity, justified by equal talent.

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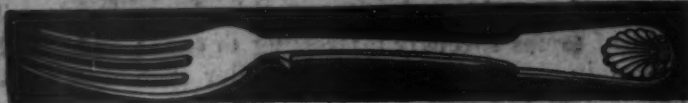


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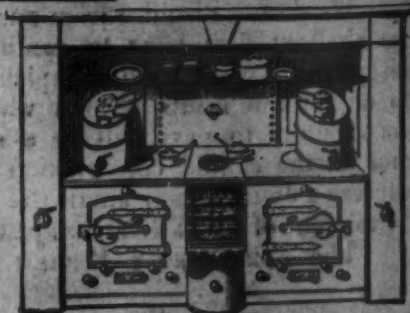
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